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To Correspondents.

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THE RAMBLER.

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PART I.

HOW TO CONVERT PROTESTANTS.

A CLEVER Irish writer has said, that when a man has something amusing to tell, he should never preface it by saying, "I've a capital story to tell you," lest he raise expectations which he will not fulfil. On a somewhat similar ground, a second thought induces us to omit the apology with which it occurred to us to introduce the suggestions we are about to offer on the intensely interesting problem of the conversion of our fellow-countrymen. Considering how many of our readers may be able to supply a far wiser solution of the question than we can hope to offer, it seemed fitting that what might be deemed an impertinence should be heralded with a profession of modesty. After-thought, however, suggested, that on a topic so manifold in its bearings, almost every man's observations and experiences are worth having; and that we had better omit an apology which might lead the reader to anticipate the committal of some very heinous offence against propriety, of which we are very far from intending to be guilty.

The fact then is, that, from some cause or other, the Catholic faith has as yet made no wide or deep impression on the mass of English unbelievers, as a body. We have had a great many converts, taken as individuals. Father Newman and Dr. Pusey (little thanks to the latter) have given us hundreds, perhaps thousands. Every mission, too, can reckon up its list of conversions, sometimes from people of all classes. Still, these are scattered and exceptional cases. As a mass, the English nation remains untouched. Immense and undoubtedly genuine as appears to be the work of spiritual advancement which has been for some time going on among ourselves, as a *general* work it has been confined to ourselves. Worldliness, heresy, infidelity, delusion, prejudice, and pride, are still absolutely dominant in that mighty heart of the British

race, at once so respectable and so contemptible, so noble and yet so mean, so moral and yet so vile. Who amongst us is not touched with the sight? Who can watch the fierce and labouring pulsations of the giant heart that throbs within the breast of England, and not yearn towards it with an indescribable mixture of pity, indignation, abhorrence, and love? Who that knows what the true faith of Jesus Christ really is, does not long to tear the blinding veil from the eyes of this people, to drive deep into its soul a convincing sight of those truths which it now impugns, and to bring it prostrate on the earth in loving adoration of Him whose mercies it knows not, and whose messengers it scorns?

Yes, it is a strange and portentous sight, this English Protestant life. St. Paul found it most touching to his soul to walk through the streets of Athens and witness the vain strivings of the grand old Greek race *to find out God*. But what is Athens to London, Liverpool, Manchester, Bristol, Birmingham, and the innumerable crowds of peasantry—"barn-door savages," as they have been called—that are scattered through the villages of this island? What wonder was it that the remnants of ancient traditions were unequal to the guiding of the Greek intellect, unrivalled as it was, to the knowledge of God, sin, judgment, and eternity? The wonder is here, at our doors, among our neighbours, at the firesides of those who see Catholic churches in every town, and meet Catholics in public or in society, and know that Catholic books are to be had for a few pence at every bookseller's where purchasers choose to order them. The wonder is in the Protestant churches and chapels which cover the land by thousands and tens of thousands; and in the inexplicable state of the multitudes who frequent those places Sunday after Sunday, with Bibles in their hands, listening to sermons containing a large mixture of truth with error, uttering prayers in which orthodoxy often far predominates over heresy, cultivating sedulously the domestic and honourable virtues, labouring benevolently for the poor and the suffering, and even—we would hope, many of them—not passing a day without sincere, heartfelt secret prayer to God through Jesus Christ. The wonder is, that these men, not lascivious Corinthians, or blood-thirsty Romans, or narrow-minded Jews, should remain from year to year actually besotted in their ideas of Catholicism and Catholics, obstinate, bigoted, cruel, suspicious, on this point alone, and no more thinking it their duty to acquaint themselves with the true nature of the religion they denounce, and whose adherents they associate with, than to study the speculations of Confucius or the mysticism of the Brahmins.

No doubt a partial explanation of the mystery is to be found in the need of a converting effusion of Divine Grace on the unbelieving heart of this country. But this is not the whole explanation. When a man sins, there is nearly always a twofold action going on within him,—a blinding of the intellect conjoined with a hardening of the heart. The latter gives force and efficacy to the former; but still the two actions must be distinctly analysed, if we would confront the mischief with successful power. *Deceit* is one of the Devil's master-engines. It is therefore of the utmost moment that we appreciate the precise nature of the intellectual snare by which our fellow-countrymen are held in bondage. If we fail in mastering this first element in the difficulty to be surmounted, our labours will be nearly in vain. Our words will be spent in the air, and our blows struck where there is nothing to be overcome, while the true points of resistance remain unassailed.

That the delusions which wrap the Protestant mind are to be resolved into one fundamental error is the opinion of nearly all persons, if not of all, who have had opportunities of studying Protestantism *as it is* in men's minds, and not merely in books. With all its multiform symptoms, the disease is one; and every remedy which is based on the idea that the patient is suffering under a complication of disorders will prove useless, or worse than useless. What this delusion is, and how it is to be attacked, we shall make most clear by briefly sketching the supposed errors under which the Protestant mind does not really labour, though it frequently appears to be influenced by them alone. It need hardly be premised that we are speaking of Protestants as a body, and that here and there individuals may be found whose Protestantism is of a different stamp, or whose minds are secretly convinced, though their determined love of sin holds them back from avowing and acting on their convictions. These exceptions, however, are rare, and the views we are about to state we believe to be applicable to the overwhelming majority of those who reject the faith in this kingdom.

First, then, the English nation is not in that spiritual condition in which religious ceremonial will be found an efficacious instrument of conversion. It would be a fatal mistake to imagine that the Puseyite character is a fair representative of English tone of thought. The Catholic truths which Puseyism has partially grasped, and which have led so many adherents of the system into the fold of Christ, are totally different from those other truths, equally Catholic, which have been partially apprehended by the Evangelical and general Protestant body, and which it imagines to be in direct oppo-

sition to the faith of Rome. The master-idea of Puseyism is the existence of a visible Church, with a divinely-appointed constitution for the administration of the Sacraments, and the enforcement of discipline. On this idea they very justly graft the conviction that the externals of religious worship are of a very high importance to the spiritual welfare of the Church, and they regard the magnificence of Catholic ceremonial as but the natural development of this momentous truth.

With many a Puseyite, therefore, the superb splendours of a High Mass, a Benediction, a Consecration, or an Ordination, are not simply a beautiful sight, but an actual argument in favour of the truth of the faith of Rome. And, on the other hand, the nakedness, the raggedness, the slovenliness, the apparent want of due reverence, which they may sometimes see, or fancy they see, in a Catholic church or chapel, works in them a real spiritual injury. They are *scandalised*, in the right sense of the word. They are not merely "offended," as Protestants are offended, or as some say—(using the word most inappropriately)—*scandalised*, at our doing what *they* condemn; but they are amazed at seeing that we are so careless about those externals, which, *on our own* principles, we ought to cultivate with such reverent assiduity. We are not saying that they are *right* in thus interpreting our conduct. As a matter of fact, they are generally wrong. There is a puritanical priggishness in the Puseyite mind, which is as far removed from true Christian reverence, as the conceited prudishness of a silly woman is different from unaffected innocence and modesty. Hence they repeatedly misunderstand our acts in the most laughable and lamentable manner. Still the principle holds good, that whatever adds to the ritual and ceremonial beauty of Catholic devotion, is, to a certain extent, an actually powerful argument with the well-intentioned Puseyite in favour of the divine authority of what he calls "the Roman Communion."

But England is not Puseyite, nor is Scotland, nor is the Protestant portion of Ireland. And we are convinced that, until we can thoroughly disembarass ourselves of the theory that what converts the Puseyites will convert the nation, we shall not make one single step towards this glorious end.

At the same time a splendour of ceremonial is of a certain use, of a subordinate kind, in the accomplishing the general conversion of the people. It serves the purpose of attracting Protestants to our churches. They come in crowds to our functions; and thus we have them at least before us. Here and there, too, individuals are to be found among them whose natural good sense has done for them what Puseyism has done

for its adherents,—opening their eyes to the inherent necessity of religious ceremonial in a creature like man, not all pure spirit. Such persons as these do not come to our solemn offices from *mere* curiosity. They have a kind of predisposition in favour of a religion which thus appeals to their common sense, in contrast with the repulsive formalism and fanaticism of the ordinary Protestant theory. Here and there, moreover, the visitor is struck with the manifest identity of Catholicism with “the old religion.” Scattered sparingly over the country are to be met with a small band of quiet, steady thinkers, whose nature revolts against the notion that the new religion can be better than the old one; especially when the land is overspread with ruined and desecrated memorials of the living power which the long-insulted faith once possessed over the heart and intellect of every worthy Englishman. With such as these, the process of conversion is begun at the sight of the band of priests and ecclesiastics ministering at our altars, of the rising clouds of incense, of the sculptured forms of Mary and her Divine Son,—at the voice of the venerable chant, and the more brilliant strains with which it is mingled.

So far, then, the striking alteration which the last twenty years have witnessed in our religious functions is to be accounted an important advantage towards the destruction of the formidable barrier which has been built up between this nation and the true faith. But no words can be too strong in reprobation of the notion that by this means, or any similar display of magnificence, we shall ever actually convert our unbelieving neighbours. The Church did not create the profuse gorgeousness of her ceremonial for any such purpose; she created it for the edification, and as the natural expression of the feelings, of her own children. Ceremonial is like the Bible,—it is for those who are Catholics, and good Catholics too; and though incidentally it may occasionally convert a soul, as Bible-reading will occasionally do so, we conceive that it is just as irrational to look to a magnificent sight to open the eyes of the blind, as to scatter Bibles broad-cast among the heathen of England, Australia, or Africa.

For somewhat similar reasons we think those Catholics are in error who lament over the conduct of an English or Irish bishop, when he declines to take some step with a view to gaining political or other temporal importance. Such persons cannot imagine why the Irish bishops are not found at vice-regal levees, or why an English bishop should be satisfied to appear before the world with no more style or splendour than a simple country priest. They yearn for a species of

rivalry in externals between Westminster and Canterbury, Beverley and York, or Plymouth and Exeter. They long for the day when a Catholic bishop shall "ride in his coach and four," keep up a numerous establishment of lackeys in a "palace," and be attended with all the pomp and secular deference which attends the dignitaries of the Establishment. The Catholic prelates once were rich, they remember; and these very Protestant dignitaries feed their splendour with the spoils of ancient Catholic revenues; and it is undoubtedly very annoying to see a Sumner, a Blomfield, or a Philpotts, rivalling the barons and the dukes of the land, while the *real* bishops are hidden in third-rate streets, or the suburbs of second-rate towns, and think themselves well circumstanced if they can pay their railway fares without personal inconvenience.

Yet who that has the slightest real knowledge of human nature in general, and the English public in particular, does not see that it is in their apostolic poverty that the very strength of our bishops consists. Appropriate as is episcopal splendour in certain circumstances, few things can be imagined more fatal to the conversion of England than the conversion of our hierarchy from apostolic want to worldly splendour. In the mind of England, prelatic magnificence is identified with worldliness and humbug. And therefore, while, with every Catholic, we should rejoice to see our bishops placed in a pecuniary position in which they would really possess *enough* for their own and their sees' necessities—(as, unhappily, they too often are *not*,)—we pray with all our heart, that the edifying example they have so long set us may be thoroughly appreciated by their spiritual subjects, and that we may no more be scandalised by regrets that our bishops cannot take their places among the noblest and the wealthiest in the land. No, truly, our poverty is our strength; and if England is to be converted at all, it will be under the rule of men who have succeeded to the attenuated purses of the apostles, as well as to their rights and powers. Take a single event that lately occurred as an instance of what is universally the case. The Bishop of Birmingham was recently lodged in prison for other men's debts. The world learnt to its astonishment, that the bishop's property, with Dr. Moore's, amounted to the enormous value of two hundred pounds, Protestant valuation! We do not doubt that the mere fact that Dr. Ullathorne was thus proved to be about as rich as a parish clerk, did as much to conciliate the goodwill of candid men in his diocese, as the scandalous exposures of Protestant episcopal avarice, which from time to time edify us in the columns of the anti-Catholic

Times, do mischief to the cause of the Anglican Establishment.

Nor is England to be converted by a semi-Protestantising of Catholic doctrine, Catholic worship, Catholic morals, or Catholic customs. This most mischievous and unchristian practice is, at the same time, so often confounded with that holy wisdom which ever seeks to present the truth in the most attractive form, that it will be necessary to disentangle the two questions from the confusion in which they are at times involved. Such disentanglement follows instantly upon a recognition—first, of the great principle, that the first duty of the Church is to her own children, and her second to the world; and secondly, of the fact, that the occasions on which we are called to exercise these different duties are, for the most part, practically distinct. Whatever, then, is good for the Catholic soul, in her vocation, she has a right to expect, the general welfare of the Church and her spiritual governors permitting. If it is *right* to “worship” images, and if there is no other word as expressive and correct as “worship” to characterise the act, why are Catholics to be defrauded of the aid to be gained for their souls by instruction in, and by the practice of, this duty? If we believe that, as a fact, such and such a miracle has really been wrought by Divine power, how shall we dare to say that it is better for the interests of mankind that it should be kept a secret, lest unbelievers should laugh at it, and at us for believing it? Does God work miracles for nothing, or for us to judge of their applicability to the circumstances of the nineteenth century? And the same with many another doctrine and practice, which it is needless to detail, such as the adoration and kissing of the Cross on Good Friday, which some Catholics are ashamed of, as leading Protestants to think we are idolaters. *It is not good to take the bread of the children, and to cast it to the dogs.*

When we come into contact with Protestants alone, or professedly with them alone, then doubtless another course may at times be desirable. No wise man would press upon a person who was just shaken in his Protestantism those Catholic doctrines to which he seemed to have a peculiar aversion. In books, lectures, or any other instrument designed specially for a mixed assemblage, who would make a fiery onslaught on all that Protestants hold most dear (however erroneously), unless he was bereft of common tact and discretion. Who would say to a Protestant *all* that he would say to a brother Catholic? Take, for example, any abuse or scandal he might have heard of,—such as the misconduct of an eccle-

siastic or the disobedience of a layman; the details of such an occurrence might be required by justice or charity among Catholics, who would not be injured by hearing them, because they know that the grace of the sacraments, and the vitality of the Church, do not depend on individuals; while to a Protestant, who is yet unable to master the first elementary ideas of a sacrament, and of the nature of a visible Church, such a story might be seriously mischievous. And why? Because he would not understand it. Instead of conveying truth to him, it would convey error.

In fact, there are few words more abused in argument than this word "scandal." A Catholic, who is content to be a Catholic, neither more nor less, is sometimes reminded of St. Paul's declaration, that he would eat no meat which had been offered to an idol, though to eat such meat was perfectly lawful, lest he should "scandalise" the weak-minded; the objector not seeing that the heathen world universally recognised that act *as a test of a man's faith*. But the charges usually made against us, and which weak persons would fain obviate by ceasing from certain practices, are, in the main, true charges. We *do* the very things which Protestants scorn, and we glory in doing them. We worship images in a way that Protestants think wrong, but which we know to be right. We believe in miracles, which Protestants account childish, but which we know to be divine. How are such cases parallel to that of St. Paul? Had he eaten idol-offered meats, he would have been thought an idolater, *which he was not*. When we place lights and flowers before an image, or kiss the feet of a crucifix, we are thought to pay a relative worship to those objects, *and we do pay it*. The world thinks us fools, and we *are* fools according to the world's standard of wisdom.

It happens, too, that men who are so zealous not to give what they call scandal to Protestants, are often foremost in really giving it. To mention a familiar instance. See the actual result of drinking the Queen's health before the Pope's at public dinners, as has been so often done to please the Protestants. So far from being edified, they are scandalised, as the Corinthians would have been if St. Paul had eaten the idol-meat. They account us insincere when we say, that we regard the Pope as our spiritual ruler, and spiritual things as of infinitely greater moment than temporal things. They take us to mean that we think the law of the land, even though it clashes with the law of the Church of Rome, *which we hold to be the law of God*, is to be obeyed as supreme. Is not *this* a scandal? Does *this* edify the brethren? Is *this*

what will convert England? It has—it can have—but one effect: it confirms men in thinking that Catholics are either knaves or fools, or both.

Little more efficacious is what is generally understood by the term “controversy.” We refer, of course, to its use in the innumerable ways in which it is, or may be, employed in our private or public intercourse with our fellow-countrymen. This intercourse we are all of us incessantly carrying on. In tracts, histories, novels, poems, essays, newspapers, reviews, conversations, lectures, up to sermons themselves—the entire body of British and Irish adult Catholics are, at one time or other of their lives, and each in his station, tempted to employ this readiest of all weapons to convince or convert our adversaries. Nothing is easier than controversy, though few things are so rare as a *good and effective* controversialist. The whole structure of Protestantism is one vast glass house, open to the smashing of every passer-by. There are materials for pelting the Protestants ready in handfuls. We have but to turn to the columns of a Protestant newspaper for a few weeks together, in order to collect topics enough to disprove Protestantism so certainly that argument can scarcely go further. So, too, with the more serious proofs of Catholicism, and disproofs of Protestantism, to be gathered in books. The veriest tyro has a magazine to his hand on the humble shelves of a country Catholic bookseller’s shop, which all the learning and ingenuity of all the heretical teachers in England will not be equal to answer.

Yet what are the results of controversy? There *are* good results from it, and that is all. It converts tens, where we thought it would convert thousands. It proves the turning-point in the history of one man’s soul, while the multitude of his companions are totally unmoved. And besides this, the converts made by controversy are too often not half converted; they are frequently at first convinced by a partial knowledge of the facts of the case, and are carried away again by the first incursion of a set of new ideas for which controversy had never prepared them.

Controversy of any kind—biblical, historical, dogmatical, or moral—we apprehend to be useful only *with the few*. It is efficacious with the Puseyites, or rather with only a few even of them; for numbers of this class have been converted simply by that exhibition of the truths of revelation, which we believe to be the appointed means for converting the overwhelming majority of minds. Controversy requires, in the first place, a previous amount of information on the whole sub-

ject, which is confined to a very small section; in the second place, a capacity for thoroughly entering into the logical course of arguments of various kinds, which is denied by nature to the many; thirdly, a predisposition to accept the truth when proved. Unfortunately, too, those who are in themselves best disposed to enter into the real weight of Catholic reasoning are the very classes with whom we have practically the least to do. It is a grievous error to look upon those Protestants who have the least objection to our company, who "patronise" our writings, who visit our churches, as by any means the most fitted to enter into religious controversy with any likelihood of their conversion. They fraternise with us, and come to stare at our ceremonies, *because they have no real interest in religion at all*. They are tolerant of what they think our errors, because they care nothing for truth itself. They are not bigoted; but it is not because bigotry is odious, but because they are not in earnest to save their souls. They smile at our doctrines, while better men hate them, and will not come near us lest they be infected with our "poison," and ensnared by our "craft." These are the gazing, irreverent, shilling-paying, "liberal" multitudes, who swarm to our large churches whenever any thing, as they phrase it, "is going on;" but so far from heeding their own souls, or caring a rush for theological, historical, or biblical arguments for Catholicism or against Protestantism, they would just as soon be moved by the talk of an actor on the stage. They go to be amused; to have their senses tickled; to see the vestments, and smell the incense, and hear the singing; and as for the sermon, why it forms a very appropriate sort of a feature of the entire entertainment, for the English mind has no notion of a religious service without some species of discourse.

Here, indeed, lies our grand difficulty,—we cannot get a hearing from the best-disposed classes of our countrymen; and the fact is one of Satan's master-pieces. Whatever in England is most serious, whatever is most candid, whatever is best informed as to the Bible, as to religious doctrine and ecclesiastical history, keeps itself apart from us with a jealous horror. Those who can appreciate our arguments, will not come in the way of hearing them. They will not listen in conversation, or read our books, or attend at our services. They who *wish* to pray, go to their own assemblies; they would not dream of going to a "Romanist chapel" for any serious purpose. Those who are acquainted with the private life of English Protestants, know that there are many of them, especially of the middle and upper classes, who practise private prayer every day of their lives; but of these we have

no doubt that *scarcely any* ever come near a Catholic church, or read a Catholic book. The majority of them have never even seen a crucifix, unless they have travelled abroad.

The happy results of the Puseyite movement, which at first sight may appear to prove a large exception to our general statement, are, in fact, a confirmation of its truth. The Puseyite movement towards the Church was not produced by the English Catholic body. It rose, so to say, spontaneously; and by the force of their own convictions were the adherents of the new school led on and on to the unexpected threshold. A few—we believe, a very few—came into serious contact with Catholic controversialists, or rather with a Catholic controversialist, for if we remember right, Cardinal Wiseman was the only writer who could be said to have helped on the work, and most happy for the Puseyites it was that he did so. But of those who have been converted, it is remarkable that numbers never entered a Catholic church in England before the day of their conversion. The very sincerity with which they sought to find the *one* true church kept them in sole and close connection with the community in which they were brought up, until the hour when they were convinced that she was not their true mother, but a deceiver, who had stolen them in their infancy.

Controversy, then, we conceive to be a means of conversion for the learned and for the few. God has not made the multitude capable of rational controversy; and a wide-spread delusion banishes the religious portion of England from Catholic society and Catholic services. We never sympathise, therefore, with the regrets that may at times be heard expressed by some zealous Catholic who has induced a Protestant friend to accompany him to a Catholic chapel, and has been disappointed because the priest has preached a straightforward sermon on doctrine or morals, without one syllable of polemics, when he had been in hopes of seeing his friend's creed demolished by a display of controversial power. It often happens, especially with people recently converted, that they fancy that nothing on earth is wanted to convert this or that person among their friends than that he should just hear what is to be said in defence of Catholicity and against Protestantism. *He* sees the argument to be so irresistible, that he conceives every body whom he loves or regards *must* find it the same. And so he is disappointed that Catholic sermons are not like so many cannons loaded to the mouth with logic, to be shot forth week after week, to blow the head off from every stray heretic who may chance to come within their range.

We are sure, on the contrary, that we shall be borne out by every priest who has been most successful in converting the Protestant Englishman and Englishwoman, when we conclude, that if England is to be converted, it will be by the declaration of the doctrines of the Catholic faith as the word of God sent to save men's souls; or, which is the same thing, by treating our fellow-countrymen, not as Protestants but as sinners. And in order to do this with effect, whether in conversation, writing, or by any other means, it is obvious that our first object must be to master the peculiar condition of the English mind with respect to Almighty God and His revelation. So far as this question relates to "preaching," properly so called, the subject is not strictly suited to our pages. The principles, however, on which we who are the laity should act in such matters being identical with that which is involved in the direct preaching-work of the clergy, it is as necessary to state it, as if our function were of a more grave and ecclesiastical character. The kindness of our clerical readers will therefore, we are sure, excuse us, if in what we say we seem to be trenching on ground which belongs to them alone. We are obliged to seem to do this, because we feel convinced that a thoroughly accurate appreciation of the national mind is as essential to the success of the humbler efforts of lay writing, lecturing, and talking, as to the authoritative exposition of Catholic doctrine which is committed to the clergy. And it is the more important that we should all of us be masters of our work, because the enormous demands made by the circumstances of the day on the time and strength of the clergy throws so much of the work of lecturing and writing upon the hands of the laity.

Our first aim, then, must be to enter thoroughly into the English Protestant character as it exists living around us. Without this, we shall be mere book-controversialists, than whom none are more profitless. A book-controversialist (by which we mean a man whose knowledge of the subject is derived from books *only*, and not from men as well as books) we all know to be the most unfruitful of disputants. He is like an amateur lawyer, or an amateur doctor; or a man who would undertake to guide souls from treatises on moral theology alone, without any personal acquaintance with the spiritual life itself. We might as reasonably expect to walk out into the fields and bring down a covey of partridges by firing off a volley of small shot hap-hazard into the air, as to convince or convert a room full of listeners by discharging a volley of abstract arguments in their faces. The great secret of conviction and persuasion lies in a knowledge of the opponents'

state of mind. It is like sympathy when we would console a mourner.

Setting aside, then, the more religious few among English Protestants, who are precisely those who most diligently avoid us, our books, and our churches, the peculiar condition of the English mind is to be traced to a long-continued operation of the two Lutheran doctrines on private judgment and justification by faith without works, working upon the inborn evil of our nature. The action of these doctrines, all observation shows us, is not confined to those Protestants who more or less profess to be Lutherans, Evangelicals, Calvinists, or what not. A certain definite influence has been exerted by the prevalence of these doctrines on the whole English nature, moral and intellectual, as regards Almighty God, of the widest and deepest possible extent, corrupting the whole soul in its very primary ideas, and creating a state of feeling opposed to the essential elements of all religion. This condition of mind is not merely antagonistic to Catholicism, or to this or that distinctive doctrine of revelation, or to this or that moral law; it is a radical unconsciousness of the very nature of *all* religion, that is, of natural religion itself.

What is *our* first essential idea of religion, as such? Is it not this, that God is all, and man is nothing? That being formed from nothingness by our omnipotent Creator, purely according to His own pleasure and for His own glory (all-merciful as is His intention towards us), man has no rights towards God, and that the *first* act of the human soul ought to be a prostration of itself before the will of God, and an utter annihilation of its own will? Until we do this, we have no religion, we *can* have no religion.

But of all this, with (as we repeat) certain individual exceptions, the English people is totally unconscious. The old Greek and Roman was not so unconscious of it; the modern pagan is not so unconscious, for his idolatry is not based on a Lutheran negation of the rights of the Almighty Creator; but England *has no God*. She has ideas about God, but she has no ideas, except those suggested by the devil, *towards* God. Her elementary idea, her deeply-rooted conviction, is, that she has rights towards her Maker; that the proper attitude of a rational being is a kind of independent position, from which, with shrewd or philosophical discernment, he is to choose his faith, or compile it, or modify it; and that the spiritual intercourse which he is to practise with his God, is similar in kind with that which a man practises towards a superior being bearing some sort of proportion towards himself. No man can have much experience in religious conver-

sation or controversy with Protestants, without seeing, even in the most amiable, the most moral, the most apparently religious among them, a tendency to rebel against the very notion that absolute, unconditional, eternal *submission* of body, soul, and spirit, is the first duty of the wisest, the noblest, the ablest, the most learned, the most illustrious of mortal men. In addition to all their heresies, their love of sin, their fondness for the world, their personal pride, they are possessed with a kind of loathing of that prostration of the entire being, which they call *abject*, but which we know to be the everlasting obligation and most perfectly rational act, of *every* creature, from the Mother of God herself to the youngest child in whom reason is but beginning to dawn.

Paganism did not this. It had its own frightful corruptions, debasing doctrines, and monstrous falsehoods; but it did not start by claiming for man certain rights towards his Creator which no creature *can* possess. Paganism sought to localise the Omnipresent, to divide Him who is in essence One, to demoralise the All-Holy; and from all this, Protestantism starts with supposed horror; but in casting off the corruptions of Paganism, it casts off the very idea of God, except as an abstract conception, a matter of opinion, a subject for speculation, a Being towards whom man can choose his own relations.

Hence the threefold delusion of Protestantism, on the great subjects of revelation—faith, duty, and worship. The moment a man has grasped the elementary idea of all religion, his first act, on recognising his own nothingness, is to seek simply for the will of God *as He has revealed it*. The Protestant mind, on the contrary, is possessed with the notion that its first duty is to frame a theological creed from a certain book, or from certain historical documents. Thus the characteristic of the Catholic intellect is, from the first, humility; of the Protestant, self-complacency. To the humble intellect grace gives faith; the self-complacent is left to its own devices; and hence, in the one case, a knowledge of God and His revelation; in the other, ten thousand varying shades of opinion.

In morals it is the same. I am the creature of God's will; therefore for me to have a will of my own is madness; one course remains for me, namely, duty; and in doing my duty, the sole question is, what has God revealed? I can have no other standard. Thus reasons a Catholic. The Protestant theory of morals, on the other hand, is a jumble of biblical criticism, modern tastes, intellectual refinement, natural passions, and individual fancies. In details, it is sometimes right, and sometimes wrong; but in its basis it is always wrong, for

more or less it recognises a man's own opinions and tastes as the standard of duty. It does not recognise the indefeasible right of the Creator to the possession of every thought, word, and work of His creatures.

And in the idea of worship, the same fatal fundamental fault issues in similar errors in details. *We* know that the essence of religious worship consists in acts of voluntary and absolute prostration of our whole being before our infinite and eternal God. Thus, in one sense, we are always worshipping Him; not only in prayers, masses, benedictions, acts of adoration, thanksgivings, confessions, and sacraments, but by penances, sufferings, and even by the most trivial actions and thoughts of our daily lives. The Protestant theory of worship is confined to a species of intercourse between man and his God, necessarily and exclusively expressed in words, either uttered or spoken silently by the mind alone. The immense majority of our fellow-countrymen cannot *understand* any other kind of worship besides this. They regard our ceremonies, our functions, our music, as so many portions of a superb pageant, got up for show only, as a grand theatrical spectacle, very "imposing," as the cant phrase runs, but by no stretch of language to be termed *a spiritual worship*. Hence they can make nothing at all of our services. If they are not shocked, they are puzzled; if they are not disgusted, they are only amused; if they do not sneer bitterly, they smile amiably. They cannot make us out: we are such a combination of the grand, the trifling, the noble, the irrational, the lofty, the vulgar, the profound, the silly, the sincere, and the deceptive, that the most charitable conclusion they can come to is, that "the Catholics" are the strangest and most incomprehensible people on the face of the earth. If they are not charitably disposed, there is no limit to their philosophical criticisms. "The idea of worshipping God with a candle! with a bunch of flowers! with the smoke of incense! was there ever any thing so childish, so inconceivably absurd? There is a troop of priests" (for in the eyes of the Protestant critic, every body that wears a surplice or a cassock is a priest), "bowing, and gesticulating, and walking to and fro, and singing fragments of Latin, and taking off mitres and vestments, and putting them on again, and sprinkling water, and lighting candles, and making signs over books; and while all this goes on at the altar, there is half the congregation staring at them with awe-struck gaze, venerating them with superstitious honour, and thinking that all this 'mummery' is something wonderfully holy and mysterious, and that this is the fulfilment of the

‘pure and simple morality of the Gospel.’” Such are the thoughts, more or less, of nearly every one of the multitude of visitors who occasionally crowd our churches and annoy our congregations. That all this is *the worship of God*, they cannot conceive; it does not even occur to them to ask whether we think it so ourselves; we *cannot* think it so, we do not even profess to think it so, is their unanimous opinion. It is all a pageant, unspiritual, irrational, fit for priests who live by it, and for women and children who are weak or ignorant; but to pass it upon the shrewd, sensible, solid English race as a “spiritual worship,” as the natural expression of the self-sacrificing homage of an immortal spirit towards a God who is Himself a Spirit, is *too* large a tax upon English good-nature and English candour.

Such, we are convinced, on the whole, is the attitude of the average English mind towards Almighty God and His Church on earth. And if it is so, it follows that no progress can be made towards its conversion, except by such an exhibition of the truths of religion as may go straight to the root of the mischief, lay bare the secrets of the diseased heart to the awakening conscience, and bring the whole man, body, soul, and spirit, humbled as a sinner before the throne of God, or rather let us say, before the foot of the cross. For if it is permitted us to suppose that it is more necessary at one time than at another, to show how God is manifest in Christ, rather than to dwell upon His presence and attributes apart from the incarnation and death of the Eternal Son, surely there never was a case in which it was more needful to display *God in Christ*, than it is to this English people at this day. Doubtless individual exceptions will occur; but few who know English Protestantism as it is can doubt that it is before *the Cross* that its pride will be brought low, and its ignorance enlightened. We cannot drive the English race; we may scold them for ever in vain; we may reason with them till they die; we may reproach them, we may convict them of every sin and every inconsistency; one thing alone will *touch* them; one thing alone will soften their hearts and melt the adamant bulwark which pride and passion have built up around their souls. It is before God dying on the cross *for them* that they will yield. Love will draw them, while fear will only terrify them, and despair drive them closer into the arms of their enemy. It is the sight of the blood of Jesus, and the ineffable loving-kindness which ever burns in that adorable heart whence that life-blood flowed, pointed out to

them by that Church which is commissioned to declare its wonderful reality, and to dispense its fruits, which will touch England, and bring her to cast away her self-worship, as the Druids of old flung their idols to the fire, and return to the bosom of that mother where alone, little as England thinks it, Christ is to be found in all His glory and all His love.

Of abstract reasoning on the fundamental doctrines of natural religion and of revelation, the great mass of the world is incapable. They cannot enter into it. God is hidden from their eyes, and they must learn to see Him as He has revealed Himself in the Incarnate Son. Before that awful and overwhelming sight, before Jesus dying, the whole edifice which Satan has constructed will waste away. The conscience will learn what sin is, what God is, what heaven and hell are, what the sinner must do to be saved, and to whom he must have recourse as the ministers of reconciliation. The whole spiritual glory of the edifice of the Catholic Church will be unveiled before the anxious soul, as the great treasure-house of the merits of Christ. Self-abasement, faith, love, obedience, will spring up as it were spontaneously in the heart hitherto callous to every Catholic emotion. The inconceivable falsehood and folly of the popular Protestant notion of Catholicism, as a religion of priestcraft, formalism, and unspiritual display, will be so palpable to the understanding, that it will marvel how it ever could have been so grossly deceived.

This particular delusion, indeed, is the one chief obstacle, so far as mere opinion is concerned, against which we have to contend. The dislike entertained by Protestants to various distinct Catholic doctrines and practices is comparatively nothing, in regard to that intense conviction with which the whole nation is possessed, that Catholicism is a huge heap of rules, forms, ceremonies, and traditions, whose object and tendency is to control man as a servant, and not to glorify Jesus Christ, and to convey His grace and love to the penitent sinner. And this being so, whatever we write and say in the way of explanation of what Catholicism *is not*, must be subsidiary to our declarations of what Catholicism *is*. Negative proofs are little worth. It avails little to show that we are not idolaters, not inconsistent, not hypocritical, not false, not impure. Men must see what Catholicism *is*, and what we *are*. And this is not to be done by dry abstract statements of doctrine or history, by mere dilutions of theological treatises "on the Church," or by disquisitions on the refinements of casuistry. Men do not want disquisitions; they want to know how to be saved. They want to know *who* is to save them. The conversion of a

Protestant is a totally different thing from the instruction of a young, or ill-informed but sincere Catholic. The Catholic has the foundation; he has faith, love, obedience; he knows God; he knows Jesus Christ; he venerates Mary and the Saints for the sake of Jesus Christ; he loves the Sacraments, because they convey to him the gifts of Jesus Christ. Hence his instruction mainly consists in an extended exposition of the manifold details of those truths which he has already grasped in their essential elements.

But the Protestant knows nothing of Christ but the name. His knowledge has to start with the very foundations of the Gospel, while the deadness in sin which paralyses him requires that this knowledge must come to him in a directly practical and personal form; literally, as "the Gospel;" the news that God is all-holy, all-just, and all-merciful; that he himself is a sinner, actually perishing; that he need not perish; that a Saviour exists for him; *and that this Saviour is here*, in the Sacraments of the forgotten, insulted, despised Church of Rome; and that the popish priest, whom all England glories in scorning, comes direct as the messenger from the God who died for him,—can apply the precious, all-cleansing blood to the terrified soul, and bring it to adore that God still invisibly, but really and locally present on earth, to receive the tears, the thanksgivings, the prayers, and the homage of every creature who will come out from the mad, blinded multitude to this home of peace and rest.

If it be said that this is too directly theological a mode of treating the subject, to be generally applicable to any thing but actual sermons or professedly religious conversation, we venture to reply that we think otherwise. Undoubtedly what is called reproachfully "preaching," in books, tracts, periodicals, lectures, and private talk, is generally a violation of good taste, and practically useless, if not injurious. But we mean nothing of this kind by the mode which we suggest for the treatment of the Protestant mind. It will not do to make direct and open attacks on people's consciences, any more than on their consistency. You must not tell a man that he is a knave, any more than you may tell him he is a fool. But there are a thousand little ways in which the Catholic, in speaking or writing, can make it felt that what he means is not merely that the Catholic Church is right and Protestants wrong, but that He who saves men is with us and not with others; and that we love the Church, not merely because it is *not opposed* to the glory and merits of Christ, but because it exists *for His glory*, and *in order to* dispense His merits.

All this may be implied in the efforts of Catholics of all classes for the conversion of their fellow-countrymen, as easily and with as much unpretending good taste and feeling as we cultivate when we employ any class of mere arguments in favour of the Catholic faith. Let a man once clearly see his way towards the end he aims at, and be inspired by a love for his fellows, and be guided by delicacy of feeling, modesty, and charity, in all that he does for them, and he will find many ways of letting them feel what he means, without giving more offence than naturally accompanies every thing that belongs to the Cross.

Reviews.

THE FEMALE JESUIT ABROAD.

The Female Jesuit abroad; a true and romantic Narrative of Real Life : including some Account, with historical Reminiscences, of Bonn and the Middle Rhine. By Charles Seager, M.A. London, Partridge and Oakey.

To those who made acquaintance with the young lady, introduced to the public about two years ago under the title of the Female Jesuit, the supplement to her history, contained in the present volume, will be very acceptable; though we regret to say that the story, an excellent one in itself, is somewhat spoilt in the telling. It is any thing but skilfully drawn up, being in some places spun out into tiresome prolixity, and in others provokingly curtailed; the facts, too, are not easy to follow; and the never-ending analysis of motives and feelings, which accompanies them, as a running commentary, from one end of the book to the other, makes it altogether quite a piece of tough reading. This, however, is a venial fault in comparison with another which is indicated in the very title-page; namely, the mixing up with the main narrative a large quantity of foreign matter, altogether irrelevant, and even incongruous. It has been a great mistake, and one which we fear will prove fatal to the general popularity of the book, to dilute the adventures of the Female Jesuit with "historical reminiscences of Bonn and the Middle Rhine;" for we are much too curious about the former to be in a temper of mind capable of appreciating the latter, however edifying: and we cannot but feel our main pursuit unwarrantably interfered with, when

we are called off from watching the evolving fortunes of our heroine, and required to pause and inform ourselves that Cologne is the Colonia Agrippina of the Romans, &c., to master the history of Coblenz, and to wade through whole chapters of the guide-book sort, with reference to places in no way connected with the said heroine, further than that they were visited by Mr. and Mrs. Seager in her company. It is as though the biographer of Becky Sharp had taken advantage of her temporary sojourn at Brussels to give us a political essay on the causes and consequences of the Battle of Waterloo: for the story of our Becky Sharp, though unhappily too true as regards poor Mr. Seager, yet bears the character of fiction; it is, in fact, a fiction, a novel in action of the most exciting character; and accordingly we claim for it, as such, the immunity due to light reading, and feel as much affronted at being cheated by it into useful knowledge, as a child whose gilt-edged story-book has suddenly become transformed into a treatise on English grammar. But the truth is, the solid matter is much more in Mr. Seager's line than the romance, which has been thrust upon him by circumstances; and so we ought to be very much obliged to "the son of the celebrated Hellenist," the quondam Hebrew lecturer of Oxford, for having condescended to tell us the story at all, instead of grumbling that he has mixed it up with matter more congenial to him: and indeed, as he tells us (page 195) that he has been in the habit, "longer than they can remember," of talking Latin to his two little boys, aged seven and five, we may feel very thankful that we are let off with only a little history and geography more than we bargained for.

The work before us, moreover, has a value quite independent of its character as an amusing narrative, inasmuch as it furnishes a triumphant answer to the accusations put forth to the world in the original book; accusations most gratuitously made, and we must say most unwarrantably persisted in, and at last retracted, if at all, with apparent reluctance, or at least by no means with the free and full and repentant acknowledgment of error which we think the case required. But we will recapitulate the facts, and our readers shall judge for themselves.

It was the evening of Thursday, January the 17th, 1849. "A cheerful fire," we are told, "was blazing on the hearth of a house in Cromwell Terrace, at the extreme west-end of London;" and a family-party, consisting of a lady, her two sisters, and a lively, warm-hearted little girl not quite five years old, were looking out for the return of the master of the house from the chapel in Orange Street, Leicester Square, of

which he was the pastor. "The slippers had long waited on the rug, and the cloth on the table;" and "anxiety was just giving place to alarm at the unprecedented lateness of his return," when "his knock was heard, and their fears were dispelled." He came in; but instead of accounting for his late arrival, sat down in his arm-chair in unusual silence, and it soon became manifest to the family mind that the minister had met with an adventure. After some little pumping, he admitted that he had, and promised that he would "tell them all," only stipulating that he should first be allowed to eat his supper. The supper was eaten, and then Mr. Luke, for such was the name of the evangelist of Lock Chapel, gratified the ladies with a truly interesting narrative. He was "taking his tea" in the vestry, just before service, when a young lady was ushered in, who desired to speak to him. She introduced herself by the name of Marie Garside; said she had been educated partly in the convent of the Faithful Companions of Jesus at Isleworth, partly in convents of the same order abroad, and indeed was now a postulant for admission into the sisterhood; for though looking forward to the life of a nun with unqualified disgust, she had felt herself so constrained by the last wishes of a dying mother and the will of a living uncle, a Jesuit priest, as to have no choice. Of late, however, she had "become gradually but fully convinced of the errors of Romanism, and intensely longed for the light of God's truth and the liberty of the Gospel." It was only on that very morning, that, travelling in an omnibus from the convent of Isleworth to that at Somers Town, where she had been sent to remain for some days, she had providentially met with a fellow-traveller, who discovering her to be a Catholic, had improved the occasion by enlightening her as to the errors of the Church, and had recommended her to seek advice of some Protestant minister, naming Mr. Luke, and giving her the address both of his house and chapel. To the chapel accordingly she had come, to declare to him the state of her mind, and to implore his guidance and support in the difficult course that lay before her. Mr. Luke presented her with a New Testament, "the first she had ever held in her hand," and desired her to call at his house the next day, if she could escape the surveillance of those Argus-eyed nuns, who had allowed her, though a postulant, to travel about in omnibuses with only a companion outside, and who had obviously interposed no effectual impediment to her finding her way to a chapel in London at six o'clock in the evening in the month of January.

Whether this circumstance seemed suspicious, as well it

might, or whether the name of Marie sounded too poetical to be probable, we are not told; but so it was, that the minister's helpmate was not so altogether satisfied as the minister himself. "I should like to see and talk to her myself," said she to her husband; "there have been so many impostors, that it disposes me to be sceptical: I think you are rather apt to be taken in, dear, especially by applicants of our sex." Mr. Luke mentioned some little incidental circumstances which convinced him of the young stranger's truthfulness; and so they "talked till after midnight," and awaited with no little impatience "the issue of the next day."

It came at last, that eventful morning: eleven o'clock had just struck, when a knock at the door announced the eagerly expected stranger; and five minutes' conversation convinced all that she was not an impostor, "no concealed Jesuit seeking to introduce herself into a Protestant household." We beg our readers to remark, that even at this embryo stage of the affair, if she is an impostor at all, it follows that she must needs be a Jesuit. In the course of her visit, however, the minister and the minister's wife contrived to slip out one after the other, to compare notes concerning her on the stairs, when Mrs. Luke expressed herself quite satisfied, and ventured to remind her husband that they had a little room at the top of the house which they might offer to Marie, should she be in need of a home. They had much conversation with her; learned from her more in detail the state of her mind: her dislike to the doctrine of transubstantiation; the "worship of the Virgin and Saints;" the "idle mummary of the public services," which she considered "an insult to her understanding;" in short, to the whole system. She was not yet prepared to join the Protestants, not having ascertained whether they were right; all she had yet learnt was, that the Catholics were wrong; and she wished for leisure to inquire, and a retreat where she should be safe from pursuit. She had providentially been sent that very morning to the convent at Hampstead, where she was supposed to be spending the day; but there was no time to be lost, for "she knew her nun's clothes were making," and she judged from several little circumstances that she should soon be sent away: she "might any day be taken out as for an ordinary walk or ride, and be shipped on board a foreign steamer;" indeed, such would probably be the result if any suspicion of her should be excited. Mr. and Mrs. Luke offered her an asylum in their house, and recommended her not returning to the convent at all, which, with such imminent danger of being kidnapped, certainly appeared a fool-

hardy proceeding. But Marie could do nothing clandestine : it was to execute a commission that she had been sent out that morning from the convent at Somers Town, and she thought it would not be honourable to leave it undone ; so she would return this once, and ponder over the means of arranging her final departure. Accordingly, after having dined and spent the day, she did return, accompanied by Miss Elizabeth Thompson, Mrs. Luke's sister, as far as the convent door.

The next evening, Saturday, the family at Cromwell Terrace were assembled at the tea-table, when the postman brought in an "unpretending-looking note," which "was not enclosed in an envelope, and seemed hurriedly sealed and directed." Mr. Luke took it; and as he read, he drew the lamp nearer, and his evidently-increasing interest awakened attention. It was from Marie; and its purport was to entreat that Miss Thompson might be sent to her that very evening at six: she had had, she said, "a dreadful time" since they had parted, and was "compelled to make use of an ingenious stratagem to get away;" she had "arranged another plan, but this seemed most prudential;" she "suspected some design, so the sooner she is away the better." This is great news, indeed; but what is to be done? The note says six; it is now half-past, and will be half-past seven before Elizabeth can reach the convent. Perhaps six may be the only hour when escape is possible; to go at any other may expose Marie to discovery and confinement. Yet, on the other hand, she may be on the very point of being sent out of the country; to-morrow may be too late: Elizabeth must go. We quite agree with Elizabeth, that "it is no very agreeable undertaking for a young woman to go in cabs and omnibuses at night alone;" and we wonder that her brother-in-law did not accompany her, till we are reminded that it was Saturday night, and he was preparing for his Sabbath duties; besides that "he of all others would be most likely to excite attention and opposition." The sisters seem to have been timid on the occasion; and the upshot was, that Elizabeth set forth alone.

The party left at home, however, were not idle; "the pastor went to his study, the wife to her room, the sister to hers," in order to "give vent to their feelings in committing their messenger to the care of Heaven." This done, they betook themselves to more active duties; and set to work to prepare the little room in the upper story, of which we have already heard, for its intended occupant. This little room is described as having been "used in turns as a temporary sleeping-room, sitting-room, oratory, or study, free to all, yet not decidedly

appropriated to any ;" in short, as never having fairly found its vocation till this happy moment. It had, moreover, the prettiest view in the house, "over fields and pleasure-grounds to a canal, winding more than canals are wont to do;" while a well-known village on a hill crowned the distance, with its spire rising among the trees. There was a little bedstead not then in use, and the sisters eagerly drew it forth from its receptacle ; and very soon little Lilly, the child of five years old before mentioned, joining in the bustle, and lugging in articles much bigger than herself, this "chamber in the wall" was duly furnished for the prophetess who was to inhabit it.

But to return to Elizabeth. "When fairly on her way in the dark night, she began to feel terribly frightened;" not knowing but that she might get in, instead of Marie getting out. However, on she went, "for a mile or more on foot," then stepped into an omnibus, and in twenty minutes more reached a cab-stand, and was driven to the convent-gate, where, to her great joy, Marie sprang out to meet her; and they reached their home in safety. It may be imagined with what glee the family rushed to the door to welcome them: Marie's bonnet and shawl were soon off, and herself seated in an easy-chair by a blazing fire, partaking of the refreshments prepared for her, and entertaining the circle which eagerly gathered round her with an account of the events of the last four-and-twenty hours truly dramatic. We think that it would have saved the worthy family in Cromwell Terrace much subsequent trouble, if our friend Inspector Bucket of the Detective had been one of this pleasant little tea party; for even in this preliminary narrative with which she favoured them, there appear to us certain peculiarities which he would probably have described, in his technical phraseology, as "looking like Queer-street."

Great, she informed them, had been the commotion excited in the convent, as well it might, by Marie's late return the evening before; because, in the interim, two girls had arrived from Hampstead, by whom it was known that she was not spending the day there, as was believed; and she not a little increased the disturbance by refusing to give any account of herself, except that she had met with a young lady, with whom she was going to spend a few days, and also by declining to perform the penance enjoined her. The matter blew over, however, more easily than we should have thought such a matter would blow over in a convent, and she went to bed in her accustomed dormitory as if nothing had happened; but, at the ghostly hour of two in the morning, she heard some one open

the door, and softly approaching Mother A.'s bed, carry on with her a whispered conversation in French, to which Marie eagerly listened, and gathered from it that she and some others were to be sent off to Amiens in the middle of Sunday night!

On Saturday morning, marvellous to relate after the Friday adventure, she was sent out again "on business for Rev. Mother," attended only by a girl; who, however, "from her vigilance, had evidently received a strict charge not to lose sight of her," but whom she nevertheless contrived to get rid of whenever it suited her convenience. For instance, when she had forgotten part of a commission she had to execute at a bookseller's shop, she simply sent this watchful guardian back to the shop to rectify the mistake, making an appointment as to where they were to meet again; and she herself meanwhile posted off to Mr. Luke's chapel, where she left a message with the pew-opener, requesting that Miss Thompson would come for her to the convent-gate between 11 and 12 the next morning, Sunday; as that being the time of High Mass, she could contrive to slip out unobserved. She altered her plan, however, in consequence of having detected, in the hand of the girl who accompanied her, a letter which she was to post, directed to the Rev. Mother at Isleworth, with *immediate* upon it, and which she conjectured was concerning herself. Having made this alarming discovery, our heroine quietly sent her companion alone to put the said letter in the post, while she herself turned into a stationer's shop. She had twopence left, which had been given her for charity a day or two before (for, in the order to which she belonged, the sisters and postulants were allowed a penny a day for charity), and she had also one postage-stamp; so she bought a sheet of paper, borrowed a pen and ink, and wrote to her new friends the note which we have mentioned; after which she returned alone to the convent, from which she had been sent out so strictly guarded; and informed Mother Ann that she was going to leave at six that evening; that a young lady was coming to fetch her; that she was bound by no vows; and, if opposed, should call in the aid of the police. At six o'clock the said Mother Ann and the portress were on the watch for the arrival of the young lady; but as no one appeared, they seemed to consider that the Ides of March were past, and relaxed their vigilance; and a diversion occurring in the shape of a solemn procession to the death-bed of Sister Julia, a dying novice, our heroine made up a small bundle, put on two gowns, one over the other, passed Mother J., mistress of the poor-school, who made no resistance, and walked out of the convent-door, to which, as we have seen, Elizabeth had just driven up.

When Marie was fairly settled, she began her autobiography, with a view that others might be led by it "from the way of error into the path of peace." All benefit of a more material kind for herself she magnanimously repudiated, making a present of the manuscript to Mrs. Luke, and begging her with the proceeds to "buy a piano for dearest Lilly;" a result which, as the volume before us is one of the fourth thousand, may, we venture to hope, have been satisfactorily accomplished. The said biography contains several astonishing facts: as, for instance, that her mother's brother, the Rev. Herbert Constable Clifford, was a Jesuit, and at the same time vicar-general, first of Amiens, and then of Nice; and, moreover, that he resided at his own château near Amiens. She tells us of High Mass being celebrated in Paris at the cathedral of Notre Dame des Victoires: and such of our readers as happen to be well acquainted with Rome will learn with surprise that, through the influence of this Jesuit uncle, her only brother was educated at the College of Santa del a Pedrò, which is the Jesuit noviceship in that city. Her friends, too, cannot have examined her pretensions as a linguist; for we learn, in the subsequent account by Mr. Seager, that she was all-but entirely ignorant of French; and yet, according to this narrative, she was chiefly educated abroad,—at Amiens, at Châteauroux, fifty miles from Paris, at Canouge, near Geneva, at Nice, at Manotté; being shifted from convent to convent, with a restlessness and rapidity which make one dizzy to read of, generally in the kidnapping style before described: and it was in one of these foreign convents that she became a postulant, under the peculiar name of Sister Marie Philomel.

All this, however, passed unchallenged; and after having been re-baptised by her friend Mr. Luke, our heroine accepted in a short time a situation as governess "in the kind and Christian family of Mr. and Mrs. Spalding of Kentish Town;" but soon made the party in Cromwell Terrace very anxious, by the accounts she wrote them of her ill-health, her frequent cough and spitting of blood, a malady which continues through the whole volume to harass her friends exceedingly. While she was in this situation, arrived a letter directed to her in a foreign hand, written in French; which purported to be from the Jesuit uncle, reproaching her for her apostasy, but telling her, for her consolation, that he had the sum of 2000*l.* in his power to settle upon her, which he would do at the end of a year, if she would only promise not to publish the autobiography, which he understood was in progress: he further requested to know her motives for abandoning the Church. To this she replied in a letter, with which her friends "were

much delighted;" giving at great length a history of the workings of her mind on theological matters; and directing it to the Very Rev. Herbert Constable Clifford, G.V.A., Château de St. José, Manotté, near Amiens.

Soon after this, however, a rather awkward event occurred, —the unexpected arrival of Marie, escorted by Mrs. Spalding, and, to speak plainly, dismissed from her situation. "Oh! Mrs. Luke," she said, "I have done very wrong; I have told a falsehood." She had bought some dresses as presents for the servants, and said they were presents from Mrs. Luke, bought in the Edgeware-road; but the boy who brought them was recognised as belonging to a shop in the neighbourhood, and on inquiry it proved she had bought them there. Her friends were, of course, much grieved; but her "sobs and tears and expressions of penitence" could not but excite their pity. She shut herself up in the room in the upper story, and could not be persuaded to appear; till, about two days after this, one Saturday evening, her voice was heard in loud screams, and she was seen on the second landing rushing down stairs with Lilly in her arms; and at the same moment people from the street burst in, crying that the house was on fire. How it originated, no one could guess; but Marie had been the first to discover it, and to snatch Lilly from her bed, and scream to nurse to save the baby; so that she was the object of universal gratitude as the preserver of the whole family, and the matter of the print-dresses was forgotten.

And now the plot began to thicken. Another letter arrived from the uncle, proposing to Marie that she should accept a home with Captain and Mrs. Kenyon; the latter of whom he calls his "cousin Constantia:" they are Catholics, of course, but would allow her to enjoy her own opinions. He also promises her a visit before the end of the week. This promise produces no little excitement: his being a Jesuit priest and of the house of Clifford, added to Marie's statements of his talents and high position, made him rather a formidable visitor; especially as his niece insisted on "the house looking as well as possible, that he might not suppose she lived in a style unworthy of her family or of him;" so, "to satisfy her, the drawing-room furniture was uncovered, the vases were filled with choice flowers, and every chair and curtain-fold put in its proper place." However, the week ended, and no uncle came; only a letter full of tenderness and good advice; and soon after another to Mr. Luke, informing him that Marie's prospects were very different from what she herself supposed; that she was, in fact, presumptive heiress to very considerable landed property, a portion of which he hoped to get settled upon her

immediately; and requesting him to fix a certain sum which should be duly paid so long as she should continue to reside under his roof.

Another accident occurred about this time, which gave the first serious shock to the Lukes' confidence in Marie's integrity. When Mrs. Spalding had brought her home as we mentioned, she asked her in parting for 10*l.*, which she had collected for some charitable purpose. Marie said it was at the very bottom of her box, but she would send it. Again and again afterwards this money was asked for, but a violent attack of spitting blood was sure to occur at the moment of every such demand, and so to make it for the time forgotten. At last, however, it could be put off no longer; then she had lost the key of her box; all the keys in the house were tried in vain; and the box was finally forced open. "You will find the money at the bottom of the box," said Marie to Mrs. Luke, for she herself was stretched out on her bed in an almost fainting state after one of her frightful attacks; "it is in notes, with the tickets." "In notes!" said Mrs. Luke; "I thought you collected it in gold and silver?" "Yes," answered Marie, "but I thought I should like to present a 10*l.* note at the meeting." Mrs. Luke dived to the bottom of the box, which presented an unexampled scene of confusion,—clothes, books, work, Albert lights, tapes, ribbons, bonnets, shoes, papers, and lucifer-matches,—and at last succeeded in fishing up the tickets, but no 5*l.* notes,—and the tickets were very much burnt. "Burnt!" cried Marie, astonished; "then the notes are burnt also. How could it happen? Sarah," she said, turning to the nurse who was in the room, "I sent you on Sunday to the box for my Concordance; you must have rubbed the lucifers in hunting for it." This was rather too much; nurse loudly protested; and as nothing else in the box was damaged except a few papers, Mr. and Mrs. Luke themselves thought it a very strange business, more especially as our heroine, though much too ill to be closely questioned, volunteered several palpable falsehoods, and when requested by Mrs. Luke to say no more, turned on her "a look of black defiance," which, she says, "might have been that of a murderer."

We cannot help wondering that by this time the game was not fairly up, and the deceived parties roused to inquiry; but a brisk correspondence between Marie and the Jesuit uncle kept matters in a state of vibration between hope and fear. She informs him of the sad act of carelessness by which she has destroyed money not her own, and receives in return a severe blowing up both for this and for many similar acts

of inconceivable carelessness in years past, of which she is reminded; but he assures her that he is about to invest in the funds for her benefit a sufficient sum to yield an annual revenue of 200*l.*, so that she will have ample means of refunding the sum lost. In a subsequent letter he tells her that he is going to send her, by Captain and Mrs. Kenyon, five boxes containing money and valuables belonging to her mamma, and also important papers, which he requests her not to use for wool-winders. All this furnished one distraction from the bank-note business; and another was found in her increasing ill-health; her attacks of spitting blood became so frequent and formidable as to be the terror of the house, and all thought that her life would not be much prolonged.

Still all this could only lull suspicion to sleep for a time, not remove it; but it soon appeared from the correspondence that she had a satisfactory account to give of the bank-note affair, if only she could so far overcome her reserve as to speak; and again and again she promised to explain all, but the effort of attempting it made her so ill that she was obliged to desist. She declared, however, that she had confessed all to her uncle, and letters upon letters arrived from him to her, imploring her to open her mind to her kind friends; and also to those kind friends themselves, entering into particulars as to her character and disposition, hinting that they have judged her too severely; that she had suffered acutely from their altered manner towards her, and, "he must say, had been treated in some respects very unjustly;" he also gives them advice as to the management of her; winding up by saying that he is on his way to London, and will be with them on Thursday evening at six, to see his niece, and to spend the evening in Cromwell Terrace, and take her the next day into Staffordshire, to visit the aunt from whom she expected to inherit. Meanwhile, in other respects, a gradual change was stealing over the spirit of the dream; certain unamiable traits began to develop in the character of Marie, more especially an inexplicable jealousy of little Lilly, and a restlessness and craving for excitement which made the whole house uncomfortable; but still they continued to take a great interest in her affairs, and looked forward with intense eagerness to this long-talked-of visit of the uncle,—an eagerness which she took care to keep alive to the very uttermost.

Thursday came, however, and all the party were on the tip-toe of expectation; but seven, eight, nine, and ten o'clock struck, and no uncle; and they retired to their repose in entire discomfiture. The next morning Marie overslept herself; and before she came downstairs, Mr. Luke had a letter

purporting to be from Captain Kenyon, stating that Mr. Clifford had been taken dangerously ill at Marseilles, and was not likely to recover.

"I think this is a trick," said Mrs. Luke, a sudden light darting in upon her mind; and she mentioned her reasons: in the first place, the letter was badly written and spelt, and looked like a forgery; and moreover, she had always, since discovering Marie's falsehoods, fancied that the plot would break up in this way,—that the uncle would be taken ill and die, when just on the point of making his appearance. Mr. Luke, however, could not bear to see the whole fabric thus melt away; he pointed out the evidences of genuineness in the letters hitherto received from the uncle,—their priestly character, the natural but subdued tenderness they exhibited towards his sister's child, and especially the gentlemanly and business-like way in which all the pecuniary transactions had been treated (so far, at least, as words went, for no cash had passed between them),—until he almost made his more quick-seeing wife ashamed of her suspicions. They agreed, however, to conceal from Marie her uncle's illness till they had further tidings. Meanwhile, matters hastened rapidly to their *dénouement*. In the course of the day Mr. and Mrs. Luke called Elizabeth into the study to show her this letter; and when she had read the first sentence, she exclaimed, "How strange! I read this very sentence in Marie's handwriting the other day. I tried to pull her desk out to write a note, and something obstructed the movement. I looked behind to find the cause, and in the little vacancy between the top and bottom of the desk there was a paper. It was the copy of a letter; I pulled it out, and read this." She had read no more; but of course this was enough to seem even to Mr. Luke "suspicious." Other confirmatory circumstances began to thicken round them; several flagrant falsehoods were detected; Marie's habit of always herself meeting the postman and taking the letters was noticed; and an inquiry from the post-office whether Mr. Luke had received a letter signed Charles Kenyon, and dated Marseilles, for that the said letter had been asked for at the post-office on Saturday morning, changed suspicion into certainty as regarded the sisters, but Mr. Luke was still hard to persuade; the idea of the whole correspondence being a fabrication of Marie's own brain was too much for him to face; so no steps could yet be taken.

This was no pleasant time for the family in Cromwell Terrace; obliged to keep up appearances, and seem still to believe Marie, and sympathise in her uncle's illness, of which by this time she herself professed to have received tidings. "Con-

vinced too that such ability in intrigue could proceed from none but a Jesuit source," they felt as if they were entangled in the meshes of some dread conspiracy, from whence there was no escape. They had other fears, too, less unreasonable; her dislike of the children recurred to them, and they had a vague apprehension of what revenge might prompt her to do, if driven to desperation. Here again they were in great need of Mr. Bucket; for poor Mr. Luke, "single-minded and unsuspicious," except in the one only matter of a Jesuit conspiracy, was certainly "not the one to track a rogue." But Mrs. Luke was somewhat more able and prompt: she wrote to a certain Lady —, whom Marie claimed as her cousin, and begged her to forward an enclosed letter to the Rev. Herbert Constable Clifford; this in due time brought an answer (for, by good luck, Lady — was a real personage), and it was quite decisive: she begged to know which Rev. Mr. Clifford was intended, for she knew none answering to the name of Herbert Constable. This of course settled the matter: the uncle was a fabulous being, and consequently, in all probability, the whole story a lie from beginning to end; and we only wonder that Marie was not at once handed over to the care of the police; but she seems to have sat as a sort of nightmare upon the parties she had so long deceived, and the process of shaking her off was incredibly long and laborious. At last Mrs. Luke wound herself up to the terrible feat of visiting the convents in London and its neighbourhood, of which Marie had spoken; and appears to have thought that nuns, like Jesuit uncles, were very particular as to the elegancies of life, if we may judge by Marie's exclamation as she set forth on her way, "How nicely you are dressed!" All the particulars of this visit are detailed in a breathless, awe-struck undertone, so to speak, which shows what a formidable enterprise it was. Its results, however, were pretty conclusive: at Isleworth Marie was not known; but at Somers Town it came out that she had resided about a month, having been introduced there by a priest of Liverpool, as a young person who had become a Catholic, and was much persecuted by her Protestant friends; and that she had left at the end of that time to return to her friends, compelled to do so on account of some worldly affairs which required her presence.

Sundry other discoveries, meanwhile, were made by Mr. Luke and his friends, as to whom she had employed to translate into French for her the uncle's letters, and on what pretences; and also the means she had used to produce the semblance of hæmorrhage from the lungs, which had kept them so long in anxiety: this she had managed by putting leeches in

her mouth; a box of these luckless creatures being found dead in her room, which, whenever she was out of the way, her friends now took the liberty of searching.

As all parties were by this time fully convinced, the matter was brought to a crisis, and Marie, in presence of several gentlemen of Mr. Luke's acquaintance, taxed with her fraud; which she did not attempt to deny, nor did she appear at all distressed at the exposure. We cannot but admire, and almost wonder at the forbearance of Mr. and Mrs. Luke. After this shameful imposture, they agreed to pay her passage to Ghent, where she said she had friends, whom she named, who would find her a situation; and Mr. Luke himself put her on board the steamer for Ostend, and we are told "wept" as he saw her depart. Some little time after, he had the satisfaction of ascertaining that she had been consistent to the end, for that no such individuals as those she named had ever been heard of in Ghent.

Such were the facts of the case: and now what was the conclusion drawn from them? That this worthless impostor was an agent of the Jesuits. Such was evidently the deliberate belief of Mr. and Mrs. Luke, and a large circle of their friends; for though it is only stated hypothetically in the chapter specially devoted to the consideration of the point, yet the very title of that chapter, "Is she not a Jesuit?" sufficiently indicates the leaning of the author's mind, while the title of the whole book, *The Female Jesuit, or the Spy in the Family*, takes the entire matter for granted. Nay, we are told that it was "the general persuasion of those who are acquainted with the circumstances, that she has acted under Jesuit influence;" and in this persuasion we are further told that pious clergymen and learned reviewers concurred. Now let us just consider for a moment what this opinion involves; it is no less than this: that a society of men, and mostly, in this country, of Englishmen, calling themselves Christians; being, moreover, many of them gentlemen by birth, and all more or less gentlemen by education; living too, even in the judgment of their enemies, regular and mortified lives, and trying to save their souls to the best of their knowledge and belief;—that men such as these have trained up a young woman to such a frightful proficiency in deceit, that lying is the very atmosphere she breathes, and then have sent her forth to introduce herself to Mr. and Mrs. Luke, and to become an inmate in their family, and "all for the sake," as Mr. Seager justly remarks, "of preserving at Stonyhurst, thence to be transcribed and laid up among the archives of the Vatican, a correct record of the daily proceedings of their quiet household." And on what

evidence is supported this charge, so antecedently improbable? Absolutely on none: there is not a circumstance, as far as we can see, which furnishes even the shadow of a presumption in its favour. On the contrary, the inquiry made at Somers Town had elicited the fact that she had presented herself there as a convert from Protestantism, and had resided there as long as it suited her convenience; so that the good nuns there might just as reasonably have concluded that she was commissioned and paid by some Exeter-Hall committee to act the part of spy in a convent,—a much more piquant character than that of spy in Cromwell Terrace. But it was clear to any unbiassed mind that she swindled where and how she could, for her own interest or amusement, using religion as a mere handle; and only the “monster prejudice” which, as we have already noticed, was in the mind of Cromwell Terrace from the very first, could so disturb the vision of people evidently by nature simple-minded and unsuspicious, as to make them form a theory so revolting to common sense and common charity. They do not pretend to offer any proof in its favour; the small morsels of evidence, such as they are, which they have collected, only go towards diminishing the antecedent improbability. Of actual evidence that the fact is so, there is not one iota. In fact, Mrs. Luke arrives at her conclusion by a process of elimination: it could not be a self-contrived project—(why not?); its motive could not be indolence—it could not be this—it could not be that—“therefore it has been surmised that she may have been a lay sister of some religious order, employed by the Jesuits for a purpose of their own.” With this leading idea, as we have seen, the history began, and with it thus much of it ended.

Time, however, brought a triumphant refutation of the calumny; the Female Jesuit soon re-appeared on the scene; but this time her practices were carried on in a foreign land, and her victims were Catholics. And here Mr. Seager’s narrative takes her up. She was introduced to him at Brussels by the Abbé Edgeworth, a worthy priest residing in that city, to whom she brought an introduction (forged, of course) from Mr. M’Neal, the priest of St. John’s Wood, and to whom she represented herself as anxious to be received into the Church, in consequence of which he had hospitably taken her into his house. Mr. and Mrs. Seager followed up the introduction, and considerable intimacy ensued. This time her parentage and *dramatis personæ* had changed. She was born in Wales of Protestant parents; her mother, after her father’s death, had married a Mr. Luxmore, son of the Bishop of St. Asaph, and both she and her husband had since died.

Her personal history had a tenderer touch of the romantic than in the days of Cromwell Terrace; she had been crossed in love. One Eustace, a handsome and interesting young curate, with whom she had been in the habit of strolling for hours along the picturesque windings of the Dee, had won her affections; but on her mother's death, supposing her to be left unprovided for, his ardour had suddenly cooled, and had as suddenly revived on discovering that she was to inherit a good fortune from an old aunt: but having thus found out that she was not loved for herself, she had broken with him altogether, and had met him only once since at a party at the Hon. Mrs. Kinnaird's, when he had dared to approach her and hold out his hand; but "she," as Mr. Seager tells us, "like Dido in the world below, indignantly turned from him." Since then she had been living under the roof of her guardian, the Rev. Samuel Duke, an evangelical clergyman, "the ordinary vicegerent of the vicar of St. Martin's-in-the-fields, London, who resided in St. John's Wood; and whose family consisted of his wife and her two sisters, daughters of the Hon. Mr. and Mrs. Thompson, of Poundsford Park, near Taunton; a lively little girl of five years old, called Lilly, and a baby boy." In this aristocratic fancy-dress re-appear our old friends the Lukes; and so do Mr. and Mrs. Spalding under the name of Slaten, but without any mention of the print-dresses or the bank-notes; and so does the story of her having rescued Lilly from the flames. Her own accomplishments, too, have rather risen than otherwise: she does not pretend to understand much of French, but is perfect mistress of Latin and Italian; draws so well that she had once received a handsome sum for a set of botanical drawings she had furnished to Tilt and Bogue; and plays on the harp like a descendant of the Druids. All this came out on her own testimony at the very beginning of their acquaintance, and before she had taken the measure of her new friends, or she would not have laid herself so open to inevitable detection. As it was, they thought her self-laudation in strangely bad taste for a young lady used to the best society; but Mr. Seager charitably justified her to himself "by the example of Virgil's hero, who declares himself to be the pious Æneas, known by fame beyond the sky." But to proceed with our heroine's history. While resident with the Dukes, she had become convinced of Catholic truth; and she gives a graphic description of the scene in which she announced this fact to her guardian, who immediately determined to remove her from his family, and it was accordingly settled that she should go as boarder to a convent in Ghent; so "she packed her large box," full of

course of money and jewels belonging to her dear mamma, and velvet mantles and valuables of all sorts, and was taken by Mr. Duke to Dover, and put on board the packet for Ostend. She had a disastrous passage, and was driven on a sandbank, and the "large box" was unfortunately lost, though she had since heard tidings of its safe arrival at Dover, and of its being deposited with a friend in London. She had failed in obtaining admission to the convent at Ghent, and had come on to the Abbé Edgeworth at Brussels.

Here she was duly received into the Church; but rather scandalised Mrs. Seager, who acted as godmother, by the large amount of thought she bestowed on "a new and rather expensive white dress, and mantilla trimmed with lace," which she had got for the occasion. The poor hospitable abbé soon found to his cost that he was not "entertaining an angel unawares," at least not of the right sort; for while still resident under his roof, she poisoned the minds of the Seagers, and others, with all manner of calumnies against him, and so raised a cloud about him, which it is much to be feared hastened his death. One of her accusations, that he had entrapped her into lending him a hundred pounds, had an obvious motive; and others were designed for the purpose which they effectually answered, of preventing any intercourse between Mr. Seager's household and the abbé's housekeeper, who had seen our heroine at Somers Town, and whose good memory might be inconvenient. How they came to believe such things on the bare word of a stranger, Mr. Seager cannot himself now imagine, and again has recourse to the pious *Æneas*, who bitterly exclaims, "*si mens non læva fuisset*," he should never have been taken in by Sinon the sly; so here too there were ample grounds for doubt, if they had not been under a sort of spell; but Marie's manner, Mr. Seager says, was somehow or other convincing.

When the Seagers left Brussels for Bonn, they took her with them, supplying her with every thing she wanted, and with money, which she was always on the point of repaying, but never did. The keeping her under their roof, which they did for a period of thirteen months, seems to have been an act of simple and altogether disinterested charity, for they evidently felt none of the charm which made her at first so acceptable at Cromwell Terrace; and her total absence of real religion, her restless curiosity, the hollowness which they soon found out of her flourishing account of her accomplishments, and her unlady-like style altogether, annoyed them exceedingly.

Mrs. Seager, indeed, from the very first appears to have had an instinctive perception of her falsehood, and an unmiti-

gated dislike to her, which exhibits itself amusingly enough, from time to time, in certain little womanly touches; as where she describes her as giving one of the children an "enormous kiss," and deprecates the idea of walking about with her in a polka pelisse, "made out of her dear papa's beautiful military cloak." She was utterly weary, moreover, of the perpetual excitement which Marie kept up even before she suspected it of being all a mystification. Mr. Seager, too, seems greatly to have disapproved of her: she slept more than he thought necessary; and what he calls her "philogastric exertions" rather disgusted him, in consequence of which, in absence of asceticism, her proportions considerably passed the line of beauty. Moreover, she did not betake herself to her books as she should have done; his just representations as to the necessity of acquiring a little more literature, if she was to gain her livelihood by teaching, failed to produce any satisfactory result; "she never could attain the most moderate skill in the use of the dictionary;" read novels, or went to sleep when she should have been writing her German exercise; copied Assyrian dates out of a book; in short, did not by any means make the use she ought of her literary advantages under Mr. Seager's roof; while even little Ignatius and Osmund found out that Miss Garside only pretended to know Latin. Besides, there were sundry instances of want of truthfulness in trifles perpetually recurring, which produced in their minds a very uncomfortable feeling of distrust.

One great talent, however, she possessed, and it was quite enough for her purpose; the talent, namely, of bringing absent or imaginary people into breathing, speaking life, and of interesting those around her in the drama she thus worked out. This she exercised quite as successfully at Bonn as she had done in London; indeed, this second novel was of more stirring interest even than the former one; the Lukes, ennobled into Dukes, are, as we have seen, the chief *dramatis personæ*: but there are others mixed with them, some altogether imaginary, some real people travestied. By means of a brisk and most animated correspondence, she kept the Seagers for thirteen months on the *qui vive* about herself and her friends; Mr. Duke falls sick and dies after a long and fluctuating illness; Lilly dies too, and Mrs. Duke is left broken-hearted; Miss Elizabeth Thompson, with her new cousin, Lady Charlotte Noel, become Catholics, are turned out of doors by their respective parents, and determine on residing at Bonn; Mr. Seager goes to the train to meet them, but instead of arriving, Elizabeth dies, a martyr to the persecution of her family. It is impossible to follow this long and complicated story,

especially as Mr. Seager gives a mere recapitulation of heads of what seem the most stirring events in it. We will hasten to the *dénouement*, which was brought about in a curious way.

These conversions and deaths in Marie's drama, which followed one another so rapidly, were mixed up, as they are in real life, with lighter and more joyous matters; and among others, with the marriage, most entertainingly detailed, of a particular friend of hers, a certain altogether imaginary Jane Randalls with a Mr. Charles Cunliffe, equally imaginary, son of a Mr. Cunliffe, vicar of Wrexham, who, it appears, is not imaginary. Marie's packets of letters to this young married friend were directed to Mrs. Charles Cunliffe, Lluynon; and there being neither such a person nor such a place, she expected her letters to be simply returned without question. But the post-office people in those regions were given to theorising, and they bethought them that there was a Mrs. Cunliffe, wife of the vicar of Wrexham, and that their place was called Llynissas; and the letters were sent there. Several times they were returned, after having been opened, and so far read as to ascertain that they were not intended there, without exciting any further curiosity; but the publication of the *Female Jesuit* set people on the alert, and it struck Mrs. Cunliffe, from the glimpse she had had of these letters, that she could detect a similarity in the handwriting to the fac-simile published with Marie's portrait, and also in the style to that of the Jesuit uncle's letters. Accordingly, the next packet that arrived she kept; and as she and her family happened to be going to London to the Exhibition, they determined to introduce themselves to the Lukes, and compare notes. The result was, that Mr. Luke and Miss Elizabeth Thompson forthwith proceeded to Bonn, to undeceive Mr. and Mrs. Seager. Mr. Seager's amazement at the sudden destruction of the whole fabric of events in which he and his wife had been living for the last thirteen months may be imagined; but the first word spoken brought instant conviction; and Mrs. Seager declared, that if she had been told this on the very day after Marie came to them, she could have believed it. A long train of suspicion had been, unconsciously to themselves, gradually laying up in their minds against her, and the first tittle of evidence was all that was wanted to blow the whole vision to pieces. Moreover, of late she had been evidently preparing to seek "fresh fields and pastures new;" for she had begun for some time past to talk of Unitarianism in such a way as to make her friends fear that she was meditating apostasy.

She made no defence, was tried for fraud, found guilty, and sent to prison in Cologne for four months; and even after all this, so fascinated a benevolent lady at Bonn, that she proposed taking her into her own house after her term of imprisonment should be over. A more judicious plan was, however, adopted: she was placed, by her own desire, in a convent, where she appears, from the accounts received of her, to be conducting herself in an edifying manner. Some of these accounts, indeed, rather overshoot the mark, and represent her as not only a saint, but a martyr, magnanimously saying of Mr. and Mrs. Seager, that she quite forgave them. In one respect, we think the authorities of the convent in question do not show their wisdom, if the account be true, which is the last received of her; for it states that "she collects every week with a sister at the houses of the people for the support of the institution." If this employment is to cure her spirit of restless intriguing, it must be on the homœopathic principle.

But what say our old friends Mr. and Mrs. Luke, now that their Female Jesuit has come out thus publicly as having swindled among Catholics, as before among Protestants, and still on pretence of religion? Surely they ought to feel and express themselves really sorry for having uttered to the world so unfounded a calumny; restitution in such a case is not only a bounden duty, but ought to be a pleasure; for to a well-regulated mind it will always be a relief to find in any man, or body of men, the sin less than we had thought. But Mrs. Luke's manner of retracting, if she can be said to retract, savours too much of being convinced against her will. In a volume published by her before Mr. Seager's, but after the communication with him which had established Marie's identity, and called the *Sequel to the Female Jesuit*, the matter is not alluded to until the last chapter, which is headed, "Is she a Jesuit?" and there it is, we must say, very insufficiently discussed, and not in the good and charitable spirit which we are sure its writer would have shown on any other topic but this which touches the "monster prejudice." She says, "they feel bound in all frankness to avow their altered convictions;" "they would be the last to wish to be guilty of unfairness even to the Jesuits;" and then goes on to account for her adoption of the offensive title of her first book, by saying that Marie had called herself a female Jesuit,—Marie, the value of whose assertions it is the very object of the book to expose; and she says further, that "as an embodiment of the spirit of intrigue, none can even now deny the appropriateness of that

title;" and that if Marie was not a female Jesuit, there *are* female Jesuits, which comes to the same thing; whereupon she quotes "one formerly high in office in the Roman Catholic Church" (who must have made the most of his means of information, as he informs us that; "in Italy, excepting the Sisters of Charity and of the Sacred Heart, orders of females either do not exist or are unknown,") to prove that sundry convents are under Jesuit rule and direction; from which fact she leaves us to draw our own conclusions. But it must indeed be a very long stride over vacancy which will land us on such a resolt as the one evidently in her mind, namely, that young ladies are taught by the Jesuits to act as Marie did; that is, to get into private families; to live at the cost of their unsuspecting entertainers; to borrow money from them; to tell lies to an unlimited extent; to swindle poor tradesmen out of "lavender merino dresses and black velvet mantles." If this were really the case, we quite agree with our authoress in recommending her countrymen not to deem the subject unworthy of their investigation; for, "with such influential and well-organised female agency," what might not the Jesuits affect? Seriously, however, we appeal to our readers, whether this is a graceful apology for an utterly unfounded slander? And yet none can doubt that she who promulgated the slander, and who so unwillingly retracts it, is naturally kind and simple-hearted and unsuspicious; alas, for the "corrupt following" of the Protestant tradition! As to what Marie really was, we think the "valued and beloved friend of Mr. Luke's, also in the ministry," whose opinion is given at the close of the sequel, has hit the truth exactly. He says: "Every body in our house has a separate theory. Mine is, that the whole springs from a gigantic egotism, which could not live without being the object of attention, interest, and sympathy; which would set fire to houses, bleed with leeches, write folios all about her mental peculiarities and pecuniary prospects, in order to become the object of attention, which she would not divide with an innocent child."

To this we must add, the pleasure she evidently felt in the mere act of scheming, quite independently of any aim beyond itself; and this surely is not inconceivable. Imagine a person with a highly inventive genius, with an all-absorbing vanity, with that sense of the dull and prosaic character of actual life which all must feel, and the most highly gifted the most keenly, unless they have learnt that spiritual alchemy which turns the dullest metal into gold; and suppose such a person, further, to be placed in an obscure position in life, of which

such a character would be peculiarly impatient; then, if there have been no habits of truth and integrity, and no moral principle dominant in the mind, surely such a career as Marie's is the natural result; we need not have recourse to the Jesuit hypothesis to account for it. We must all have seen occasionally in children, and perhaps can remember in our own early childhood, a tendency to romancing, for the mere sake of exercising the imaginative faculty, which, if it had not been promptly checked, might have grown up into something of this kind. How children live sometimes for weeks together in an inner world of beings created by their own fancy! then, if conscience be seared by early mismanagement, and circumstances be adverse, and the counterbalancing forces which should be in the mind are starved and killed, how easily may the ideal be translated into the actual, and these creatures of the fancy be made to speak or act under the spell of the great magician, self-love, to advance its own purposes among the real men and women whom it finds it can thus mould to its will! Those are very lucky who have not met in the course of their lives with more than one Marie, on a larger or a smaller scale; and the way in which all natural repugnance is in some instances overcome by such persons is almost incredible. We have been told of their submitting to the most torturing surgical operations as remedies for diseases altogether counterfeited; nay, have we not even heard, on undoubted testimony, of nuns, before supposed to be leading holy lives, who have dared to simulate the sacred stigmata? The engrossing character of vanity, however, when it once becomes a master-passion, is no matter of surprise to those who experience the difficulty of shaking off its tyranny, even when the whole being is up in arms against it; and this painful experience makes them feel that the only true philosophy, the only one deep enough to meet the real fount of evil within us, is that which the world, with all its wisdom, was not able to devise, and is ever reluctant to accept, that, namely, which lays the foundation of all excellence in humility.

LIVING NOVELISTS.

DICKENS, THACKERAY, BULWER, FULLERTON, CURRER BELL.

1. *Bleak House*. By Charles Dickens. Bradbury & Evans.
2. *Esmond*. By W. M. Thackeray. Smith and Elder.
3. *My Norel*. By Sir E. Bulwer Lytton. Blackwood.
4. *Lady Bird*. By Lady G. Fullerton. Moxon.
5. *Villette*. By Currer Bell. Smith and Elder.

IN the different works of the five novelists whose names we have here placed together, we have specimens of so many distinct varieties of prose fiction. Estimating each writer by his works as a whole, we may take Dickens as a representative of the *farcical*, Thackeray of the *satirical*, Bulwer of the *philosophico-melodramatic*, Lady Georgiana Fullerton of the *domestic*, and Currer Bell of the *psychological* school. The writers themselves might perhaps be indisposed to acquiesce in the correctness of the classification; but we apprehend that a large portion of their readers would, on the whole, thus distinguish them. Each of them we think undoubtedly the ablest living representative of the schools to which we have assigned them, though here and there a single novel or a single character may be named from the works of others worthy of special note as characteristic of the variety to which it belongs.

With all their merits, they leave Walter Scott and Miss Austen as yet without rivals; and time only can show which of them will take a permanent place among the *classics* of English fiction. As writers, however, of the second rank, setting aside all influence of present fashion, we think none can deny to any of them a claim to high and rare skill. Their mere relative *popularity* we take to be no test whatever of their respective merits. If a writer speaks to the few, his readers never can be the multitude. His genius and skill must be estimated by some test unrecognised by booksellers and circulating libraries. Were Lady Georgiana Fullerton, for instance, endowed with the power to write a perfect novel of her own school, she could not by possibility obtain one tithe of the readers of *David Copperfield*; for the obvious reason, that those workings of the mind, and the class of persons whom she paints, are *caviare* to the rude, rough, coarse, superficial crowd, which loves, because it can understand, the bold broad strokes and staring colouring of a humorist like Dickens.

To those who, like ourselves, regard a work of fiction not as a mere book, in no way a more fair representative of its

writer's whole mind than a treatise on algebra or a discourse on political economy, the study of the books of five such accomplished and varied novelists is a curious, agreeable, and instructive recreation. We look upon a novel as more or less a discourse on human life, the genuine product of a writer's own mind, and displaying his habits, feelings, views, and principles. That this is so is shown by the remarkable personal interest which most novel-readers feel in seeing or becoming acquainted with the men and women whose writings have powerfully affected or delightfully amused them. With tens of thousands of Englishmen and Englishwomen, Dickens is a *hero*. His very name gives a sanction to every thing to which he lends it. He could *do* many things among his fellow-creatures, for no other reason than that he wrote *Pickwick* and *Copperfield*.

Charles Dickens is, in fact, pre-eminently a man of the middle of the nineteenth century. He is at once the creation and the prophet of an age which loves benevolence without religion, the domestic virtues more than the heroic, the farcical more than the comic, and the extravagant more than the tragic. The product of a restlessly observant but shallow era, his great intellectual characteristic is a most unusual power of observing the external peculiarities of men and women, as distinguished from all insight into that hidden nature whence flow the springs of their conduct. And morally there is probably not another living writer, of equal decency of thought, to whom the supernatural and eternal world simply *is not*. He has no claims to be regarded as a writer of comedy; his characters are a congeries of oddities of phrase, manner, gesticulation, dress, countenance, or limb, tacked cleverly upon a common-place substratum of excessive simplicity, amiableness, or villany. Take away the gaiters, buttons, gloves, petticoats, hair, teeth, cant phrases, and habitual postures of his men, women, and children, and what is there left for us to fall back upon? Admirably, indeed, he does his work. Never were there such farces off the stage before. No English writer has ever portrayed with so genial a versatility every thing that is visibly odd and eccentric in human life, without resorting to what is profane, coarse, or indecent, by way of giving a *spice* to his comicalities.

Of wit Dickens has none. The intellectual portion of his nature is not sufficiently refined, keen, or polished to appreciate the delicate subtleties of thought and language which are included in that singular and charming thing, a witty idea or expression. He rarely writes a sentence in his own proper character that imprints itself on the memory, or is worth trea-

suring in the storehouse of the brain. He is not a man of *thought*.

Of course, with such a writer every thing is in extremes. His good creatures are awfully benevolent; his scoundrels are as black as the devil himself; his people of simplicity are positive noodles. In fact, they are not men and women at all; they are stage-characters transferred from the boards to the page. Pecksniff, Ralph Nickleby, Quilp, Sampson and Sally Brass, Uriah Heep, Tulkinghorn, and the rest, they are all so many varieties of the standard stage "villain." Of his variations on the dramatic "benevolent old gentleman," his last novel furnishes one of his most characteristic specimens. Old Jarndyce is so soft-hearted and soft-headed a model of ultra-beneficence, that for some time we expected him to turn out a deep rogue in the end. This whole story, in fact, is a failure, and, in our judgment, inferior to any thing Dickens has written before. Plot it has none; and it is impossible to feel the slightest interest in the characters with whom we are meant to sympathise. Jarndyce, Richard, and Ada, are poor to the last degree; and as to Esther Summerson, the angelic, self-forgetting young lady, who notes in her journal every thing that a self-forgetting mind would not note, we have found her a prodigious bore, whom we wish the author had consigned to the store-room the moment she was fairly in possession of her housekeeping keys. The manner in which this lady is made to chronicle her own merits, is a proof how unable Dickens is to enter into the real *depths* of a human mind, and draw a genuine character self-consistent in all its parts.

In his intentionally farcical characters, Dickens reigns supreme. From *Pickwick* downwards, they are a splendid series; and a host they are in numbers. From the rapidly but charmingly touched *Sketches by Boz* down to Mr. Bucket the detective in *Bleak House*, what an innumerable list of oddities they are to have proceeded from the brain of one man! We suppose, of the whole list, that Mr. Pickwick and Sam Weller will be unanimously accounted the most thoroughly amusing and excellent; and of the rest, different readers will choose different objects for their preference. We confess, ourselves, to a peculiar *penchant* for Dick Swiveller and the Marchioness; and we question whether in the whole range of Dickens's happiest scenes any thing is to be found superior to the occasion on which the unfortunate Richard wakes from his fever, and bids the cribbage-playing Marchioness mark "two for his heels."

Dickens's pathos is little to our taste, speaking generally,

for we admit striking exceptions. As a rule, however, he overdoes it. He describes and describes, and lays on his colours with violent elaboration, till the reader is fatigued rather than affected. And so it is in his general style: he makes a catalogue instead of placing a few salient points before the mind's eye. With true pre-Raphaelite toil, he goes through every thing that can be seen or discovered, till the impression on the reader is weakened by the multiplicity of detail, and weariness takes the place of vivid perception. This is melodrama instead of tragedy, and penny-a-lining (clever though it be) instead of powerful writing.

Another peculiarity in Dickens is his taste for nastiness. We do not mean that he tells dirty stories, or makes dirty jokes. Far from it. He is too much a man of the day to give in to any thing of the kind. Yet he has a marvellous liking for whatever is physically offensive. He gloats over mould, damp, rottenness, and smells. There is not a book of his in which dampness and mouldiness are not repeatedly brought in as characterising some spot or building. We believe he cannot conceive of any thing *old* without being *damp*. In the same way, he loves to dwell on offensive peculiarities in his characters. Thus, in *Bleak House* we have a disgusting lawyer with black gloves always picking the pimples on his face. The same story supplies one of the most unpardonably nauseous descriptions which ever disfigured a work of fiction. The details of the spontaneous combustion of the miser Krook are positively loathsome. Any thing more sickening and revolting we never read.

As we have said, Dickens is a man to whom the supernatural world is not. It is melancholy to see one so amiable, so benevolent in his aspirations, so clear in his estimate of domestic virtues, at the same time *stone-blind* to the existence of any thing which eye cannot see, and to an hereafter whose woe or joy is dependent on man's conduct here. Now and then, it is true, he treats us to a little theatrical rubbish about angels and so forth, but they are mere melodramatic "machinery." Of Christianity as a revelation, of sin as an offence against God, of the law of God as a rule of life, he seems literally unconscious. Amiable jollity is his *beau-ideal* of human perfection. We are the last persons to wish to turn a novel into a sermon; but there *are* ways of indicating right and wrong, and of representing the human mind as responsible in all things to its Creator, without preaching or canting. We cannot conceive any thing more utterly Pagan and shocking than the whole treatment of the character of the unfortunate Lady Dedlock in *Bleak House*. The *utter* absence of any

trace of those feelings which would have been shown by every woman possessed of the slightest remnants of a conscience, is most painful; and also, little as we are convinced that Mr. Dickens would wish such a result, most undoubtedly pernicious.

Thus, ignorant of the very elements of a religious faith, it is natural that Dickens should fail in drawing religious hypocrites. The Chadbands of *Bleak House*, and others of his stories, are perfect failures. The class of men whom he wishes to show up, always get hold of something like Christian phrases, and are, in fact, far more offensively disgusting than Dickens makes them. But the slang of Chadband and his compeers is as unlike religious cant as it is tedious and unmeaning.

Such we hold to be the merits and deficiencies of the author of the *Pickwick Papers*. An unrivalled humorist, and eminently respectable in his morals, his knowledge of human nature is as superficial as it is extensive.

A very different writer is the author of *Vanity Fair*, *Pendennis*, and *Esmond*. Singularly unlike are the modes in which Charles Dickens and William Makepeace Thackeray view human life. Dickens sees all from without; Thackeray's power lies in the dissection of human motives and the developing of human infirmities. Dickens transfers man from the stage; Thackeray watches him in society and follows him to his most secret chamber, and never rests till he has torn off his trappings, and shown him in all his graceless deformity. Thackeray is neither more nor less than what is ordinarily meant by the term "a satirist." He has seen enough of human nature to have acquired an intense aversion for a certain class of its frailties and vices, without that knowledge of what man may become, and does become, under the influence of ennobling principles, which enables keen-sighted and sad-hearted men, such as he appears in his books, to give a true picture of human life, as a whole. As a whole, his books are eminently unfair; but as paintings of one or two phases of human society, they are true, and powerfully wrought to the last degree. To many readers he appears, we believe, to be a bitter, hard, severe-minded man. To us this seems a partial view of his character. We see nothing in his writings to justify the opinion that he does not possess the full amount of natural tenderness, benevolence, and cordiality of spirit which falls to the lot of most persons. But his eye is so intently fixed on certain social and personal offences in modern life, that he cannot complain if the world thinks him a mere satirist, all bitterness. That he can hate vehemently, no one can doubt who read his "Appeal to an Eminent Appealer" in

the pages of Punch,—an attack on Cardinal Wiseman, absolutely overflowing with savage fury, and one of the most disgraceful pieces of writing which ever flowed from the pen of a person calling himself a gentleman.

His novels are far less hearty in their hate; but they are bitter enough. Their chief faults are their narrowness of range, and their painful delineations of the female mind. The best-drawn of Thackeray's characters, Major Pendennis, is but a type of nearly all his men, save an occasional drunken Irishman like Costigan, or an unreal fabrication like Esmond; and his women vary between the clever rogue Rebecca and the silly widow in *Vanity Fair*. He seems unable to imagine a woman who is not more or less either a knave or a fool: of a union of intelligence and genius with true feminine delicacy and warm-hearted affection, his novels supply no example. And this is to be the more regretted, because his women who *have* a character are drawn with inimitable skill. Rebecca in *Vanity Fair*, and Blanche, the authoress of *Mes Larmes*, in *Pendennis*, are rare instances of portrait-painting in the darkest colours, without passing into the exaggerations of impossibility.

Thackeray's last completed novel, *Esmond*, the judgment of most readers, we apprehend, pronounces a failure. A man cannot run in chains, though he may show how well he can do it considering the impediments. And so it is when a writer adopts the style of an age gone by, and tries literally to impersonate the autobiographical hero of his story. The Addisonian style of *Esmond* is, after all, only a very clever school-boy's exercise in the manner of the *Spectator*. The unquestionable skill with which some of the characters are drawn, is lost in the tedious uniformity of prosiness, to which Mr. Thackeray has bound himself in his effort to escape from the smartness of nineteenth-century writing. Indeed, the style of *Esmond* is rather an avoidance of the peculiarities of to-day, than an adoption of the life and thought of the days of Queen Anne. As a story, the book is unfortunate, and unpleasant.

Very different again are the novels of Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton. Bulwer—(for so, notwithstanding his cognominal variations, the literary historian will call him)—is a species of pedantic Byron. His books display all Lord Byron's immorality, not half his genius, and ten times his affectation. Half of the genius of the author of *Childe Harold* is, however, sufficient to make a very respectable reputation; and though we are not disposed to accord to the author of *Pelham* the full amount of that moiety, his abilities are undoubted and his

skill varied. His morals and politics appear to have now undergone a simultaneous change, and he has picked up propriety in company with protectionism. Ere the sounds of critical indignation against the wickedness of *Lucretia* have well died away, the respectabilities of *The Caxtons* come forward to soothe an offended public, and are followed by a long, tiresome affair in four volumes, termed *My Novel*, by Pisistratus Caxton, in which the author appears in full costume as a reformed radical and repentant rake. This last story contains some good scenes and good sketches; but as a view of English country life, of manufacturing life, of aristocratic life, and of the literary life, it is as wide of the mark as *Pelham* is unlike a treatise on morals. *The Caxtons*, on the contrary, is a very clever book, and only tedious towards the conclusion. The whole is disfigured, it is true, with an affectation of the manner of Sterne; but not sufficiently so to interfere with the truthful effect of the book altogether. It is blotted also with the writer's never-ceasing display of out-of-the-way and voluminous "reading," though not to any thing like the same extent with *My Novel*, wherein we know not which is most disagreeable, the pedantry or the sham philosophy and religion.

The *power* of Bulwer unfortunately comes out most strongly in his earlier and more objectionable fictions. *Pelham* is as unprincipled as it is brilliant; and so with most of its successors. The melo-dramatic development of character which generally marks them, is so utterly pernicious in the principles of action which are assumed to be natural and noble in man, that we are persuaded that these novels have done as much harm, especially to young readers, as any publications which for a long time have issued from the more decent portion of the press. Their vigour, their vivacity, their occasional truth of painting, and their passionate though morbid details of emotion, only make their influence upon the excitable and craving intelligence of the youthful mind more rapidly and deeply injurious. For the future, unless he can write more books as good as *The Caxtons*, we trust that the author of *Pelham* will confine himself to setting his readers to sleep by dull philosophico-theologico-scholastico-poetical disquisitions, and be content with the reputation he has earned as the best painter of *roués* of the present day.

From Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton to Lady Georgiana Fullerton, the next on our list, is a stride indeed. This lady's stories are the only novels which have attained and preserved a general popularity, notwithstanding the very palpable ma-

nifestations which they afford of the religion of the writer. The Puseyism of *Ellen Middleton* could not keep it out of the circulating libraries; and we suspect that few recent novels have been so much read by the more intelligent and critical class of novel-readers. Lady Georgiana's conversion to Catholicism did not destroy her reputation, unusual as such a thing is in this violently Protestant country; and her last book, *Lady Bird*, has done nothing to lessen the fame already won. Her success as a Catholic writer of novels, without concealment of her faith, is to be attributed, we think, to two of her characteristic merits. She writes, in the first place, as a Catholic, naturally and unaffectedly, and not as a concealed controversialist; and in the second place, she has the rare art of making her men gentlemen, and her women ladies, at the same time that she preserves and develops their distinctive characters with very considerable force and discrimination. At all times, and especially as English society is now constituted, the former of these characteristics is of the highest importance. To make a novel directly controversial, or to make it a vehicle for exhibiting a glaring contrast between Catholics and Protestants, is a capital blunder, speaking as a general rule. Nobody reads fictions to learn what controversialists have to say; and when readers stumble on such discussions, nobody gives the writer credit for a fair statement of the case in hand. Yet, by a natural and easy recognition of the vital power of the Catholic religion in shaping and guiding the minds of its children in certain ways, and by an unpretending but skilful introduction of Catholic feelings and habits in the trying circumstances of life, not a little good may be done in the way of softening prejudices and awakening kindlier feelings in the better classes of Protestant readers. This merit is undoubtedly possessed by Lady Georgiana Fullerton. No one *can* be affronted at her introduction of Catholic customs, feelings, and doctrines as she introduces them. We only regret that she unintentionally occasionally conveys (as we fear must be the case) a misconception as to what Catholic doctrine or practice really is. One or two of the scenes between Gertrude and D'Arberg, in *Lady Bird*, are particular instances of this fault. The want of feeling displayed by the old priest to his niece, in the earlier parts of the same story, is also very far from being in keeping with the rest of his character and with the facts of actual life as seen in the conduct of the Catholic priesthood. The last thing that we should say of them is, that they are wanting in tenderness and consideration for young persons situated as poor Lady Bird.

The other source of Lady Georgiana Fullerton's undiminished popularity lies in the unusual refinement and delicacy of feeling which pervades every thing that comes from her pen. We know no living novelist who has any pretensions to rival her in this respect. It is a trite remark, that it is most difficult to make a man or woman at once a gentleman or a lady and a distinctly marked and strongly interesting *character*. The whole range of English fiction affords few such proofs of skill. And whatever other charms the present schools of novel-writing present, in this respect they are all wanting. Take, for instance, such a delightful book as Mrs. Gaskell's *Cranford*, reprinted from *Household Words*.* This story is a perfect little picture of the life its authoress desires to portray; but, harmless and innocent as it is, and interesting, and even touching, as are one or two of its personages, there is not a trace of that perfect refinement of feeling in any one of them which is in its essential nature opposed to what we mean by vulgarity. This true delicacy, happily, in real life is not confined to any one rank in society alone, though it is more rare in some classes than in others; but wherever it is found, whether in reality or in fiction, it possesses an attraction to every mind which can at all sympathise with its mingled sensitiveness and self-possession, for the absence of which no other beauty or power can altogether atone. This it is which we desiderate in Miss Austen's otherwise unrivalled novels of domestic life. As paintings of men and women they are daguerreotypes; but we cannot help wishing that they had included in their scope some few personages of a more refined and elevated tone of mind and feeling.

This rare excellence is, however, to be found in Lady Georgiana's fictions. Every page is a revelation of the thoughts of an observant, meditative, cultivated, and naturally polished mind; always poetic, sometimes acute and shrewd, and occasionally profound. Lady Clara Audrey, in her *Lady Bird*, we take to be a remarkable instance of this delicate skill. Lady Clara is drawn from the life and to the life; another touch or two would have darkened her character into vulgarity. As it is, she is perfect.

Imagine, on the other hand, what such conceptions (if

* The mention of this elaborately jocose, tremendously benevolent, and generally dull, though wonderfully popular periodical, reminds us to warn those of our readers who are not well acquainted with its character, against any indiscriminate circulation of its numbers amongst the young or the poor. The greater part of its contents are harmless; but it has now and then an article or a paragraph directed against Catholic doctrines or habits of the most pernicious character.

imagined at all) would have proved when embodied by the ardent and vigorous pen of the last writer on our list—the lady who has assumed the *nom de guerre* of Currer Bell. *Jane Eyre*, *Shirley*, and *Villette* are, to our taste, but instances of the lengths to which an utterly unrefined but strong mind can run without sinking into the nakedly gross and immoral. These three stories represent the workings of a woman's mind in trying and exceptional circumstances. In the first and last the heroine is a governess; in *Shirley* she is a woman of independent fortune. In all three there is an amount of identity between the heroines, which shows that such a character is regarded by Currer Bell with no little sympathy and respect. Yet few conceptions more totally unfeminine and unattractive have ever proceeded from the pen of a novelist whose aim it has been to draw an agreeable personage. Vehement passion, accompanied with a strong will, a steadfastness of purpose, a self-reliance in action, and a power of controlling others to her views, appear to make up Currer Bell's ideal of an attractive woman and a heroine. Add to this a hardness of feeling, a scorn for those peculiarities which in a man are infirmities, but in a woman often become virtues, together with a certain *animalism* of idea painfully forcing itself into notice,—and we have the characteristics of the novels of this remarkable and powerful writer; for remarkable and powerful she certainly is. The fierce workings and smouldering fires which heave and burn in the breasts of such women as Jane Eyre and Lucy Snowe, she delineates with rare vigour and life-like accuracy. With true and clear insight, she begins her work by penetrating into the *depths* of a mind such as she desires to depict; while her dramatic power in the development of character enables her to trace its successive stages of feeling and action with striking consistency and animation.

Equal praise cannot be given to the personages whom she groups round her heroines. They are for the most part vulgar, coarse, or repellent; often bearing palpable marks of being copied from individuals against whom the writer has a spite, with strong exaggerations supplied by her ill-will, and destructive of the result as a work of literary art. The North-country school in *Jane Eyre*, and the Brussels *pension* in *Villette*, are too plainly the blackened pictures of individual examples to be regarded as fair satires upon the faults of such seminaries and their superiors as they are intended to portray. The whole thing is overdone. Madame Beck's management is an impossibility. Exaggeration spoils the whole, and, as usual, defeats its own end, by introducing inconsistencies which show how far it is departing from truth.

Villette, too, is throughout a manifestation of spite against Brussels and the Belgians, silly in itself, and ridiculously out of place in a novel. We wonder what Brussels has done to Currer Bell, that she should try to revenge herself by such a foolish display of temper. Her notions on religion are what might be expected from so cold and haughty an intellect. Were they not painful, they would be laughable. At the same time let us add, that, unfair as are her representations of Catholicism and Catholics, they are not so bad as are generally to be found in the current popular literature of the day.

The relative cleverness of Currer Bell's published stories it is not difficult to determine. *Jane Eyre* is the best, and *Shirley* by far the worst. We question, however, whether this writer has that in her which will enable her to produce many books worth reading. Her mind is narrow, though vigorous; her conceptions few, though distinct; while her experience of life, and her sympathies with her fellow-creatures are not of that wide range which helps to make up for a natural want of largeness of mind and fertility of imagination. Unless a decided change is shown in her next work, we shall be surprised if her popularity does not decline almost as rapidly as it sprung into life.

ARCHDEACON WILBERFORCE ON THE HOLY EUCCHARIST.

The Doctrine of the Holy Eucharist. By Robert Isaac Wilberforce, Archdeacon of the East Riding. John and Charles Mozley, and J. H. Parker.

THIS is among the most important theological works which recent times have produced in this country; and we are much mistaken if it does not turn out to be one of the most influential. It treats of a subject of which the magnitude cannot be exaggerated, and it discusses it without equivocation. By the admission of theologians on both sides, the doctrine upon which the whole controversy between the Church and Protestantism turns is the "rule of faith." True as this statement is logically, it is yet no less true, as a matter of fact, that many who see clearly enough that "private judgment" is nothing more than a declamatory abstraction, and that the rival rule, ecclesiastical authority, can never be realised except in the Catholic fold, continue to grope blindly about the walls of the Church instead of entering in at the gate. They

are intellectually, not morally convinced, and they refuse to trust to their convictions. There is, however, another doctrine, which may be said to bear the same relation to the heart which the rule of faith bears to the head, and by our estimate of which the character of our theology must be determined. It is, the doctrine of the Blessed Eucharist. Considered, indeed, as doctrine, it is but one out of the many that make up the stupendous whole of Catholic theology. But it is not a doctrine alone. It constitutes the essential part of Christian worship also; and it is an old adage, that "*legem credendi lex supplicandi statuat.*" The Blessed Eucharist is not a part merely of the worship of the Christian Church—it is incomparably the principal part; and in early times it was, as Archdeacon Wilberforce truly affirms, the only part for which a public ritual was provided.

"We hear," he tells us, "of no public ritual in the first ages, except that which was connected with the Eucharistic office. So it certainly was in the apostles' time: 'The disciples came together to break bread.' And so does St. Paul speak of the holy Eucharist as that which men might be expected to solemnise 'when ye come into one place.' The case was the same, according to Justin Martyr, in the next century. The only public gathering, which he describes is that for the celebration of the holy Eucharist; and this service was solemnised, according to Tertullian, both on the station-days and in their nocturnal assemblies. No doubt it must have been the custom of Christians from the earliest ages to meet continually for the purpose of prayer and psalmody (as St. Basil describes, Ep. 207); but no traces of any thing resembling a *public ritual*, except the Eucharistic liturgies, have come down to us from the three first centuries. The only exception to this statement is the daily morning and evening prayer which occurs in the eighth book of the Apostolical Constitutions."

If, then, the Eucharistic office, from the earliest times, constituted substantially the worship of the Church, and if its worship be the most sacred form in which the faith of the Church is confessed,—it is plain that a Catholic worship with a Protestant theology would be a union as monstrous as that of the human and the animal frame in the fabulous Centaur.

What, then, is, according to Mr. Wilberforce, the doctrine of the holy Eucharist? We will endeavour to delineate it by setting forth, as far as we may in his own language, the statements which contain the various portions of that doctrine. To do this, it will be necessary to omit almost all mention of whole sections of his work, which, notwithstanding, are of the highest importance, and which are equally remarkable for the

depth of their views, the philosophic precision with which they are expressed, and the learning with which they are illustrated. We need hardly say that he is far from adopting the ordinary Protestant views on the subject of which he treats. He first deals with that very common evasion of a difficulty which disguises indifference in the garb of reverence, and deprecates intrusion into mysteries.

“What can be more mysterious than the co-existence of the three persons in the glorious Godhead, or than the union of Godhead and manhood in the person of Christ? Yet to make the depth of these truths a reason for refusing to accept them would not be humility, but unbelief.” He points out, moreover, that there is no doctrine on which the judgment of primitive Christians was more entirely unanimous than on this. “On many subjects,” he says, “the Church was early rent into parties, so that at times it was difficult to say what doctrine was predominant. But respecting the holy Eucharist there existed no symptom of disagreement for eight centuries and a half.”

The authorities whom he cites are all taken from the period antecedent to the division of the East and West, and for the most part belong to the great age of the first four general councils. Much of his teaching, also, is based on those ancient liturgies which “were not adequately appreciated,” he says, “in the sixteenth century;” but which demonstrate “that the holy Eucharist is a real *action*, of which the elements are the subject.” In them, too, he finds “the original consecration of the elements by our Lord Himself, perpetuated by Him through the words of institution as pronounced by His ministers.” The ambiguities too commonly met with in the statements of Protestants are in this work precluded by the distinctness with which the author points out that the sacred character of the elements, though of course it consists in nothing of which the senses can take note, is yet an objective thing produced by consecration, and by the change which consecration effects in them.

“We now come to the next head of argument, the direct statement of ancient writers that the efficacy of the holy Eucharist depends upon the change which consecration effects in the elements. . . . St. Ambrose, then, after speaking of the regenerating force of baptism, goes on to affirm that in the holy Eucharist is vouchsafed the real presence of Christ’s Body and Blood. ‘You may perhaps say, That which I see is something different; how do you prove to me that I receive the Body of Christ? This is what it remains for me to prove. What examples, therefore, am I to use? Let me prove that this is not that which nature has made it, but that which the benediction has consecrated it to be; and that the

force of the benediction is greater than that of nature, because by the benediction nature herself is changed.' Again: the lectures of St. Cyril of Jerusalem continue, as in ancient days, to be regarded by the Eastern Church as a text-book for the instruction of the young. In his third mystagogical catechism he says: 'The bread in the Eucharist, after the invocation of the Holy Ghost, is mere bread no longer, but the Body of Christ.' . . . St. Gregory Nyssen, in his catechetical discourse, speaks of the human body of our Lord as exalted by personal union with Deity, and brings this forward as illustrative of the change which befalls the sacred elements: 'With reason, therefore, do we believe that the bread which is now sanctified by the word of God is transformed into the Body of God the Word.'" He proceeds, "It was clearly supposed that the elements themselves underwent some change, by virtue of our Lord's words and of the power of the Holy Ghost; and that, through the consecration thus conferred on them, they became the medium of a certain mysterious benefit." And what that benefit was he clearly defines, saying: "When our Lord, then, spoke of His Body and Blood as bestowed upon His disciples in this sacrament, He must have been understood to imply that He Himself, Godhead, Soul, and Body, was the gift communicated. His manhood was the medium through which His whole person was dispensed."

He then proceeds to illustrate the same position from the *usages* of the early Church,—the fact that the holy Eucharist was sent as a sign of communion, carried to the sick, reserved to be partaken at home, and reserved in churches,—that the "whole Christ was supposed to be communicated through every part of either element." At the same time, Archdeacon Wilberforce carefully distinguishes the manifold presence of our Lord in the holy Eucharist from that ubiquity which at times was advocated by Luther. "Our Lord's manhood neither did nor could participate in that omnipresence which is characteristic of Godhead; but He has been pleased to bestow on it a certain capacity of presence beyond that which other bodies possess, that it may be the instrument of His own gracious will." He then proceeds to show, that although the Body present in the holy Eucharist be no other than that body which was born of the Blessed Virgin and suffered on the cross,—in other words, than Christ's natural body,—it is yet present in the consecrated elements, not naturally,—that is, with attributes which the senses can discern,—but supernaturally and sacramentally. This is a part of the subject in which unreal and contradictory statements, connected with an ambiguous use of such words as "carnal," "material," &c., are most often to be found. The author before us, however, has passed through the ordeal successfully. A carnal or material presence he defines to be, not merely a presence of

Christ's natural Body, now glorified in heaven; but a presence of It in those natural relations in which bodies ordinarily exist, and which are recognised by the senses. Such a mode of presence he of course no more affirms than does the Catholic Church, which believes that to the *senses* nothing is present except the species. In fact, we may briefly sum up the teaching of Mr. Wilberforce in this work, by saying that, with the exception of an occasional and manifestly unintentional inaccuracy of expression, he teaches the doctrine of the Catholic Church. Moreover, he recognises this doctrine as one of the most immediate and practical importance, as setting forth the mode in which the great Head of the Church unites all His living members to Himself and to His Father; and to this sacramental presence he refers our Lord's promise to His disciples, that He will return to them and abide with them for ever.

Those who are acquainted with Protestant writers of the Patristic school are aware that even when language affirming the Real Presence is apparently most energetic, there still too often remains something equivocal in expression or confused in idea, through which the force of this wonderful doctrine is lost. The slightest leak in the ship may prove as fatal as the widest; and if we wear not the *whole* armour of the faith, we may stand practically as exposed to the "fiery shafts" of the Tempter as though we wore no part of it. In many cases the danger is the greater from its remaining undetected. Thus, it is hardly possible for any community external to the Church, however attached to that amount of orthodoxy which it accepts, to provide a test fine enough for the detection of heresy in its subtler forms with reference to such doctrines as the Trinity. It is otherwise, however, when a mystery of the faith is directly connected with corresponding action. This fact Archdeacon Wilberforce perceives. He expresses himself thus, accordingly, on the subject of that adoration of our Blessed Lord in the Eucharist which most of his countrymen have been in the habit, for several centuries, of denouncing as idolatry. "The plainest proof," he says, "which men can give that they suppose Christ to be really present in the holy Eucharist, is to render Him divine honour;" and a few pages later he proceeds to show that, tried by this test as well as by all others, the teaching of antiquity is plain and consistent: "That such was the opinion of the ancient Church, is testified by its writers of all schools and sentiments." Our limits will not allow us to quote these passages *in extenso*, as we could have wished; we must refer our readers for this valuable and complete catena to the pages of Mr. Wilberforce

himself. Doubtless there are persons who will attempt to evade the force of the unequivocal language which our author has quoted from the Fathers on this head, and to represent the worship which they assert to be due to the blessed Sacrament, by reason of its inner part (the *res sacramenti*), as nothing more than the outward tokens of decorous reverence. Doubtless, also, they will be found in the number of those very persons who, with such an inexplicable confidence, deny that the word 'worship' can bear two different meanings, when used by Catholics in the sense of *latria* and referred to God, or of *dulia* and referred to God's saints. The evasion, however, in the one instance is as weak as the confusion of mind is deplorable in the other. The sacramental worship resting simply on the fact, that Christ is present in the blessed Sacrament, and must therefore receive the same worship as He would receive if once more visibly present among us in the flesh, the tribute offered to Him must be that of divine worship, unless the Divinity of Christ be denied.

We now proceed from the sacramental to the sacrificial part of the holy Eucharist; and we rejoice to be able to state that here too Archdeacon Wilberforce's teaching is distinct. It sets forth clearly the sacred doctrine of the Mass. Seeing, as he does, the plain meaning of St. Paul's expressions with respect to holy Communion, "the bread which we break," &c., and "not discerning the Lord's Body," and "we are one bread," &c., he recognises equally St. Paul's declaration respecting the sacrifice included in the great "act" of Christian worship. He has no sympathy with those who, unwilling to abandon the ancient and exalted claim to a sacrifice, yet explain the word away as meaning no more than the sacrifice of our "alms and oblations" of prayer, and of "ourselves, our souls, and our bodies;" a sacrifice which, of course, we are bound to pay at all times, but which is not essentially of a sacramental character, though it may be consecrated by being offered up in and with the Eucharistic sacrifice. Still less favour does he show to the allegation, that the sacrifice consists only in the oblation of the bread and wine as distinguished from the sacred Victim, who, after consecration, becomes the *res sacramenti*. He expresses himself thus:

"Is not this to be deluded by a system of shadows? There is a consistency in denying that the service is a sacrifice at all: it is to reject the concurrent sentence of all antiquity, to divest the worship of the Christian Church of its reality, and to detract from the present efficacy of the intercession of Christ: yet, though a false system, it is harmonious with itself. But to allow the holy Eucharist to be a sacrifice, yet suppose that nothing is offered but its ex-

ternal shell and covering,—that the Church honours God by presenting to Him the empty husk of its Victim,—is little consonant with the truth and actuality of the Christian dispensation.”

And he thus recapitulates the judgment of the Church during the period that intervened between the first and fourth general council, having previously observed (and the remark applies equally to all doctrines not subjects of dispute in early times), that “there is no historical ground for supposing that the opinion of the third and fourth centuries on this subject was different from that of the first and second.”

“The thing offered in the holy Eucharist is affirmed in express terms to be the Body of Christ. St. Cyril’s account of ‘that holy and most awful sacrifice’ is, that ‘we offer up Christ sacrificed for our sins.’ St. Augustin’s way of stating that the holy Eucharist had been celebrated in the house of Hesperius is, that a priest ‘offered up there the sacrifice of the Body of Christ.’ He affirms that our Lord has made ‘the sacrifice of His own *Body*’ to be ‘the sacrament of the faithful;’ and he discriminates between the Christian and the Jewish covenant by saying that ‘instead of all those sacrifices and oblations, His *Body* is offered and is ministered to the participants.’ St. Maximus justifies the custom of burying the bodies of saints under the altar, by observing that ‘Christ is placed upon the altar.’ St. Cyril of Alexandria’s description of the holy Eucharist is, that ‘the Son is voluntarily sacrificed, not to-day by the hands of God’s enemies, but by Himself.’

“Secondly,—The sacrifice offered in the holy Eucharist is affirmed not to be any thing superadded to that on the cross, nor yet a repetition of it. For it was maintained that the sacrifice on the cross was a *perpetual* sacrifice, which had been consummated in our Lord’s death, in order that it might be continually brought before God in the holy Eucharist. . . .

“Thirdly,—The victim offered in the holy Eucharist was said to be identical with Him who offered it. Such was the constant language of the liturgies. . . .

“Fourthly,—It was the habitual custom of ancient writers to speak of the sacrifice of the holy Eucharist as awful, august, and terrible. The liturgy of St. James calls it ‘the tremendous and unbloody sacrifice’. . . .

“Fifthly,—They speak of the sacrifice of the holy Eucharist as truly efficacious for the obtaining of all those things which are the subject-matter of prayer and intercession.”

The extracts we have given are more than enough to show how completely the Catholic doctrine of the holy Eucharist, both as sacrament and sacrifice, is vindicated by Archdeacon Wilberforce. We regret that our limits prevent us from doing equal justice to the mode in which he illustrates that doctrine and replies to objections. Thus, in dealing with

those passages in the Fathers in which, as in the canon of the Mass, the elements, even after consecration, are sometimes called bread and wine, he shows with the utmost clearness that such expressions refer to the outward sign; and also that that sign represents, not an absent thing thus recalled to the imagination, but the dread and sacred reality (the *res sacramenti*) which is actually present and communicated. In reply to the objection, so natural in the mouth of those who have never fathomed the mystery of Christ's incarnation and mediation, that the tenet of a propitiatory sacrifice in the holy Eucharist must detract from the all-perfect Sacrifice made for us on Calvary, and the intercession which our Lord makes for us in heaven, he shows that, on the contrary, the last-named doctrines derive a tenfold significance from that one which, on an empirical view, seems to oppose them. He points out that the notion that our Lord's Body cannot be on earth because it is also in heaven proceeds from a false and superficial philosophy, such as would equally have proved that our Lord had never become incarnate because he never left His Father's right hand in heaven. He sets forth the fatal consequences that result from that confusion of thought which assumes that the "Body" present in the holy Eucharist cannot be that Body which was born of the Blessed Virgin and suffered on the cross, merely because it is not present to the senses.

Another very valuable section of the work is that in which the author treats of the Reformers, pointing out what heresy it was in the teaching of each school which rendered it impossible for its adherents to receive the doctrine of the holy Eucharist, or even to retain such a portion of it as they had originally acknowledged. This subject is treated with great discrimination under the headings which refer to Zuinglius, Calvin, and Luther. The errors and shortcomings of several Anglican writers of the High-Church school, such as Waterland and Johnson, are also indicated, though briefly and with tenderness. To the "Low-Church" writers of recent or of earlier times, the Archdeacon hardly alludes. To what class Jewell would be referred by him we hardly know. In an old folio edition, with black-letter and wooden boards, he looks like one of the "giants" of whom we have heard so much. In the octavo reprint of the Parker Society, his doctrines would seem occasionally to fall very far short not only of Archdeacon Wilberforce's, but of those which he condemns in Luther and Calvin. His most celebrated work was once chained to the communion-tables in the Reformed Church of England, as its *decus et tutamen*. Is the theological student

of the present day to adopt the bishop's reading of antiquity or that of the Archdeacon? Jewell lifted up his hands in horror at the Church of England being charged with novelties. She had, as he maintained, only discarded corruptions of a later date, while she retained the faith of the ancient Church. Yet we believe that, according to him, the Eucharistic Adoration, as then and now practised by Catholics, is idolatry; and that the Eucharistic Sacrifice, as explained by the schoolmen, the Council of Trent, and the Archdeacon, is affirmed to supersede Calvary, and substitute human priests for Christ! Who shall decide between contending versions of antiquity? are these matters indifferent or non-fundamental? Is it venial, on the one hand, to worship a piece of bread; or, on the other, to treat the Redeemer of the world, when His ineffable condescension brings Him among us in that Body which suffered for our sins, as no more than a piece of bread? We have all heard of a certain oath which proclaims that the Mass is idolatry. Is that oath a lamentable truth, such as must be proclaimed even though it brands with so deadly an opprobrium what even Protestants recognise as the enormous majority of the Christian body, and practically proclaims that during far the greater part of its existence on earth, the temple of Christ had become a temple of idols? Or, on the other hand, is it the most appalling of all those calumnies to which human blindness and presumption have ever committed themselves? These seem to us to be important questions, if the glory of God and the salvation of souls involve aught of importance. If fathers, councils, and primitive liturgies were capable of substituting idolatry and priestcraft for the worship of one God through one Mediator, it is high time to discard the appeal to antiquity. If, on the other hand, they taught but the truth of God; and if, notwithstanding, their doctrine is branded as falsehood, not only by those who acknowledge no authority save that of "private judgment," but also by the professed followers of antiquity, who then, in the midst of these contradictions, may reasonably hope that he is offering to God that worship which is well-pleasing in His sight, and faithfully confessing that truth which God has revealed to us in Christ?

We need not say that we entirely adopt Archdeacon Wilberforce's reading of antiquity, and that it is simply that which is corroborated, not only by the judgment of the Church, but also of the Eastern separated communions, as well since as previous to the Eastern schism. Nay more, the Archdeacon has shown from the liturgies of the Nestorians and other heretical bodies, who have had no communion with

the Church ever since their separation at the period of the earlier general councils, that Providence has preserved an independent witness sufficient to prove the primitive character of that worship which he maintains to have been instituted by our Lord and His apostles, even though we were to assume any thing so utterly improbable as that all the liturgies of the West and of the "Orthodox Greek" bodies had been tampered with, and tampered with in the same parts. Authority, then, is as clearly with the Archdeacon as he has shown holy Scripture and a profound Christian theology to be. But it is equally certain that very nearly the whole of Anglican authority is against him in all the *critical points* of his teaching. It is not long since Dr. Pusey was silenced for two years in consequence of teaching but a small part of what the Archdeacon now teaches with incomparably more of scientific precision as well as of boldness and of depth. It is true that there has always been a High-Church teaching as well as a Low-Church on this subject, and that there exist two or three passages which go beyond the rest in strength, and which become perfectly orthodox when placed in a context such as that with which our author's quotations from the fathers supply them. But, in the main, such expressions have always been more than balanced by others of an opposite character, or they have been too vague and equivocal to carry with them any practical effect. Some writers have spoken of the Body of Christ as present, yet have abstained from saying that by the word "Body" is meant that Body which was born of the Blessed Virgin, is now glorified in heaven, and is also sacramentally and really present at all the altars of the Church militant after consecration. Others have spoken of a sacrifice; but have shrunk from saying, that in that "pure oblation," offered all over the world from the rising of the sun to the setting of the same, Christ is, as at Calvary, at once the Priest and the Victim. The most remarkable of these ambiguities is to be found in the most solemn part of the Anglican Prayer-Book. In the first book of King Edward, the form of words used in administering the holy elements corresponded pretty nearly with the first part of the form still retained: "The Body of our Lord Jesus Christ, which was given for thee, preserve thy body and soul unto everlasting life." The German Reformers objected to that form. It is not necessary to give a history of the changes which took place in compiling the Book of Common Prayer: it will suffice to observe how the matter has ended. The clause we have quoted retains its place; but to it is added another which admits of, and almost universally receives, an interpretation not only

un-catholic, but indetical with that Zuinglian view which the Archdeacon denounces; "Take and eat this in remembrance that Christ died for thee, and feed on Him in thy heart by faith with thanksgiving." The form is thus Catholic or Protestant, recognises a real Presence or a subjective Presence relative to the faith of the recipient, according as one chooses to interpret the first sentence by the last, or the last by the first. This form is the type upon which Anglican teaching has always formed itself, except in the Low-Church schools, and among a very few writers, the most advanced, of the modern High-Church. It is one which has often been praised on the ground of "comprehensiveness." This is a mistake, though one into which not only a statesman resolved *inquieta non movere*, but yet more an enthusiastic lover of the united Church of England and Ireland is naturally betrayed. Comprehensiveness and equivocation are two wholly different things. To attain the former, you have only to avoid expressions that treat of litigated points. The latter affects to pronounce on such points, but solves them in opposite ways, and by means of ambiguous expressions which enable each party to claim the victory, and to assert, though not to attain, an exclusive position. Merely comprehensive formularies in the sixteenth century must have utterly failed, since they could have included in a single fold only those who were willing to compromise their opinions, and to account doctrinal differences things of no moment. Such latitudinarianism is not the first, but the last stage of Protestantism. The English nation, in whom, as in the English language, there are two very different elements, would have divided itself into two sections, one Catholic and one Protestant, had not a Church with two aspects and two systems of interpretation been provided for it, and been furnished with equivocal formularies. On the other hand, it is the necessary tendency of an equivocation to come sooner or later to an explanation. Neither statesman nor churchman has a right to complain when simple-minded people, willing to believe, but knowing not what to believe,—puzzled by creeds and articles, yet assured that doctrine is part of Christianity, since Christ is "the Truth" as well as "the Life,"—take the liberty of asking, "What does this *mean*?" From this simple necessity proceed "stone-altar judgments," discussions on "non-natural interpretations," and "Gorham cases." The passions of individuals are but incidentally connected with such movements, for which, whether inconvenient or not, there is no remedy except in religious lethargy and a spiritual "Godfrey's Cordial."

We cannot pass by without allusion one or two passages in which our author endeavours to show that certain strong statements of the Anglican Prayer-book may be interpreted in a sense not necessarily heterodox; though, on the other hand, we should be doing him injustice if we spent much time on them. After proving that the ancient Church believed that the sacred elements underwent a *change* on consecration, he has to meet the statement of the Anglican 28th Article, in which Transubstantiation is repudiated on the ground (*inter alia*) that it “overthroweth the nature of a Sacrament.” This bold assertion he tries to explain away by saying that the Article does not mean to deny a change affecting the substance of the bread in that sense in which the word *substance* was used by St. Thomas, and subsequently by the Council of Trent, viz. in contradistinction to the accidents or species; but that it uses the word ‘substance’ in an opposite sense, and in reference to “that which is *material* in the consecrated elements,—the *sacramentum*, namely, or outward and visible sign,” which he explains as “that which is an object to the senses!” Indeed! Is it possible that the men who drew up the Articles did not know the theological meaning of the word “substance?” So far from this being the case, the first Article affirms that “in the unity of this Godhead there be three persons of one *substance*, power, and eternity;” and surely it does not use the word in the sense now popular, and as equivalent to sensuous. Again, the Reformers had themselves been Catholics before the revolt: must they not then have understood the Catholic meaning of theological terms? Once more, what imaginable object could have been gained by framing safeguards against errors, real or imaginary, in expressions used by Anastasius Sinaita, or any other ancient author, when the question at issue was the theology of their own day? As well might they have framed an article against mediæval miracles, and afterwards explained it away as referring only to such wonders as Simon Magus, not Simon Peter, had wrought. Even the notion of the Capharnaïtes involved no contradiction such as Archdeacon Wilberforce supposes the 28th Article to have condemned. Their error was gross and carnal indeed, but it did not consist in denying the “outward sign” of the Sacrament, but in a conception of the most opposite character. The existence of the outward sign, moreover, was not denied, but was asserted by the Catholic theology, as well before as after the Council of Trent, and was as much a part of the popular theology as of the scientific definitions. What is material in the bread, in the Archdeacon’s sense,—that is, what is presented to the senses,—

is simply the species. To deny the existence of these, is not only an absurdity, but a contradiction in terms, making the senses deny the very impressions made on themselves in their own proper province. Surely the dogma to which the 28th Article refers must have been the well-known dogma actually held by the Catholic Church, not an abstract absurdity neither held then nor now.

Mr. Wilberforce is not more successful in his attempt to show that "the *actual worship* paid to Christ, as the *res sacramenti*, is not neutralised by the rubric in the English ordinal." That it was distinctly denied by certain passages in the English Prayer-Book, placed there in the year 1552, he admits; but he proceeds to state that this was done in deference to Calvin's views, and that Calvin's views are not implied in the later changes which took place in 1562.

"The rubric only affirms that Christ's *natural* Body and Blood are in heaven and not here, and that no adoration is intended 'either unto the sacramental bread and wine there bodily received, or unto any corporal presence of Christ's natural Flesh and Blood.' The rubric certainly does not go on to state, as it might have done, that though Christ's Body and Blood are not *naturally* present, except in heaven, yet that their *supernatural* presence is bestowed in the holy Eucharist; and that though no adoration be due to the bread and wine, or to any such corporal presence as the senses can take cognisance of, yet that Christ's Body and Blood, *really* present, under the forms of bread and wine, as the inward part, or *res sacramenti*, are entitled to and receive adoration."

The best mode in which an Anglican can test this curious reading of the rubric would be, as it strikes us, to inquire in how many of the Anglican churches "the presence of Christ's Body and Blood is witnessed by the adoration to which they are entitled." But the rubric is, on our author's principles, false in its amended as well as in its previous state. The natural Body and Blood of Christ are present on earth, as well as in heaven, after consecration, though not in any natural relations of which the senses can take cognisance; and the presence of Christ's Body is a corporal presence, though not a sensuous one. To excuse this rubric on the plea that the adoration which it repudiates, and which it of course attributes to those who practise what it condemns, is simply an adoration of the outward sign, or bread and wine,—is as poor an excuse as if one were to plead for the Mahometans that in assailing the worship of the Holy Trinity they only condemn the worship of three Gods. The fact is, that they reject the mystery of the Trinity; and, as is the case in every instance, whether of heresy or unbelief, they misapprehend

what they reject. For this, however, they are responsible, since the revelation which God gave, and which stands attested by the Church, "the pillar and ground of the truth," is one which "men of good will" are capable of apprehending and of believing. If we refuse to adore the Holy Trinity, or our Incarnate Redeemer in the Blessed Eucharist, it is in vain to plead as an excuse, that we also accuse the Christian Church of worshipping three gods or a piece of bread. After all, what benefit can result from explaining away one passage when the next refuses to submit to the process? The Archdeacon attempts no solution of the 31st Article: "Wherefore the sacrifices of masses, in the which it was commonly said that the priest did offer Christ for the quick and the dead, to have remission of pain or guilt, were blasphemous fables and dangerous deceits." A process of reasoning which could reconcile the Church of England with the principles of the author before us would be equally successful in vindicating the Presbyterian Kirk of Scotland; but it would also verify the statement of the Dean of St. Patrick, that the use of language was to conceal our ideas.

Let us return, however, to the more agreeable part of our task. To appreciate the degree in which Archdeacon Wilberforce's work is in advance of analogous works on the same subject, we cannot do better than compare its statements with those of the Nonjurors, and especially of those among them whose expressions could have been modified by no remaining allegiance to the Anglican Church. A portion of the Nonjuring body, after much study of antiquity, had arrived at the conclusion, that the political position of the Established Church was not more untenable than its theology, and that in its mode of celebrating the office of holy Communion there were certain defects of an absolutely fatal nature. Curiously enough, those defects were different from the deficiencies acknowledged by the Archdeacon. The essentials which they insisted on were four, viz. (1st), that water is an essential part of the Eucharistic cup; (2dly), that the oblation of the elements to God the Father, and (3dly) the invocation of the Holy Spirit upon them, are essential parts of consecration; and (4thly), that the faithful departed ought to be recommended in the Eucharistic commemoration. So strong were their convictions, that those who maintained them thought it necessary to separate not only from the Church of England, but from as many of their brethren among the Nonjurors as did not share their views. From their conduct many interesting inferences might be drawn. It suggests the idea that an infallible authority, such as can

only be found in the voice of the living Church, is necessary not merely to determine doctrine, but also to determine with certainty what is the right mode of administering the Sacraments and of conducting divine worship; for the two parties among the Nonjurors differed not on the doctrine of the holy Eucharist, but on the question as to how much is *essential* in the sacramental ritual. It suggests, again, the idea, that if before the great scandals of more recent times had occurred—the suppression of Convocation, the Jerusalem bishopric, the Hampden case, and the Gorham case,—some of the most learned and pious men in the Anglican Church believed that it had so fatally separated from the primitive model, that severance from it was absolutely necessary in order to be in communion with the ‘Apostolic Church,’—there must be something unreal and factious in the outcry raised against those who have recently been denounced as schismatics, traitors, apostates, &c., because, under circumstances so much more aggravated, they too at last arrived, however reluctantly, at convictions fatal to the religious community in defence of which they had so long contended. Instead of pursuing such trains of reflection, however, we shall content ourselves with alluding to a circumstance which is replete with matter for thought. The Nonjuring attempt at orthodoxy passed away, and left no trace behind. After the lapse of a century, the religion of England had fallen into a condition compared with which even the Evangelical revival was orthodoxy. Dr. Brett, in his work on the primitive liturgies, and in vindication of the new liturgy drawn up by the Nonjurors, expressed an earnest hope that the example of devotion to antiquity shown by him and his friends might not be thrown away upon an age which he asserted to be the most learned since the Reformation. It was, in his opinion, a time of hope.

“Having then bishops, priests, and deacons, and a flock also, though a very little one, with us, we could not but conceive we made a church according to St. Cyprian’s definition of it” (p. 420, edit. 1838). . . . “In so doing we have followed the doctrine taught by many eminent divines of the Church of England, as Dr. Hammond, Mr. Thorndike, Bishop Hicke, Archbishop Wake, Mr. Johnson, Mr. Bingham, and others; and what is more than all these, the doctrine of the Church of England itself.” A close adherence to primitive antiquity and apostolic usage is, he asserts, the doctrine of the Church of England. But the four points for which he contends in the celebration of the holy Eucharist can be proved, he also asserts, to be apostolic, by a demonstration as cogent as that on which we receive the holy Scriptures. “Wherefore finding the practice of the Church of England to be so plainly different from

her doctrine, we thought it our duty, in obedience to our Saviour's command, to relinquish the practice to observe the doctrine."

That this section of the Nonjurors had at least as good a right to separate themselves from a local and national Church, as that Church had to separate from the *orbis terrarum*, and from that apostolic see to which the Anglo-Saxon race was indebted for its Christianity, needs little proof. Another question remains, however; it is this: Why, if the Church of England was at that time so replete with learning, and if the zeal for orthodoxy was so vehement, both within her pale and without it,—why did a few years suffice to allow all this orthodoxy to pass into the world of shadows and legend?

We cannot but believe that the answer to this question is to be found in the circumstances which constitute the essential difference between views at first sight so like each other as those of the modern High Churchmen and the Nonjurors. The period at which the Nonjurors lived was a cold and dry one, such as naturally followed the exhausted fervours of Puritanism, and the long debauch of Charles II.'s court. Its learning was, in too many cases, a mere frigid book-learning, captious about matters of detail, and incapable of recognising great principles. Dr. Brett and his friends had not, like Archdeacon Wilberforce, traced the doctrine of the Sacraments to their root in the doctrine and living fact of the Incarnation. It was consequently in the spirit of antiquarians, rather than of scientific theologians, that they attached importance to whatever usages connected with them could be proved to have been ancient. Where pedantry rules, the light of great ideas is lost. Hence the strange inconsistency between the zeal of the Nonjurors and the pettiness of the objects for which, notwithstanding their lofty language, they in reality contended. It was a matter of essential importance that there should be a distinct oblation; and yet, after all, in that oblation nothing more was to be offered than the earthly elements of bread and wine! Prayer for the dead was necessary, because it was primitive; but at the same time it was heterodox to believe that prayer gave consolation to holy sufferers still undergoing the temporal punishment of forgiven sin! The consecration could not take place without a direct invocation of the Holy Ghost; yet, after the consecration, the elements remained but terrestrial elements still! In the annals of self-delusion there is perhaps nothing more singular than the insensibility of the Nonjurors to the deep and obvious meaning of the glorious words which they so perseveringly quoted from the early liturgies. Take as an illus-

tration of this blindness one of Dr. Brett's quotations, with his comment on it :

"I believe, I believe, I believe, even to my last breath," says the liturgy of St. Basil, "that it is the very life-giving flesh of thy only-begotten Son, our Lord God, Jesus Christ. He received it from our holy Lady, the Mother of God, and ever Virgin Mary," &c. . . "*I see nothing in this confession,*" is the commentary of Dr. Brett, "*which implies the bread to be more than sacramentally His Body, or that the Church of Alexandria understood any thing more by it, than that it was so full and perfect a representative of His Body, so expressly so in power and effects, that it became them to declare and believe it.*"

Such is the elaborate trifling of those who can only contemplate great truths through the spectacles of prejudice and literary criticism; and who, if only allowed to use high-sounding words, care little how far the meaning is explained away. That the word 'transubstantiation' had not become the formula of orthodoxy in the early Church, was sufficient to make the Nonjurors reject the doctrine with a petulant and supercilious impatience, and with expressions which proved that they had never taken the trouble of understanding the Catholic doctrine; nay, that they confounded it with that materialistic notion of the Capharnaïtes expressly condemned by the Church. Had they been deep as well as learned theologians, they would have inquired whether analogous objections might not be brought against such terms as 'consubstantial,' 'Trinity,' &c.; whether in all such cases the definition is not posterior to the denial that occasioned it; and whether, as a matter of fact, the word 'transubstantiation' be not simply a conclusive mode of affirming a great mystery and preserving it from evasion, and not, as is superficially alleged, a curious and irreverent way of explaining it.

The work before us is one which suggests the hope that the nineteenth century has nobler destinies before it than the seventeenth had. With much to hope, however, there is also much to fear; when persons of acknowledged probity and earnestness find it so difficult to face the most obvious facts, and to recognise the contradiction between their principles and the actual circumstances that surround them. Two years ago the Church of England rose up like one man to protest against the supremacy of that See to which it owes its Christianity, while a small minority only was found to protest against a decision which practically annulled an article of the Creed; yet that Church is still believed by many to be the exact counterpart of the primitive one! But a few weeks ago an Anglican bishop was rebuked by the Evangelical

Presbyterians of Geneva for fraternising with the Arians of Geneva; while, just at the same time, the four archbishops came forward in defence of an Anglican bishop at Jerusalem, a living bond between the English and Prussian establishments, who boasts that he makes converts both from the Catholic Church and from the Greek communion! Yet men of learning, who can discern the slightest variations of doctrine amid the rival schools of antiquity, find it difficult to ascertain whether the united Church of England and Ireland be a Catholic or a Protestant body! On this subject the book before us throws some lights. Our notice of it would be incomplete if we made no allusion to its suggestions.

We have seen, then, what is the Christian faith on the subject of the holy Eucharist. Is the true faith on such a subject necessary, or not, to the existence of a church? If not, is *any* belief on *any* subject necessary? Does the learned author of this admirable work believe that there is any one bishop of his communion whose belief on this awful subject is right; whose intention it is, in consecrating, to offer his Lord, and who adores Him so offered? Does the nation believe in this "august and dreadful sacrifice?" Do the poor believe in it? Do the rich? Do the learned? Do the unlearned? There exists, we know, a small school of divines who hold these doctrines, or doctrines in various degrees approaching to these. If the language of their Church in its formularies; if that of their ecclesiastical superiors; if the belief of their congregations, the "*pauperes Christi*,"—stood as opposed to their own on the subject of the holy Trinity as it stands on this doctrine, would they not fly in horror from the infected precincts, and reject all communion with heresy, even as did the Ambroses and Leos whom they revere? A belief, all-but universal, that our Blessed Lord's Body and Blood, Soul and Divinity, are but a piece of bread,—a custom, all-but universal, of treating it as a piece of bread, when, on one Sunday out of four, or at still longer intervals, the shadow of the ancient sacrifice passes before the eyes of the select few who remain, not for the sacrifice, but for a sacrament supposed to exist without a sacrifice,—this they bear. Yet a belief as universal in Arianism or Sabellianism they could not tolerate. How this conduct is consistent with the most ordinary reverence for our Blessed Lord, we find it hard to understand; though to look into the mysteries of the human heart is a thing as remote from our desire as it is beyond our power.

Do they indeed believe that, after consecration, the bread becomes the Body of Christ, bestowed in benediction or in

judgment? If so, do they give that Body to those who believe the contrary? They must believe either that they do this, or that they themselves stand debarred from Catholic communion. Do they indeed believe that, when Mr. Close or Mr. M'Neil, after a sermon which denounces the primitive doctrine of the holy Eucharist as idolatrous, having just before held up a number of the *Achill Herald*, illustrated by a print of the "consecrated wafer and of a Chinese idol," with the motto "These be thy gods, O Israel,"—proceed to the communion-table and repeat the words of consecration, they do indeed hold in their hands that sacred Body which they have blasphemed; that they proceed to administer It to those whom they have taught not to discern It—a teaching questioned by no bishop and no ecclesiastical court in the kingdom?

There remains behind an abyss deeper yet. Is that too to receive the passive sanction of honourable names? Several of the bishops of the united Church of England and Ireland belong to the Society for Irish Church Missions. The missionaries of this society, in their endeavour to overthrow the Catholic Church in Ireland, use as their lever the very doctrine which the Archdeacon professes, and which they hold up to scorn. What does he believe to be the condition of a soul which, beguiled by their sophistries, or lured by their gifts, or alarmed by the threats of local authorities acting in concert with them, abandons that sacred fold made yet more sacred by the visible stigmata impressed on it by ages of persecution, and rails, in the words of the *Soupers' Catechism*, against the doctrine of the Universal Church? The Archdeacon must think as a Catholic thinks on this matter. But it follows from this, that the doctrine sanctioned by such exalted authorities in his Church is destructive to the soul. Is the Church of God, then, the destroyer of souls? Can any one who realises at once the doctrine of the holy Eucharist and his own position, and who realises also the four last things—heaven, hell, death, and judgment,—that judgment in which the veil will be withdrawn, and that sacred Body and Blood, Soul and Divinity, which have condescended to dwell among us here below, shall be revealed;—can any one, we say, who realises these things, remain in a communion actively engaged in the destruction of souls for whom Christ died?*

* This article having been already too long delayed, we give an extra sheet in this No. to secure its insertion. The work reviewed has already reached its second edition.

DR. MADDEN'S SHRINES AND SEPULCHRES.

The Shrines and Sepulchres of the Old and New World. By R. R. Madden, M.R.I.A. 2 vols. London, Newby.

THE records of his mortality have ever possessed a peculiar though melancholy charm for man. From the earliest ages, and in all places, men have been unwilling wholly to banish the memorials of those who have gone before them, to bury their dead out of sight. Not only do individuals seek to retain, as mementoes, the resting-places of those who were dear to them, but tribes and peoples have ever been equally anxious to retain the sepulchres of the great who were the leaders of their nation or the founders of their race. For the Christian, the study of the funeral customs of various countries possesses a peculiar interest; for in those of the early pagan nations he can trace many vestiges of primitive tradition and of a truth not yet wholly overlaid by the errors of heathenism; whilst in those which prevail wherever Christianity has been introduced, he sees the effects of its saving teaching; and in the uniformity in all essential details of the funeral rites of every Catholic country is found an additional proof of that unity which binds together the children of the one universal Mother.

In the work before us Dr. Madden has collected an immense mass of information, partly original, partly derived from various authorities, relative to all that concerns the funeral rites and sepulchres of every nation, ancient and modern. He does not treat, however, of sepulchres alone; but wisely considering the vestiges of ancient cities as the sepulchres of nations, and ancient shrines as not merely the tombs of the mighty dead that rest therein, but as testimonies of the nations' trust in and love for those whom, because they were the beloved of God, they so honoured,—he has devoted a large portion of his work to an account of Jerusalem and the other holy cities, and of some of the most celebrated shrines of Europe.

For the compilation of such a work Dr. Madden was, in many respects, peculiarly fitted. Another Weaver in his love of the subject, he combined with a strong memory a great industry of research, and much personal knowledge of the subjects he undertook to treat of; for he had been a pilgrim in many lands, and had seen many of the scenes the description of which necessarily entered into his plan. Moreover, as a Catholic, he had, if he had known how to avail himself of it, a *point d'appui*, a true and infallible standard whereby to

judge and measure every thing that came before him ; but in this point of view, as we shall presently have occasion to show, his work is far from being so successful as it might have been.

The first nation whose modes of sepulchre Dr. Madden treats of is naturally that of the Jews ; the burial of Sara by Abraham, in the field of Mambre, being the earliest interment recorded. Then follow the tombs of the ancient Egyptians, and an account of the sepulchres of nations—the ruins of Nineveh, Babylon, and Persepolis ; the funeral customs of the Hindoos and Cingalese, of the ancient Germans, Gauls, Britons, Scots, and Irish. Here, however, the great fault of Dr. Madden's work betrays itself,—a want of clearness, order, and method ; a fault which is very observable also, though in a less degree, in his later and more valuable work on the *Life of Savonarola*, which was reviewed in the last numbers of our Magazine. From his opening sentences it is hard to gather whether the writer agrees in the usual distinction of the Gothic and Celtic races, or whether he confounds them. The order too, or rather the want of order, of the extracts given, greatly tends to confuse this question of races in the mind of the reader. Thus, while pages 315 to 320 contain an account of the manners and customs of the Gauls of France, at page 321 is slipped in an account of the Germans from Tacitus ; whilst at the bottom of the page we find ourselves suddenly again amongst the French Gauls, and at page 327 we are again carried back to the Germans. Moreover, the extracts are unnecessarily long and cumbrous. The hackneyed quotations from Cæsar, relative to the manners and customs of the Gauls, have nothing to do with their funeral customs ; and yet they are not only given us in the shape of a direct translation from Cæsar, but we are treated to a re-hash of the same as “extracts from modern writers who have written of the Gauls.”

In chapters 19 and 20, which treat of the funeral monuments of the Scandinavians and Celtic Irish, by far the most valuable portions are the lengthened extracts from Worsaae's *Danish Antiquities* and from Dr. Petrie's work on those of Ireland ; and we cannot pass them by without making one general remark on a point in which we think Dr. Madden leans to erroneous inductions. At page 339 he says :

“It is indeed impossible to read the latest works of both antiquarians (Worsaae and Petrie) without coming to the conclusion, that the type of our earliest rude ponderous unwrought stones, monuments, cromlechs, cairnes and barrows is to be found in Scandinavian remains. There is an identity of design, use, and structure, in the monuments of both countries, yet the common origin of them is long prior to the date of the incursions of the Northmen in the

eighth and ninth centuries into Ireland and England. They are the monuments of a cognate race, of an early age anterior to Christianity. It seems impossible to compare the respective accounts of these monuments of Ireland and Denmark, by Petrie and Worsaae, without coming to the conclusion, that instead of seeking, as our old antiquarians have done, to establish a separate system of pagan superstition and style of monumental structures, distinguishing those of the Dane from those of the Celt, we should endeavour to ascertain the degrees of relationship between Celts and Scandinavians by the analogies we find in the monuments and the uses of them in both countries; and thus, in all probability, they would be traced up to one common origin."

Now what we wish to point out is, the fallaciousness of arguing as to identity of race from similarity of monuments. Races widely different, but of a common though distant origin, and who have similar superstitions and have attained a similar stage of civilisation, will erect monuments bearing a general resemblance: but it is now acknowledged by all scholars that relationship of language (and that not merely in similarity of words, but of *structure*) is the only safe test of a relationship of race. Worsaae himself might have reminded Dr. Madden of this.

"Antiquarian remains and barrows," he says, "would convey much more trustworthy information of the past, if they were in all cases furnished with inscriptions. From the languages in which such inscriptions were composed, we should then be able to form conclusions as to the descent and connection of the earliest inhabitants of the North; since it is sufficiently clear that men who belong to the same stock speak languages which are, at all events, allied to each other."

But to Dr. Madden's novel theory that the Scandinavian Danes and the Celtic Irish are related, Worsaae affords not the slightest countenance. Remarking on the similarity between the Danish monuments of what he calls "the stone period" and similar monuments on the coasts of the whole of the West of Europe, as well as in countries which were certainly inhabited by the Celts from the earliest times, he points out the probability of an early Celtic race having inhabited Denmark. He does not, however, like our author, confound these with the Scandinavian Danes; and, on the contrary, after remarking that "there are geological reasons for believing that the bronze period must have prevailed in Denmark five or six hundred years before the birth of Christ," he continues:

"The inhabitants of Denmark during the bronze period were the

people who first brought with them a peculiar degree of civilisation. This people stood, therefore, in the same degree of civilisation as the Celts, and exercised as important an influence over the civilisation of the North as the Celts over that of the West of Europe. It cannot possibly be imagined, however, that the inhabitants of Denmark in the bronze period should have been Celts. If they also, as late as the sixth and seventh centuries, had mixed with the Scandinavian people, which is in the highest degree improbable, we should have reason to expect that the present Danish language would exhibit a considerable number of Celtic words and expressions not to be found either in the Swedish or in the Norwegian language; but this is very far from being the case. The oldest runic inscriptions in Denmark are as pure Scandinavian as any other in the north."

There is no more fertile source of error in ethnographical investigations than this habit of referring similarity of rude structures to identity of race; and we are surprised that Dr. Madden should not have been on his guard against it. From the days of Jacob downwards, upright stones have been the monuments of rude races: buildings of huge unhewn stones, or, as we call them, cyclopean structures, are to be found from India to Ireland: the kraals of the tribes of Africa and Australia, surrounded with their trench and hedge, bear no fanciful resemblance to the villages of the Anglo-Saxons (which an old law informs us were to be surrounded with a strong thorn hedge, round which two bowmen were to keep watch and ward), or to what must have been the state of our own raths.

The second volume of this work is by far the most interesting; treating, as it does, mostly of Christian monuments of various ages, in which we all have a common interest. At the same time it is that in which Dr. Madden has acquitted himself the least to our satisfaction. And first, we would notice some of the observations of our author, with regard to the Crusades, and to the knights of the religious orders. We have no space at present to enter into a lengthened controversy on the subject; and indeed our chief difficulty is clearly to ascertain Dr. Madden's opinions on these subjects; for there is a vagueness and indirectness in his language, dealing much more in exclamation, interjection, and insinuation, than in positive assertion, which renders it no easy task to meet the charges which it contains. Without, however, wishing to take Dr. Madden's words at their full meaning, which would imply that he held with the Peace-Society all warfare to be unlawful, since he distinctly adopts the dictum of St. Peter Damian, "Even in defence of the faith itself, it is never lawful to take up arms,"* it is clear that he holds the Crusades to have been

* This is what Baronius considered as of heretical tendency.

wholly unjustifiable, and the pursuit of arms inconsistent with the profession of the Christian religion.

Now, as to the first, we shall only remark that the crusaders were not, as Dr. Madden represents them, "Christians battling with all who had not the happiness to be ranged or sheltered under the folds of the banner of the cross;" but men who undertook to avenge insults and injuries heaped upon their fellow-Christians, peaceable pilgrims and travellers, and dwellers in Palestine, by those who professed to be at peace with them; and that the war which ensued was one of retaliation and self-defence. Surely it is impossible to evade the force of such facts as these, mentioned by Dr. Madden himself, and all belonging to a period prior to the Crusades; "Gerbert, afterwards Sylvester the Second, on his return from the Holy Land, gave a doleful account of the oppressions exercised on the Christian inhabitants there." "During the whole of the eleventh century, the Christians of Syria were treated with every kind of indignity." Nay, the very vow of the Templars points to this: "they bound themselves, by solemn vow, to defend pilgrims and the public roads from robbers and men of blood." Embassies and remonstrances had proved unavailing, and at length the wars of the crusades began.

Unless, then, we are to hold that Lord Palmerston is not justified in remonstrating against injustice done to British subjects in foreign countries; unless the seizure of British subjects and their goods by the first Consul of France was not a lawful cause of war; unless the bombarding of Algiers, in reprisal for the attacks of Algerine pirates, was a massacre; the Crusades were justified by every principle of international law. Nay, it happens that a case in point occurs in Europe at this minute. All the diplomatists and publicists of Europe agree, that had the Sublime Porte oppressed the Greek Christians in its dominions, the Emperor of Russia would be justified in interfering for their protection; and the case of Turkey was, not that such interference would be unlawful, but that no such oppression had existed.

As to the second point, the character of the religious orders of knighthood, Dr. Madden asks, "Was it not impious to invest a band of soldiers with a sacerdotal character—to send forth bands of Christians, bound by monastic rule to do works of mercy and piety, armed with deadly weapons, to battle with all who had not the happiness to be ranged or sheltered under the folds of the banner of the cross?" (p. 193). The fallacy of the latter part of this sentence we have already exposed; the first part is simply a misstatement of facts. The Templars or other knights were not properly invested with any

sacerdotal character at all. They were knights who devoted themselves to serving the state, in "defending pilgrims and the public roads from robbers and men of blood," and in its lawful wars; and who at the same time bound themselves by vow to observe the evangelical counsels. Unless all war be wholly unlawful, there is nothing to prevent a Christian engaged in it from seeking to save his soul by prayer and exercises of piety. Dr. Madden, indeed, says ironically,

"These warriors and monastic men at once were required to do the fighting work of the state, to slay and expose themselves to be slain, to spend no small portion of their lives in camps, trenches, strongholds; in fighting, destroying, mutilating, and massacring heathens by sea and land; and at the same time were expected to be meek, humble, charitable, devout, contemners of the world, despisers of riches, faithful to their monastic vows, strict observers of that rule of theirs that was analogous to St. Augustine's."

Does Dr. Madden mean to say that all soldiers are necessarily heathens, or worse? that a Christian cannot fight for his country, and save his soul? does he mean to condemn those Catholic soldiers, who in all ages—ay, and now in our own armies—mindful of the uncertainty of life, prepare themselves for the struggle by prayer and the holy sacraments? If not, his words are idle and devoid of meaning. Soldiers there must be; and it is well that, as they are exposed to more dangers than other men, they should be even better prepared than others are, by exercises of piety and the sacraments, for their latter end. Elsewhere, Dr. Madden sneers at the idea of men in camps observing a vow of chastity: this is a subject which, to the Protestant and the unbeliever, is indeed foolishness and a derision, but which it is most painful to hear spoken of in such a tone by any Catholic. Men in camps, whether bound by vow or not, cannot live as married men: does Dr. Madden then imagine that all Catholic soldiers and officers throughout the world live in sin? Let him inquire of those who know, and they will tell him that to hundreds, even in our own army, this enforced continency, rightly observed, is a source of great merit. As to his other charges against the knights, they are little more than branches of the above. He says, indeed, that the riches of the order was unquestionably a crime, in the case of religious men under vows of poverty. But their *vow* obliged them to personal poverty, not to refuse riches given for the support of the order; and although a breach of their vow would unquestionably have been a crime, an infringement of Dr. Madden's ideas of propriety can hardly amount to one. In like manner, he repeats three times a mistranslation of a panegyric on them by Jacob de Vitriaco,

in order to enforce the bad character which he is anxious to affix to them. That writer had contrasted their gentleness and piety in peace with their valour in war; and described them as "*leones in bello, milites experti, inimicis Christi duri et feroces.*" This last word, in order to point a period, Dr. Madden translates "*ferocious.*" As well might he translate Horace's celebrated panegyric on Cato, "*præter atrocem animum Catonis,*" "save the atrocious mind of Cato." Indeed this desire to round a period, or cap an antithesis, sometimes carries Dr. Madden rather further than he can have intended; for instance, he winds up with the following passage:

"Will the day ever come when some great Christian man, uniting the qualities of Pascal, Savonarola, Columbanus, and St. Ambrose, shall rise up against the impiety of making the divine doctrine of our Saviour, which He laid down for all times and for all men, a plastic code, to be modified from time to time, to be adapted to the times, the prevailing tastes and leanings of society, at one period to romantic, at another time to warlike pursuits, and at another to mere material interests? When shall it be boldly proclaimed, there is but one gospel for rich and poor, for the people of the first and nineteenth century, for every phase of society, for the learned and the illiterate, for the great cities that are the centres of existing civilisation, and the humble towns that were of old in Galilee, to whose people the word of eternal life were spoken by our Lord?"

It would appear from this, that the gospel which our Lord came to plant on earth has never yet been preached to man; and that, as His spouse to whom it was committed has neglected her charge, we must wait for the doctrine of Christ until a man shall arise, combining the spirit of some of God's saints together with a strong flavour of heresy, to preach that truth to which the Church of Christ has been unfaithful.

Our readers will gather from the preceding remarks that there is much valuable and interesting information in the volumes before us, which will well repay perusal; but that there are many remarks interspersed which a Catholic cannot read without deep pain,—pain all the more keenly felt, because the remarks which occasion it proceed from a Catholic pen. In addition to the passages of this character that have been already quoted, we would add the following, referring to the well-known author of *Tancredus*:—"Carnage and devastation in any age, with all due deference to the descendant of Sir Kenelm Digby, are not the ways of showing that the Saviour of the world is dear to us." Here a most atrocious charge is insinuated against Mr. Digby; namely, that he holds that carnage and devastation are the ways of showing the Saviour to be dear to us; a charge from which we are sure

Dr. Madden is too chivalrous to shrink, on the pretext of an attorney in an action for libel, that it is not formally stated. And what foundation is there for the charge? In the very passage he himself quotes, Mr. Digby, in referring to the storming of Jerusalem, says, "humanity shudders at such scenes." But the charge against the illustrious author of *Mores Catholici* and *Compitum* is only the vehicle of a similar charge against the crusaders; and we believe that it is as well deserved in the one case as in the other. That many of the crusaders were guilty of acts of cruelty, we may admit; that any, much less all, deemed such atrocities the best way of showing that the Saviour was dear to them, we do not believe; and Dr. Madden has not produced a single authority to prove it.

But this is only a specimen of that temper which runs more or less throughout the whole book, that pseudo-liberality of certain Catholics which consists in being zealous to find fault and ready to condemn any thing or person that is Catholic, whilst the gravest faults of others meet with scarcely a word of blame. True impartiality does not consist in always taking part against those of one's own religion or country; but in holding an even balance, and weighing the merits and demerits of all in the same scales. We are willing to believe the passage in which Dr. M. speaks of "the superstitions that are practised by the priests of the several persuasions" in Jerusalem (words which, taken strictly, include of course those of his own religion), to be only a slip of the pen; but in the appendix to the first volume he repeats without a remark the ignorant calumny of Sandys on the Maronite Catholics; a fault the more inexcusable, as attention has so lately been drawn to the subject by the persecution of the Druses and the writings of various Catholic missionaries from Mount Libanus.* He is eloquent on the pride, covetousness, lust of land and gold, love of power, hardness of heart, cruelty and intolerance which the possession of wealth engenders in churchmen; but when he narrates how the church of St. Geneviève of Paris (the Pantheon) "was converted into a temple dedicated to glory, and a place of burial for the remains of great men," he has not a word of blame. In like manner, he is eloquently indignant in speaking of the tomb of Cardinal Richelieu. He says, "the inscription on this monument is one of the most nauseous displays of mortuary laudation, the most revolting exhibition of perverted notions of Christian morals, the most erroneous ideas of the requisites for the sacerdotal office, and the qualities that are essential to Christian heroism, that are perhaps to be found in any epitaph

* See the recent volumes of *Annals of the Faith*.

throughout Christendom." Grave charges truly; and so our author evidently feels, and he proceeds to prove them by quotations from this dreadful epitaph. The "nauseous flattery" is proved by the fact, that "the enumeration of his titles of honour is a task that wearies the mind;" the perverted notions of Christian morals and of the requisites for the sacerdotal office, and qualities of Christian heroism, are proved by the epitaph telling the reader that the Cardinal was "*grand en naissance, grand en esprit, grand en sagesse, grand en science, grand en courage, grand en fortune, mais plus grand en piété;*" by its telling forth "the glory of his works of piety for instruction, Christian perfection, and the conversions of heretics, which surpassed the glory of his conquests;" and that "he came to the end of his career with joy, because he saw the crowns that are immortal." Why, if the Cardinal deserves not all the praises of his panegyrist, it seems to us, that at least they hardly prove that he had not a correct idea of what the object of his praises ought to have been. Dr. Madden, however, is determined to demolish the character not only of his panegyrist, but of the Cardinal, and he does it by one touch. "The great piety," he says ironically, "of a priest-politician, who expended in pompous works more than ten millions, says the Abbé Richard, and 'plus de dix millions,' he adds, in embellishing the castle of Richelieu!" He forgets, however, to tell us that what he designates "pompous works" comprised the foundation of such institutions as hospitals and schools. Whilst, however, the extravagance of Cardinal Richelieu excites his unmeasured indignation, he is equally unbounded in his admiration of the cynical Pascal, whom he designates "the most profound thinker of any age since divine inspiration ceased to be manifested;" and his tomb he calls "the venerable shrine of a gifted being of exalted intelligence." After this, we are not surprised that he unhesitatingly pronounces that the author of *Tom Jones* went straight to heaven; and that whilst loading his pages with a fulsome panegyric on Cosmo de' Medici, the destroyer at once of the liberty and the morals of his country, he has not a word of praise for the great St. Charles Borromeo, the upholder of the poor and oppressed, and the terror of the licentious and tyrannical nobles of his native land.

Moreover, there are some passages with which yet graver fault may be found: we mean those in which Catholic doctrines are, at least impliedly, misstated. Thus, in one place, (vol. ii. p. 165), he says, "there can be no question that murders and depredations of great atrocity were sometimes compounded for by a journey to Jerusalem." And in another,

speaking of certain alleged Spanish miracles, he says, "many of the accounts of them, it would be an offence against truth not to acknowledge are replete with puerilities, which all educated Roman Catholics must deem it would be no part of their faith to give credence to." The belief of the Church, and therefore of *all* Catholics, educated or uneducated, is, that it is no part of the *faith* to believe in any miracles save those recorded in the holy Scriptures; and therefore the implied distinction of Dr. Madden between the faith of himself and other "educated," or in the usual cant, "enlightened" Catholics, and their poorer and more blessed brethren in the Church, is unnecessary and unfounded. In the appendix, in reference to the alleged miracles of the Deacon Paris, there is a sentence which would appear to lead to a conclusion, which we are sure Dr. Madden cannot have intended; namely, that God works miracles indifferently through the agency of benevolent men without regard to their belief; forgetting that our Lord Himself appealed to miracles as the proof of the truth of doctrine, and said, "The signs that I do, those that *believe* in Me shall do, and greater signs also."

But perhaps the most extraordinary and most painful passage of all that we have met with, is one in which, speaking of St. Teresa, our author suggests that the state of spiritual dryness and desolation sometimes experienced by holy persons may be explained, not by the effect of the grace of God upon the soul, but "by the phenomena of animal magnetism." We cannot trust ourselves to speak of a theory which would make the love of God and horror of sin depend upon the magnetic state of our bodies, which would teach us to seek contrition and repentance not in prayer, but in electro-biology; and would interpret the inspired words of the Psalmist, "*Dereliquit me virtus mea; spiritus meus conturbatus est intra me; anima mea sicut terra sine aqua tibi*," as referring to peculiar conditions of the magnetic state. Such errors as these we trust Dr. Madden will remedy in future editions; and when doing so, he may correct also an historical mistake into which he has fallen at p. 565, in which he speaks of the "strange notions of piety and liberality of the ninth century, when kings made presents to churches of men and women." He seems not to know that these were slaves who were thus emancipated; and yet, without referring to any other authority, he himself mentions a Spanish writer who alludes to this, and the instances he quotes prove it, as they include donations of priests and deacons; and the canons of the Church had at all times strictly prohibited the retaining of clerics as slaves by any body, much less by Churches. He may correct, too, the

passage in which, speaking of the holy house of Loretto, he says, "it still attracts occasionally the piety or curiosity of a few persons." We can assure him, from our own knowledge, that the shrine is frequented at the present day by thousands of pilgrims of all classes.

Were these corrections made, and some useful condensation practised, the work might appear in a second edition in one volume; if not *auctior*, yet certainly *emendatior*, and might then be safely recommended to the Catholic public as a valuable collection of interesting and instructive reading.

THE WANDERING JEW.

Chronicles selected from the Originals of Cartaphilus, the Wandering Jew. Embracing a period of Nineteen Centuries. Now first revealed to, and edited by David Hoffman, Hon. J. U. D. of Göttingen, author of some Legal and Miscellaneous Works. London: Bosworth.

THERE is something refreshing in the thought of a man who could write a book like this. It tranquillises the spirits to reflect on the mental condition of the author, who, in this age of rapid restlessness, could deliberately produce a work of historical fiction, or fictitious history, or whatever David Hoffman's lucubrations are to be called, in six thick large closely-printed volumes.

When the world travels at the rate of a mile in a minute, and booksellers' shops and stalls swarm with railway libraries, and reading for the rail, and traveller's libraries; and old gentlemen expect to find in the three articles of a daily paper a "view" of all things divine and human, for imbibing in conjunction with their matutinal tea and toast,—the calmness, the coolness, the methodical preparation, the patient toil with which these goodly tomes must have been elaborated, is something bearing the aspect of a phenomenon verging almost on the unique. True it is, that of the six volumes promised but two have yet come forth from the printing-press; but we doubt not that the others are on their way, and that the steady pen which has traced the substantial though somewhat dreamy pages before us, has already advanced far to the conclusion of its labours.

The plan of recalling the histories of the past in connection with the experiences of some imaginary personage,

has been a favourite idea with some writers. The travels of Anacharsis are, perhaps, the best known and the most successful of the attempts which have been made thus to illustrate and popularise the information conveyed in professed chronicles and venerable documents. For Mr. Hoffman's purpose, however, no Anacharsis or other ordinary type of humanity could serve. His wish has been to paint the historical and social life of eighteen centuries, as it would strike a living eye-witness or ear-witness. Fortunately for him a legend has furnished a machinery which no commonplace history could have supplied, or ordinary imagination have invented. The *Wandering Jew* was the very man for his purpose.

Here, then, we have the well-known mysterious personage but lately employed by the French novelist Eugene Sue for the worst purpose, resuscitated for an aim which none but a German, or one of German extraction, could have contemplated, transformed into a philosophical, well-disposed, and finally converted Christian; discoursing at large on every thing that has happened in the civilised world for eighteen hundred years, or more—for we shrewdly suspect that the said Jew will wind up his discourses with a *finale* on the papal aggression, Cardinal Wiseman, the Madaia, and Miss Cuninghame.

The legend itself is probably little known in its details to many of our readers; and we shall therefore, before criticising our author's performance, place before them the outline of the singular tradition as it has reached the present age.

The first explicit mention of the Jew occurs in the writings of Roger of Wendover, and of Matthew Paris, who both lived in the thirteenth century. From the former of these authors, as confirmed by the latter, it appears that in the year 1228,

“A great convocation of bishops and of other church dignitaries had assembled at St. Albans; among whom was an archbishop of Armenia Major, who had come to England upon a pilgrimage to the relics lately deposited there by the crusaders. The conversation, after a time, happened to turn upon the subject of that famed Wanderer of Ages, then named ‘Josephus’—the faith that might be placed in the long-known tradition—and as to the cause of his terrific curse. In the course of that interesting inquiry, the archbishop, through his interpreter, a knight, was asked whether ‘he had ever seen or heard of that man, of whom there was much talk in the world, and who is still alive, and who, when our Lord suffered, was present and spoke to Him.’ In reply, the knight stated, that ‘his

lord, the archbishop, well knows that man; and shortly before his lord had taken his way towards the western countries, the said Josephus had ate at his table in Armenia, and that he had often seen and held converse with him. On being further interrogated, the knight stated for his lord, that, at the time of the suffering of Jesus Christ, and when seized by the Jews and carried into the hall of judgment before Pontius Pilate—that governor finding no fault with him, nevertheless said, ‘Take ye him and judge him according to thy law’—whereupon the shouts of the Jews increased, and he released unto them Barabbas, and delivered Jesus to them to be crucified. When, therefore, the Jews were dragging Jesus forth, and had reached the door, *Cartaphilus*, then a porter of the hall in Pilate’s service, impiously struck the Saviour on his back with his hand, and said in mockery, ‘*Go faster, Jesus, go faster; why dost thou linger?*’ And Jesus looking back upon him with a severe countenance, said to him, ‘*I am going, and thou wilt wait till I return.*’ According as our Lord said, this *Cartaphilus* (now called Josephus) is still awaiting his return! At the time of our Lord’s suffering, *Cartaphilus* was thirty years old; and when he attains the age of a hundred years, he always returns to the same age as he was at that time! After Christ’s death, and when the Catholic faith gained ground, this *Cartaphilus* was baptised by that Ananias who baptised the Apostle Paul, and then took the name of Josephus. He often dwells in both divisions of Armenia, and in other oriental lands, passing his time amidst the bishops and other prelates of the church: he is a man of holy conversation—of few words, and circumspect in his demeanour, for he does not speak at all, unless when questioned by the bishops and religious men; and then he tells of the events of old times, and of those which occurred at the suffering and resurrection of our Lord, and of the witnesses of the resurrection, namely, those who arose with Christ, and went into the holy city, and appeared unto men: he also tells of the creed of the Apostles, and of their separation and preaching,—and all this he relates without smiling or levity of conversation—as one who is well practised in sorrow and the fear of God, always looking forward with fear to the coming of Jesus Christ, lest at the last judgment he should find him in anger, whom, when on his way to death, he had provoked to just vengeance. Numbers come to him from different parts of the world, enjoying his society and conversation; and to them, if they are men of authority, he explains all doubts on the matters whereon he is questioned. He refuses all gifts that are offered to him, being content with slight food and clothing. He places his hope of salvation on the fact that he sinned through ignorance; for the Lord when suffering prayed for his enemies in these words—‘Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do.’”

In the following century the Wanderer again appears under the name of Isaac Lakedion. Two hundred years later he once more revives in the pages of historical romance, and

this time as Cartaphilus, and he is reported to have favoured the renowned alchemist, Cornelius Agrippa, with a long interview. By and by, on Easter-day 1542, as legends tell, the Jew, now bearing the name of Ahasuerus, was seen by two German students listening attentively to a sermon at Hamburg. He conversed with them, and told them that before the crucifixion he had been a thriving shoemaker. Afterwards he is seen at Strasburg and in Brabant. In 1604, it is reported that he was seen coming from mass at Beauvais. So, too, he was seen almost all over Europe from time to time. At Naples he was reported to be a gambler; at Brussels he sat for his portrait; and lastly, Brand, the antiquarian, tells that as late as the year 1760, a certain singular Israelite, travelling in Scotland, was by some accounted to be the Wandering Jew. Of the various characters attached to these traditions, Mr. Hoffman says:

“It may here be remarked as an interesting characteristic fact, that whilst the Germans and French have always spoken of the ‘Wandering Jew’ kindly, and as meritorious, at this time, of our sympathy, and even of our deep compassion, the Spaniards, on the contrary, in all their legends respecting him, have ever regarded him with unmingled detestation, and as an object to be hunted and cruelly persecuted. Whether our unhappy Jew appeared as Cartaphilus, as Ahasuerus, Josephus, or as Isaac Lakedion, he is always represented in other countries as philosophic, dignified, and learned—not as invariably poor—and always as kind and well-bred. He is generally described as aged and care-worn—as often having an immense white beard grizzled hair—rather tattered garments—and as being no little fond of crude traces of oriental finery.

“We sometimes find our Jew represented as a *scholastic cobbler*; in which case he is said to have worn a leathern apron; and, indeed, it may be invariably said that the legend (brief as are its chronicles) takes its peculiar features and colouring, in a large degree, from the character of the people themselves, or of the age in which he happens to be noticed. In Spain, for example, he is said to have been often seen with an awful *stigma* upon his forehead,—which consisted of a flaming crucifix—consuming his brain for ever; but which continued to grow just as fast as it was thus consumed; and hence occasioned him unceasing agony—a fable in just harmony with divers other fearful things in that country, which are *not* legendary.”

It is obvious, that in competent hands the adoption of this marvellous story, as the groundwork of a long series of semi-historical sketches, might be made the vehicle of a vast amount of entertainment and instruction. No ordinary qualifications, indeed, would be sufficient. The mere amount of reading necessary in a writer who would describe eighteen centuries can be no trifle. Besides this, such an author ought

to possess a considerable amount of the faculty of discrimination, if he would not weary his readers with a tedious multiplicity of details. What he selected, moreover, he must have the gift of presenting in a living, natural, and agreeable form. Add to this, that the Jew himself must be endowed with some sort of definite character, and not drag on his fated existence as a mere animated Annual Register; and it is plain that Mr. Hoffman has essayed a task of no little difficulty.

To say that he has accomplished it with perfect success, is more than truth warrants. At the same time, he has succeeded in producing a very curious, learned, instructive, and, for the most part, readable book, so far as it is yet put forth. Its great blot is its occasional controversial character. There was not the smallest necessity for adopting *any* side in relating the events of the first few centuries of the Christian era. If Mr. Hoffman had wished it, he might have simply repeated what old books tell, and spared us his own interpretation. But to turn the Wandering Jew into an English Protestant, and make him solemnly warn England against the Jesuits, is really too bad and too absurd. Not that his Protestantism is of the worst stamp. Sometimes his pictures of patristic scenes might have been written by a Catholic. His religion is of Mr. Maitland's school; at least so we gather from the eulogy he pronounces on that clever writer's books on the Reformation and the dark ages. When he does drag in his Protestantism, too, he generally drags it in by the heels, in a mighty clumsy and controversial fashion, so that the reader who has no taste for a disquisition on the papacy between Pope Leo and the Jew, or for an offensive essay on the prerogatives of the Blessed Virgin, may easily pass them by, and confine himself to Mr. Hoffman in his more rational and instructive moods.

In the volumes before us our author brings his story down to the fall of the Roman Nero, conducting the Jew to all the various most celebrated scenes in the ancient world, including Britain. During this period the wanderer undergoes five transformations, at each time changing his name, and beginning life again as a young man. Mr. Hoffman's account of the first of these marvels is a fair specimen of his style, displaying, as we think, in connection with certain faults, a decided imaginative power.

"At length the momentous night came on. Julianus, exhausted by continual watchings, had fallen asleep. I remained conscious of existence—conscious of the heavy breathings of my faithful Julianus—but my brain would often seem as if it were whirling with more than the velocity of the potter's trochus—myriads of gro-

tesque and horrific phantoms passed quickly and fitfully before my mental eye—and my body felt as if it were rapidly casting off all gross and feculent particles: when lo! I beheld these minute atoms, with a speed truly inconceivable, flying from me in every direction, as would beams from a globe of light! With an extreme energy, these *effluvia* were issuing from ten thousand sally-ports, seemingly of a now lingering and almost unseen life! I imagined I could see around me every where, or really saw, and with an enlarged vision, millions of corporeal and morbid particles, flowing from every pore—rising into thin clouds, that must have been quite beyond the grasp of usual vision! But oh, what was my loathing horror, when my eyes rested upon innumerable little, misshapen, and greedy sprites, guided by that great serpent, who hath been named Azraël, and who is said to be ‘Lord of Flesh and Blood,’ and likewise is called ‘Prince of this World,’ all flocking suddenly around my grosser but then vanishing and perishing body! Then was it that my spirit seemed to be gradually sinking into a kind of trance; and yet with remains of consciousness; for I saw Azraël and his minions still voraciously *devouring* those clouds of noisome and corrupt atoms, so long as they issued from my now almost lifeless and nearly weightless body!

“As these loathsome mists became more attenuated, and gradually were subsiding, my trance proportionately diminished; reason was fast resuming its throne—the numerous hideous little imps of corruption, that had been so actively flitting about me, now seemed gloated with their foul repast; and Azraël was then distinctly seen of me bidding them hence—which summons they all incontinently obeyed!

“I then lay for some hours in sweet repose,—Julianus still being in profound sleep near me. My body, then wholly relieved from the pressure of Azraël, and of his ugly host, became instantly enveloped in a bright cerulean cloud, redolent of all sweet perfumes—the blood seemed coursing through my veins with its wonted motion, and was soon in the healthiest and most reviving action; my respiration was like that of boyhood—I was encompassed by many blissful visions—myriads of lovely forms gracefully sported around me, pointing to the celestial orbs, and presenting to me faces that ever smiled—heaven itself, as if in purposed contrast with the so recent Hades that had environed me, now seemed within my view and reach,—and, in the ecstasy of that delightful moment, I leaped involuntarily from my couch, on Nisan’s fifteenth day, and stood firmly upon my feet, in the presence of my former, but now greatly diminished and recumbent body—a young man, of precisely the same form and stature, and seemingly of the same age I was, when, at the valley gate, those astounding words were uttered by him, who, so soon after, was Calvary’s victim!”

What little remains of the old body is then buried!

The next transformation is briefly stated; but the third is

full of marvels. It takes place at the bottom of the ocean, whence he emerges, once more young, after beholding innumerable wonderful sights, and learning all sorts of astonishing truths; and above all, saving a certain cedar box containing his autobiography and the correspondence of his friends!

All this, however, is nothing to the fourth transformation, which takes place in the fires of Vesuvius!

"Surely," says the Wanderer, "it was naught but *destiny* that, on a dark and fearful night, placed me at the verge of Vesuvius' awful crater! During the four previous days and nights I lay on my couch in the small castle situate at its base—then experiencing the tortures of a slow dissolution of that gross and outward body, which is the destined food of Azraël and his hideous attendants. My body had already become so thin and light as greatly to agitate me, and seemed as if now destined to be slowly purged by the latent and invisible fires of the Air around me! The atmosphere, at first natural and only slightly warm, had soon become so intensely charged with fiery particles, and so concentrated, that these aerial heats of my castle-chamber quickly boiled and dissipated into thin vapours all the moisture within me; and my blood—the life of the flesh—nay, the minutest secretions of my bones, became so hissing hot, that all were as anxious to burst from their myriad tiny channels, as are drops of water to rush off, when cast upon some intensely heated and polished surface! Nor were the horrid pains of my greatly minished body comparable with those of my highly agonised mind,—hideous pictures, that congealed my soul, were ever flitting before my mental eye;—visions devised by demons, and upon which none but they could gaze, were there! Sometimes, the ugliest of them would pause, and grin vexatiously before me,—others would flit by me with inconceivable rapidity, and with such gyrations as addled and crazed my inner brain! The heat that now environed my couch had become still more intense; the whole chamber seemed as a fiery oven—body and soul could no longer endure it; and, when in utter despair, both were instantly endued with preternatural strength,—so that, in this raging fever, I suddenly sprang from my couch, and quicker than the frightened tiger could have bounded there, I was upon the very brink of Vesuvius' boiling mouth!—whence, with maniacal fury, I instantly plunged into the depths of its sulphureous and raging fires! Oh, these were a thousand times keener than the concentrated heat of the air, so long endured by me in my chamber! My grosser body, whilst I had remained there upon my couch, had not yet been quite dissipated; and hence, until *that* should be wholly dissolved by the searching volcanic fires now around me, Cartaphilus was doomed to suffer more than even Beelzebul hath *now* to bodily endure!—for *matter* and *sin* are much allied—and this is the deepest of all the mysteries!

"In those intensely boiling fires, TIME was nearly lost to me: and yet was I not wholly unconscious of its passage, even whilst the

fiery billows were purging me of the foul humours that remained, —these gone, I then contemplated the scenes around me with but little pain of body, and with still less note of time, and of mental distress."

Forthwith the burning Wanderer begins to learn in the fires around him all sorts of chemical laws, mingled up in true transcendental style with various moral truths; on which Mr. Hoffman informs us, that "had Ingenhouse, Black, Priestley, and Lavoisier, together with the whole galaxy of the natural philosophers of the last half century, conversed with him, their toils might greatly have been diminished."

In the bowels of Vesuvius the Wanderer remained but one short hour, when he was shot up through the crater, and came softly down on the light and cooled ashes of the mountain cone, far out of the reach of lava and hot cinders; a youth again, but, alas! hideously ugly.

The fifth transformation is by petrification, the accompanying sensations of which process are described with a horrible cleverness. Here, however, we must part with him and his experiences, assuring our readers, that if they can get over the Jew's ludicrous Protestantism and his somewhat wordy style, they will glean from his 'memoirs' much that is entertaining and much that is worth learning.

SHORT NOTICES.

THE *Metropolitan and Provincial Catholic Almanac* (Dolman) contains a memoir of Dr. Lingard, by Mr. Tierney, which we should be glad to see republished in some form more likely to secure it a permanent place among the biographies of illustrious English Catholics. We have had so few men like Dr. Lingard, that we cannot afford to lose any records concerning them, especially when drawn up with the care which Mr. Tierney has bestowed on the very interesting sketch before us. At the same time we could wish that he had drawn his pen through the sentence in which he has a fling (to say the least, in very bad taste) against a distinguished controversialist, whose rank will not allow him to return such hits. Speaking of Dr. Lingard's able articles on the ancient Church of England and on the Reformation, Mr. Tierney tells us that "they did more, in their quiet, unpretending, unostentatious way, to crush the pretensions and dissipate the sophistry of the Oxford writers, than all the essays and all the lucubrations put together of other less retiring writers." Who this is meant for, it is impossible to misunderstand; for there was but one writer besides Dr. Lingard who took a prominent part in the controversy with the Oxford school. And those who hold with us, that the object of a controversialist ought to be to convince an opponent rather than to silence him, will regret that Mr. Tierney was not content with giving Dr. Lingard's articles the praise they well deserve, without adding an insinuation such as Dr. Lingard himself

would never have condescended to adopt. Nor do we think that Dr. Lingard in his maturest age would have thanked a biographer who would record *with approbation* his opinion that it was a *trifling* question as to whether a Catholic historian should say that "the mind of St. Thomas (of Canterbury) became gradually tinged with enthusiasm," meaning, not a noble, Christian enthusiasm, but something very like fanaticism. Dr. Lingard lived nearly thirty years after writing the somewhat petulant letter in which this passage occurs; and we cannot doubt that, whatever had been his final opinion as to the freedom with which the great actions of a canonised saint may be criticised, he would not so far have forgotten himself as to term the question a mere trifle, unworthy the attention of the Propaganda.

Of the general contents of the Almanac, so far as variety, utility, and general arrangement go, we can, with some qualification, speak very favourably. It is really, so far, nearly all that a Catholic Almanac ought to be. We only regret that the execution is not equal to the design. In a publication of this kind, *correctness* is every thing. One does not go to an Almanac for sparkling wit or spiritual consolation, just as one does not go to a volume of sonnets for Railway Time-Tables. This Almanac, however, blunders to an extent positively amusing, even on a cursory examination. What, then, must be the errors which a score of careful examiners would detect! Take, for instance, the list of bishops and clergy. We observe that one bishop, *in partibus*, is extinguished altogether; for while Dr. Morris appears among the general clergy, Dr. Hendren is nowhere to be found. In like manner we have to sympathise with the Jesuits on the loss of Fathers Laing Meason and Collins; with the Redemptorists, who have been deprived of Father Coffin; while Father Agnew, the Dominican, who has been at Rome for the last year and a half, is comfortably settled at Woodchester. The Oratorians are peculiarly favoured. Father Dalgairns is invested with the gift of bi-location, appearing in one page as resident at Sydenham, and in another at Birmingham under the name of Father Dalgaims. A similar miraculous power appears to be possessed by the Rev. Bernard Smith, who is made to exist both at Oscott and at Great Marlow; and by Father Maltus, of the order of St. Dominic, who resides at Woodchester as Father Maltus, and at Nuneaton as Father Maltas. Still more astonishing is the history of Father John Gordon, who at page 111 is alive at the Birmingham Oratory, and at page 247 appears to have died on the 13th of last February. The clergy, however, seem to have a right of some years' literary survival after their actual death; for Father Waterton, the Jesuit, who has been dead about two years, and Father Robert Johnson, of the same society, who has been dead about four years, both find places in this veracious record. Now and then some priest is favoured with an *alias*. "The Hon. and Rev. G. Spencer," of page 122, becomes the "Very Rev. Father Ignatius," at page 177.

Ecclesiastical titles are, of course, made ducks and drakes of. The Cistercians appear to have elected a layman for their prior, and to have called him *Father* Tatchell, for no such individual is to be found in the list of clergy; indeed, these same Cistercians must be in a sad state of anarchy, for Father Anderson, who is prior when page 103 is printed, is degraded to be sub-prior by the time the compositor has got to page 177. From the next page we should guess that the Benedictines have not yet settled the titles of the superioresses of their nuns, for they have two "lady abbesses," two "reverend mothers," and one convent without any superioress at all. Dr. Moore, now chaplain to the nuns at Hands-

worth, is stripped of his D.D., and turned into the "Rev. John Moore, Canon," half way down the very page in the fifth line of which he is termed the "Very Rev. J. Moore, D.D." His Holiness the Pope fares no better than his subjects; for he has to mourn the loss of three out of four of his *Camerieri segreti partecipanti*, Monsignor Talbot being the only one who survives. Seeing how his Holiness is served, Dr. Louis English will no doubt be reconciled to the discovery that the *Collegio Ecclesiastico*, over which he has been presiding for several months, is not yet "ready to receive its members," and that he himself is still vice-rector of the English college. As to mere spelling, where the compositor *could* go astray, he seems to have been left to his own fancies. Thus Mr. Wheble's residence in one page is said to be "Balmarshe Court," in another "Bullmarsh Court;" both spellings being wrong.

What the compiler has made of the "Catholic Peerage, Baronetage, and Knightage," we cannot say, not having had time to examine it. The first glance, however, shows us the name and description of one individual who is not a peer, not a baronet, and not a knight, viz. Mr. Thomas Wyse, formerly M.P. for Waterford, and now ambassador at Athens; and the name and title of another who is not a Catholic, viz. Lady Anna Maria Monsell.

Really all this is too bad. No doubt it is a difficult thing to insure perfect correctness in such a work; but if it cannot be attained, or very nearly attained, the work should not be published at all. In this case, moreover, the blundering is the less excusable, inasmuch as the publication comes out professedly to remedy the defects of the Old Directory; and at least one half of its blunders might have been corrected merely by a careful revisal of its own pages. We hope for better things next year, both as to correctness and plan. The latter, as we have said, is on the whole satisfactory, but it has its faults. For instance, after reading "The Stranger's Directory to New York," we turn the page and stumble upon "The Pope and the Sacred College;" after whom come "The Hierarchy of France." We are puzzled, too, to discover on what principle he can have selected the few *notabilia* which he has scattered through the twelve months of the year in the secular calendar. Interspersed with the ordinary announcements about the sun, the moon, the law terms, and so forth, we find in each month three or four odds and ends of historical chronology, about half the days in each month being left altogether blank. Here, in December, for instance, we are told that on the 10th, "grouse and black-cock shooting ends;" that on the 13th, the "Council of Trent opened, 1545;" and on the 29th, that "William Viscount Stafford was beheaded in 1680," seventeen days being left without any event at all, and the rest telling us about the rising and setting of the sun, and so forth. When *will* our Catholic publications cease to justify the reproach, that scarcely any thing ever appears from our hands which might not, with ordinary care, have been better done?

The old *Catholic Directory* (Jones, Richardson, Burns, &c.) appears much in its old shape, with one or two additions, doubtless caused by the appearance of its more pretentious rival, and which it announces in a crusty kind of "notice" from the Editor. It gives more scanty information; but what it gives certainly seems more correctly drawn up than that which is to be found in the pages of its competitor. Nevertheless, it has quite blunders enough, and to spare. Thus, Bishop Henden is still kept at Nottingham; Dr. Louis English is still Vice-Rector of the English College at Rome, the *Collegio Ecclesiastico* appearing non-existent. A rapid survey shows us also that a few Jesuit

and other priests are demolished with a coolness that would charm the Protestant heart; as, for instance, Father Johnson (of Bristol) and Father Collyns, both of the Society of Jesus; and Fathers R. Grey and Doherty, from among the Secular Clergy of Liverpool. By way of compensation, however, Father George O'Connell, S.J., who has been dead some nine or ten months, here still lives; and Charles Cooke, a theological student at St. Bruno's, has been prematurely ordained. The Pope too has vanished, though the College of Cardinals remains, recorded with a few charming specimens of spelling in their Christian names. We observe that here also, as in the Almanac, two or three priests have the gift of bi-location assigned to them: the Rev. James Egan resides both at Holy Cross, Liverpool, and at Sicklinghall in Yorkshire; the Rev. J. Flynn serves both the mission of St. Joseph's, Liverpool, and that of Blackbrook, near St. Helens! It is a pity that priests with such rare powers of activity should not be more numerous.

The gem of the whole, however, is what is called the "Memoir" of the late Lord Shrewsbury; a meagre collection of family facts, including the epitaph on Lord Shrewsbury's mother, and swelled out to the dimensions of twenty pages, only by an accumulation of panegyrics, conceived in a spirit of the most fulsome adulation. It would really seem as though, to the writer of this memoir, an earl's coronet were equivalent to the nimbus of glory with which painters surround the heads of saints. By way of climax, he has actually conferred a species of canonisation on the object of his worship, and tells us that he "bestows" on him the title of "the munificent *protector of Catholicity* in England for the last five and twenty years!" an expression which we regret to see adopted by the present Earl also in a private letter addressed to the biographer of his uncle. We will not do this young nobleman the injustice to suppose that it has been of his own accord that he has used this language: it must have been dictated to him by some indiscreet adviser. But however this may be, we confess that it is nothing less than humiliating to us to see a man, who, in becoming a Catholic priest has received a dignity higher than that of the highest of earthly princes, thus condescending to worship a coronet and an ample rent-roll, and so blinded by his admiration of these appurtenances, as to be unable to recognise a fault in the individual to whom they belong.

Lord Shrewsbury's career was peculiar, marked with great virtues and many good deeds, but also with very undeniable faults; so that a true memoir of him would be interesting and valuable, both in the way of example and warning. In many respects he set a worthy example to his fellow-Catholics of the noble and wealthier classes. His gifts for religious purposes may, without any abuse of language, be justly called munificent. If they were not always guided by the soundest judgment, they were undoubtedly unselfish in their intention, and that is no little praise. When the Protestant world scoffed, and even many of his Catholic acquaintances wondered and disapproved, he published his firm belief in the miraculous nature of the appearances in the *Estatica* and the *Addolorata*. He behaved like a Christian and a gentleman to O'Connell, after their wordy quarrel about repeal; and with no ungracious reserve he made the *amende honorable* to Dr. MacHale for the scandal he had caused by his attacks on that prelate. Were all the wealthy Catholics of England to practise one-tenth part of Lord Shrewsbury's self-denial for the benefit of their fellow-Christians, the want of money would soon become one of the least pressing of our present necessities. His merits were such, that we can only regret that his memory should have been disfigured with the servile adulation

against which we have thought it our duty to protest, and which could only serve to throw an air of ridicule over the history of any man, whether peer or commoner, priest or layman. In every page of the *Memoir*, as it stands at present, we have been irresistibly reminded of a certain Protestant epitaph which we once heard of, and the writer of which, after relating all the virtues, graces, and accomplishments of an amiable young lady lately deceased, concluded by saying, "She was the cousin of Lady J . . . , and of such is the kingdom of heaven."

A Chronicle of the Reign of Charles IX. By Prosper Mérimée. (Bentley.) The title of this little work was so taking, that we were entrapped into buying it. Instead of its being what its title indicated, or, as we had conjectured, an historical tale illustrative of the time and of the terrible event which has invested it with so painful an interest, it proved to be a romance of the modern infidel French school, as shocking to native modesty as to religious feeling, in which the writer seems to revel in descriptions of the horribly impious with a gusto as nauseous as it is depraved. Sparkling in style, abounding in adventure and stirring incident, and characterised by that *naïveté* which is peculiarly French, it possesses all the qualities calculated to interest and excite, and therefore the more calculated to injure. Nor can we deny that, as a "chronicle" of the time, it strikingly illustrates one side of the picture; our only regret is, that the talents which M. Mérimée undoubtedly possesses, and which, rightly applied, might have made him one of the most delightful of historic writers, should be prostituted to purposes so mischievous and vile. We are sorry to see that the taste for this order of literature is on the increase in England, and that the supply unhappily keeps pace with, and at the same time stimulates the demand. This, we will add, only the more strongly proves the necessity of providing our own people with good and wholesome food of a pleasing and attractive character. As the preface contains some interesting matter on a subject to which our attention happens to have been lately directed, we shall recur to the publication in our next Number.

Theological Essays, by the Rev. J. D. Maurice, Chaplain of Lincoln's Inn, and (late) Professor of Divinity in King's College, London. (Cambridge, Macmillan and Co.) This book is doubtless of a high order of literary merit, being full of thought and well expressed, though, both in thought and expression, it sometimes exhibits too great an imitation of the school of Carlyle and Emerson. Its effect in the Church of England has been important; for by its means another doctrine, that of the eternal duration of the punishment of the damned, may be considered to have been shelved as an open question. The whole controversy is instructive to the Catholic, as furnishing a new illustration of the old observation, that below the lowest deep to which any given Protestant sect has yet sunk, there is still a lower to which it is tending. Mr. Maurice and his party here abandon the old foundations of Protestant orthodoxy; and if they have kept the fabric tolerably together, it is because by main force they have carried it from its foundations, and for the present hold it suspended in mid-air over the abyss. While, on the other hand, Dr. Jelf and his party do not dream of objecting to Mr. Maurice's treatment of the foundation and evidence of religion, but simply fix their fangs in what is only a necessary consequence of the principles which he adopts, compared to which, his doctrine on eternal death may be called orthodoxy itself.

The *primâ facie* intention of the author is to prove the orthodox faith (which, as we have said, he at present holds in tolerable fulness for a

Protestant) against Unitarians. But, in his method of proof, he gives up all external evidence of its truth, and relies simply on personal and subjective grounds, proceeding directly from the consciousness and conscience of the subject affirming to the reality of the object affirmed. Not that he quite admits the liberal principle, that what any man believes is truth to him; in his search for originality he has hit upon a *via media* even here: "Truth," he says (p. 312), "I hold not to be that which each man troweth, but to be that which lies at the bottom of all men's throwings, that in which those throwings have their only meeting-point." If all men's "throwings" are collectively true at the bottom, we don't quite see how individually they can be false; so we doubt the validity of Mr. Maurice's distinction. Still we see what he means; it is the true Anglican *via media* theory, by which Hooker arrives at what he considers a true definition of the Eucharist, by striking an average of the Catholic, Lutheran, and Zuinglian doctrines, each of which he holds to be false; and by which, before now, Dr. Jelf has tried to prove the truth of Anglicanism, because it lies in the mean between Popery on the one hand, and Dissent on the other; hence, perhaps, his tenderness towards this fundamental principle of our author. Mr. Maurice, however, does not look for truth in systems, but in human nature; what is implied in the traditions, in the thoughts, acts, words, and fellowship of men, is the truth; it is to be sought within us, not without us. In his system "the ordinary methods of controversy are entirely out of place; to argue and debate as if it turned on points of verbal criticism, &c., must have the effect of making us doubt inwardly whether the truth signifies any thing to us" (p. 78). The authority of the Church is just as shifting a ground as verbal criticism; in fact, *all* external evidence is worse than useless; for to bring truth to a man from without, is to tell him that it has no place within him. But yet our author does not accept *all* deductions from the consciousness as revealed truths; they must be approved by the conscience, which is the great test of revelation; priestcraft has systematised them without reference to this test, and has only founded religions tending to sacerdotal aggrandisement; but a theology which should explain all the consciousnesses, and at the same time clear and satisfy the individual conscience, is, for that very reason, revealed by God; for He speaks not by an external voice, but by the internal convictions of mankind. Thus, the resurrection of our Lord is to be believed because the message "*must* have been sent from a Father in heaven, *because* no one else knew how much they wanted it. . . . The testimony will be weighty, *because* the thing testified of is that which all men every where are wanting" (pp. 163, 164). That doctrines are anticipated is the chief proof of their being revealed; opposition to these anticipations would be decisive against the claims of a pretended revelation (p. 236). His own reasons for accepting the Bible are purely subjective; he receives it from "the traditions of his country" as a book said to be inspired; but he only comes to believe its inspiration from experience of what it teaches him. After using the Bible, he accepts it as a revelation "not on the authority of any Samaritan woman or Church doctor, but because he has heard Christ for himself, speaking to him out of this book, and speaking to him in his heart, and knows indeed that he is that Saviour who should come into the world" (p. 339). Certainly this position, as it rests on no rational grounds, is unassailable by argument; but then it is as good for the Brahmin in defence of his Vedas, and for the Mahometan for his Koran, as for the Christian and the Bible, for each man must judge for himself what is desirable for man. It places Mr. Maurice out of the

reach of Mr. Francis Newman, but it carries him within the range of Feuerbach's batteries. Because, granting the necessity of the system for the human mind, the need no more proves that God made this system, than the need of the human body for clothing in a cold climate proves that God revealed to the tailors and milliners the fashions for the year. "I believe because man must wish it to be true," is ground for personal confidence, no ground for assertion of truth. But this ground being once generalised into the evidence of Christianity, it is quite clear that the dogma of hell can no longer stand. Man may well hope and desire that the three persons of the Godhead, the incarnation of the Son, and His redemption of mankind, may be facts; but he would be a brute to desire that hell may be the eternal portion of those who injure him. Dr. Jelf and his party should not attack this negation of Mr. Maurice, but the principles that conduct him to it.

Though a system, however, has no foundations, but is launched out into space like a planet, suspended on nothing, yet it may be complete and circular in itself. This we do not find to be the case with Mr. Maurice's theory. He seems to us to defend Christianity by reducing it to a universal nonentity. In the essays on justification and regeneration (pp. 9-10) he brings out the theory, that by the life and death of our Lord the whole human race, and every individual of it, is, and has been already, justified and regenerated. Why not also give a retrospective effect to our Lord's merits? Why should the Pagan of B.C. 5 be worse off than the Pagan of A.D. 40? We must therefore suppose that all men who were ever born, were, by the decree of God to redeem man by the incarnation of his Son, at their birth justified and regenerate. Again, the gift of the Spirit is not connected with any society or church, but belongs to the whole human race (p. 376). What then, we may well ask, is the distinctive characteristic of the Church of which we hear so much in Scripture?

From this Universalism (to our minds nearly as absurd as that of Theodore Parker, which our author repudiates) it follows again, that no man can be destined to suffer in hell for all eternity. If the divine in man is strong enough to survive all the superstitions and abominations of the Pagan world, what can deserve an eternal punishment? Hence he affirms that eternal death is simply the contrary of eternal life, which is the knowledge of God; and that eternity has nothing to do with duration—ignorance of God is, for the time being, eternal death. We suppose that he would also deny or explain away the doctrine of original sin, which seems quite inconsistent with his system. As may be supposed from his assumption of the innate divinity of human nature, he denounces as immoral all actions done from unmanly motives, such as fear of punishment; he seems to think it would be better to remain an infidel than to "believe in a God because, if there should happen to be one, He might send us to hell for denying His existence" (p. 236). This is the purpose which he (rightly or wrongly) attributes to Dr. Newman's *Romanism and Popular Protestantism*. It is a pity that he was not acquainted with the Catholic doctrine of the universal distribution of "sufficient grace;" this might have saved him from his own universalisms. But he every where shows great ignorance of our doctrines; he says that we hold Manichean views on "fatherhood and the conjugal state;" and he attributes to us the Lutheran absurdity of explaining regeneration to mean "the substitution in certain persons, at some given moment, of a *nature* specially bestowed upon them, for the one which belongs to them as ordinary human beings" (p. 223). If the historian of ancient and modern philosophies had taken ordinary pains

to make himself acquainted with the commonest Catholic philosophy, he would not have imputed to the Church this ridiculous dogma, invented by Luther, but repudiated from the very first by us. If he would read Möhler's *Symbolik*, he would see how the whole anthropology of Protestantism involves the affirmation, while that of Catholicity involves the negation of this position.

The Young Christian's Library (Dublin, J. Duffy) is in its design a most spirited and praiseworthy undertaking: and we wish we could speak with equal commendation of the manner in which it is being executed. We have read the first five numbers; and have found the form, the type, the paper and the press-work, every thing which, for the price, we could expect or desire; but it is the *matter* in which we have been disappointed. The lives have not been carefully written with a view to the particular class for whose benefit they are intended; some of them are manifestly translations, and not elegant translations; and all delight in the use of difficult and Latin words, instead of the pure and homely Saxon which the poor can best understand. Thus, if a saint is buried, he is here "inhumed;" if he raises a dead man to life, he "resuscitates" him; Jerusalem is the "Deicide city;" a crusade "eventuates" badly; the Church of the early ages is the "nascent Church," &c. &c. Moreover, some of the lives are far from having been happily selected, and others are told in a meagre, uninteresting way; we can scarcely imagine the life of a saint, for instance, *less* interesting to the humbler classes than that of Pope Gelasius in No. III. of the series. The publication of a library of this kind is a move in the right direction, and we wish it well with all our hearts; but we trust the editor, or editors, will seek to improve these obvious faults, or it certainly will not succeed commercially, nor be any real boon to those for whose benefit the spirited publisher intends it.

Victoria, late Australia Felix; an historical and descriptive Account of the Colony and its Gold-mines, by William Westgarth, late Member of the Legislative Council of Victoria (London, Simpkin and Marshal.) Among the countless books of description and personal adventure relating to Australia that have a mere ephemeral interest, this work stands forth quite as a classic. It is not wanting in lively and graphic description of places and persons; but its great value consists in the authentic account which it gives of the history, statistics, society, pursuits, and politics of the colony. It is *the* book for those who wish to understand the advantages and disadvantages of Australian life.

A Lady's Visit to the Gold-diggings of Australia (Mrs. C. Clacy), on the contrary, is merely an amusing book of personal adventure, with well-told sketches of life at the diggings.

Mount Lebanon; a Ten Years' Residence, from 1842 to 1852, by Colonel Churchill, 3 vols. (Saunders and Otley). It would have been difficult, for so long a resident, not to tell a great many things worth knowing of this interesting tract of country; and it would also be difficult to arrange what had to be told in a more slipshod, diffuse, and disorderly manner than the gallant author has done in these volumes. Half the second volume is taken up with ill-arranged extracts from Druse religious writings; but there is no philosophical appreciation of their system. Ancient history, modern anecdotes, statistics, and descriptions, are jumbled together in the most extraordinary manner.

Old England and New England, in a Series of Views taken on the Spot, by Alfred Bunn, 2 vols. (Bentley.) The poet Bunn has made a better book than his admirers gave him credit for. There is plenty of

his well-known vanity, and a great quantity of nonsensical reflections; but he has jotted down all that he noticed, and has given us a jumble of amusing, if not very useful statistics on all possible subjects. His personal animosities come out racily in his account of English actors who have visited America. He reviles Macready, recounts how he quarrelled with Mrs. Butler, and how Jenny Lind "bilked" him. He abuses Mrs. Stowe and her movement; recounts the effects of spirit-rapping in the increase of lunacy and suicide; and finds out that the Irish peasantry would never emigrate of their own accord, if it were not for the advice of "their tampering monks." The volumes are certainly amusing.

The Devotion to the Heart of Jesus, &c., by J. B. Dalgairns, Priest of the Oratory (Richardson and Son), is one of the most valuable and welcome contributions to Catholic literature which has appeared in our language for a very long time. It is a highly scientific treatise on the rise and progress, the nature, basis, and true object of devotion to the Sacred Human Heart of Jesus; and while it treats this great subject in a way which must singularly gratify the professional theologian, and afford valuable instruction to the student, its whole tone and style are eminently popular. We recognise in every page the same glowing earnestness, the same inimitable pathos, which only a few years ago distinguished two or three of the favourite volumes in the Oxford series of the *Lives of the Saints*, the work, we believe, of the same accomplished author. With remarkable modesty, however, art of the highest kind is made wholly subservient to his noble theme; his language is copious and elevated, because the subject furnishes ideas which can be expressed only in such language, and by one who is thoroughly master of it. There is an evenness and strength in the style, a fulness of expression and illustration in the successive divisions of the subject, which are very charming, when united (as they here are) to a deep and comprehensive acquaintance with the labours of the great Catholic theologians in the same field. Mr. Dalgairns has, in fact, furnished us with the only good compendium, in the English language, or, as far as we know, in any other, of what doctors like Cardinal De Lugo, and others, have thought or written on the Humanity of Jesus, and its relation to the Eternal Word.

He introduces the subject, with great propriety, by giving us a clever sketch of the history and spirit of Jansenism, the great theological antagonist to the worship of Jesus' Human Heart. Severe, unscrupulous, obstinate, and malignant, to a degree that is quite surprising in persons who professed to aim at higher attainments in spirituality than their opponents, the Arnauld family, and its circle of unprincipled abettors in their miserable contest, have earned an unqualified and well-merited condemnation from every sound religious mind in full possession of the facts of the case; which, however, few English readers have hitherto been. The author then advances to the consideration of the Sacred Heart of the Incarnate God, under an objective and a subjective aspect, as it is worthily honoured with our highest degree of worship, and as it is susceptible of emotions of love and ineffable compassion. In our opinion, there is no part of this beautiful book more beautiful than the whole chapter on the *Love of the Heart of Jesus for Sinners*; it is running over with tenderest unction, enough to dissolve the hardest heart in tears of penitence and reconciliation. Those generous souls, too, who are trying to do something more for Jesus than keep from mortal sin, are not forgotten. They have a delightful chapter all to themselves, which must send them on their happy way rejoicing. In

the diffusion of systematic knowledge, regarding this latest and most clear manifestation of the Incarnate God and Redeemer, and in the spread of devotion to it, we read the brightest signs of the future, for Catholicity in England. Better than all else that is good and promising, because it includes whatever else is so;—devotion to the Sacred Human Heart of Jesus we believe to be endowed with an especial benediction for these days of ours; and the appearance of a work like this, which cannot fail to give it an impulse at once enthusiastic and lasting, may well be regarded as a benefaction to every British Catholic, and to the whole Church.

Religious Journey in the East, by the Abbé de St. Michon (Bentley), is the first part of a work on the religious aspect of things in the East, by the kind-hearted abbé who accompanied De Saulcy on the journey, some of the results of which we noticed in our December number. The work, in English, is published as if it were complete, and we are left to imagine the reasons for which the second part is withheld; perhaps it was not acceptable to the English Protestant editor, though certainly in the part before us we do not see much to offend him. The good abbé laments the decline of Catholicity, and the blindness of Rome in dealing with Oriental matters; names Pascal as one of the great lights of the Christianity of the West, and propounds with much confidence his crotchet of an œcumenical council, to which the Oriental schismatic shall be invited on equal terms, being the panacea for the ills of the Church. His notes on Eastern monasticism and the monks, as the true enemies of Catholic union, are curious and interesting; but the volume does not contain much on the religious question. He talks about scenery and architecture a good deal, but chiefly about his own feelings and his “priest’s heart,” in a namby-pamby way, copied from Chateaubriand. He is not deficient in the ability to write, and makes some observations which cannot fail to interest, especially at the present juncture of public affairs. The following is his testimony concerning the Turks. “As an upright and peaceful race they deserve our interest. We see that they try to do right. They are not wanting in good intentions, but in activity and energy. The look of the Turk is mild, and his lips soon fall into a smile. He is silent, like a man of no ambition, no care about the future. He is a lover of justice, and an observer of hospitality, like all Mussulmans. His trustworthiness is remarkable. In the great cities of the East all the porters are Turks . . . they have never been known to betray confidence . . . They are the most peaceable of men. The Turkish soldier walks quietly in the streets, as uncomfortable in his uniform as one of our recruits dressed for duty; you never hear from the men any cry or quarrelling: they never offer you an offensive word, or a malevolent look. I compared them in the streets of Jerusalem to good seminarists, observing the rules of clerical modesty.”

The Russian Shores of the Black Sea in the Autumn of 1852, by Lawrence Oliphant (Blackwood). A brilliant book of travels, the most interesting part of which is his account of the descent of the Volga, and of the Crimea. The author seems to have coloured his descriptions a little for the purpose of assisting the present anti-Russian excitement; and he rather spoils his testimony by the confession of his utter ignorance of the Russian language; but his revelations are startling, and if not true, well invented. We must, however, do him the justice to say, that we have submitted some of the strongest of his statements to a native Russian, who owns their justice. His account of Russian veracity is not flatter-

ing, and shows that the Czar has in his dominions an inexhaustible store of diplomats. "Nothing," he says (p. 61), "bears looking into in Russia, from a metropolis to a police-office; in either case a slight acquaintance is sufficient, and first impressions should never be dispelled by a too minute inspection. No statement should be questioned, however preposterous, where the credit of the country is involved; and no assertion relied upon, even though it be a gratuitous piece of information, such as that there is a diligence to the next town, or an inn in the next street. There is a singular difficulty in getting at the truth, probably originating with subordinate officials, whose duty it seems to be to deceive you, and whose support is derived from bribes which you give them for their information. Whatever may be the cause, the effect certainly is that a most mysterious secrecy pervades every thing; and an anxious desire is always visible to produce an impression totally at variance with the real state of the case." The priesthood is profligate and lazy,—refusing to educate, taking no steps to convert the heathen, and preventing any other religious body from doing so. Society attends to hollow conventionalities, without respect to the principles of honour and morality (p. 112). Serfdom is as destructive of marriage-chastity as slavery in America. "Our captain had taken his wife on a lease of five years, at a rent of 50 rubles, with the privilege of renewal at the expiration of the term" (p. 97). The Cossacks are overrated as soldiers, disaffected to Russia, cowardly in attack, barbarous and cruel in harassing a retreating enemy. The fleet of the Black Sea is rotten, its materials being green pine timber and not seasoned oak, though government pays the rascally contractors for the latter. The seamen work on shore, and are sea-sick in a storm. Altogether, if we are to believe the testimony and opinions of Mr. Oliphant, the Russian power, as it at present exists, is a bug-bear; but if allowed to get Constantinople, she will hold in her hands the liberty of Europe.

A Help to Devotion, or a Collection of Novenas in honour of God and of His blessed Saints, by the very Rev. Father J. B. Paganì (Richardson and Son). The title of this book sufficiently explains itself, and the author's name is an abundant recommendation. We need only say that the work is divided into three parts; the first consisting of novenas to be used before holidays commemorating all the principal events in the life of our Lord; the second containing a number of novenas in honour of our Blessed Lady; and the third devoted to all the principal Saints in the calendar.

Little Plays for Little People. Beauty and the Beast, by Miss Corner (London, Dean and Son). Little dramas fit for representation by children have long seemed to us quite a desideratum in our literature; and we have especially wished to see some of our current nursery tales dramatised for this purpose. It is now ten years since we witnessed a very successful performance, by a party of little girls, of that prettiest of our fairy tales, Cinderella, turned into a play in blank verse of three acts, which we hope some day to see published. The little piece before us is intended apparently for very young children, and for them is every thing that can be desired: but we think that boys and girls entering upon their teens would feel the dialogue rather too meagre, and the whole turn of the piece, as well as the run of the verse, somewhat unpoetical, considering what a store of poetry really lies hid in these fairy tales. For nursery representation, however, the piece is quite perfect, and we strongly recommend it as a treat for the Christmas holidays.

If any of our readers are in doubt how to spend half-a-crown in a

New Year's gift for some young friends or relatives to whom it is forbidden to give any thing Catholic, we can safely recommend them *Cat and Dog*; or, *Memoirs of Puss and the Captain* (London, Grant and Griffith). It is a story founded on fact, very amusing, perfectly innocent, well illustrated, and sure to be popular with children.

Older children will find great entertainment in a clever collection of fairy tales by Mrs. Bray, entitled *A Peep at the Pixies; or, Legends of the West* (Grant and Griffith). This charming little volume is written in a graceful style; and the scene of most of the stories being laid in the middle ages, there is a romantic, legendary character about it very attractive.

Ocean and her Rulers, by Alfred Elwes (Grant and Griffith), is a carefully digested narrative of the several nations who have successively held dominion over the sea; but, unfortunately, it is most needlessly disfigured by divers "hits at Popery," the author being apparently a genuine disciple of the great Protestant tradition.

Oakfield, or Fellowship in the East (Longmans), is rather an able but absurdly didactic novel, by a clever but somewhat inexperienced Arnoldite, who commences as if he had *Loss and Gain* in view, and was about to show how Oxford was as disgusting to a man of the modern Universalist school as to a Catholic. The moral inculcated is the weakness of all "orthodoxies and creeds to satisfy the interior man;" the sublimity of the mission "to sow truth broadcast," without having any fixed opinions on truth; and the absurdity of trying to civilise India by Christianity, before we have made good roads and cisterns, and fostered a love of poetry and philosophy. We call the author an inexperienced Arnoldite, because he still believes the miracles of the Old Testament. We rather like him nevertheless, because he seems in earnest, and, for all that appears in this book to the contrary, in utter ignorance of the existence, claims, and doctrines of the Catholic Church.

Dramas of Calderon, tragic, comic, and legendary. Translated by Denis Florence M'Carthy, Esq. (2 vols. London, Dolman.) We will not at present do more than call our readers' attention to this valuable addition to our literature. We can assure all lovers of true poetry, that they will derive great pleasure from a study of these volumes.

Narrative of Travels on the Amazon and Rio Negro, by A. R. Wallace. (London, Reeve and Co.) This is one of the best books of travels we ever read. There is a simplicity about the narrative which captivates our belief. The author's personal adventures are told shortly, and without any exaggeration of manner; and he has made some important contributions to our knowledge of the geography, botany, zoology, and ethnography of central South America. His sketches of the natural history and society of Brazil are life-like and animated; the picture that he gives us of the corruption and debauchery of the Brazilian traders is horrible; but the shadows are compensated by the simplicity and hearty piety of the Negro slaves and of the converted Indians, of whose manners the author gives very pleasing sketches. He is as little prejudiced against Popery as a man can be who appears totally indifferent to all religions. As a book of simple information and amusement, we heartily recommend it to our readers. It is, however, a pity that a book of so high a class should be illustrated with such worthless engravings.

Memoirs of an ex-Capuchin, by Girolamo Volpe (Anglicé, Jerome

Fox), a Converted Priest. These memoirs are neither true nor well-invented. If they were true, there is nothing particularly scandalous in them; but internal evidence shows that they have been "freely made up" for the Exeter-Hall market. They tell us of one Crespi, an ingenuous youth of fourteen, whose only defect was an innocent game of billiards after Mass on a Sunday, who made his confession to a Capuchin, and was told to spend his Easter in perdition, for that he was lost for ever. Crespi, brought up in the Catholic dogma that the imprecation of a priest is irrevocably confirmed in heaven, pined in silence at his sad prospect, but at last suffered his secret to be wormed out of him by his anxious mamma, who procured him another interview with the friar. His reverence, however, only repeated his sentence; but offered one chance of escape, if Crespi would become a Capuchin. The mother was heart-broken, the boy resigned. The noviciate was passed; and its trials are ludicrously misinterpreted in the narrative. The professed friar finds that even in the convent there are passions and sins; his pure heart revolts; and at last, receiving a rebuff from his superior and from the Cardinal of Lyons (whither he had been transferred), he publishes his grievances in an infidel journal, and apostatises. Our readers will easily see that this story is hardly racy enough to satisfy those who require such strong excitement as Maria Monk furnishes. Our Fox twaddles too much; he should have put a dash of the firebrand into his tale, if he counted on damaging the harvest of the Church; in divesting himself of his native russet, and clothing himself in pure white, he has drawn very near to the complexion of a goose. Whether the conversion is unfeigned, and he has really put off the old fox, and put on the new goose, or whether he still goes with a fox's heart and hide beneath his assumed plumage, of course we cannot say. We can only assure him that his cackle is very like that of the bird of the Capitol. If, however, he is only shamming, we can easily see through his motive. We have heard of a wolf who, by assuming sheep's clothing, assured himself of a daily dinner of mutton from the fold; a fox in goose-feathers might have similar pickings from Exeter Hall, as Ciocci seems to have discovered. On the whole, we are willing to leave it an open question whether our Volpe is a fox pure, or a goose pure, or the wonderful compound animal known to the classical student as a *χηνάλοπῆξ*, or goose-fox.

Luther: a succinct View of his Life and Writings, by Dr. J. Döllinger (Richardson and Son), is another addition to our already too numerous catalogue of bad translations; not so bad, indeed, as that of which we spoke at length in our last Number, yet still decidedly bad. Each separate word (with some striking exceptions, however,) may have been correctly rendered into its equivalent English word; but no attempt has been made to put into a really English dress the endlessly involved sentences of the original German. The consequence is, that many parts of it are almost unintelligible, and nearly all very unpleasant to read. The difficulty of reading it is also increased tenfold by the extreme carelessness of the punctuation. The work of art which forms the frontispiece of this little book is worthy of the pages which follow it. A coarse, maudlin-faced, knock-kneed figure (*not* in the pseudo-medieval style) brandishes a pair of keys, and looks very much as if she were dolefully giving them up to the custody of Luther. Altogether, we apprehend that the whole production will by no means tend to alter the unfavourable opinion once expressed to us by Dr. Döllinger himself, on the want of sense too frequently betrayed by translators.

FOREIGN LITERATURE.

The Abbé Rohrbacher, already favourably known as the author of a valuable History of the Church, is now engaged on an equally important and scarcely less laborious work, *Vies des Saints pour tous les jours de l'Année* (Gaume Frères, Paris). At present, the only hagiography in the hands of French Catholics is that of our own Alban Butler; or, as a Frenchman would probably tell us, of Godescard, who translated and made some additions to Alban Butler's work. No doubt this was a very great improvement on what they had before, Tillemont and Baillet; at the same time it was only natural that the present generation of Catholics should feel the need of something better still, and we think M. Rohrbacher is precisely the man who can best supply the need. Indeed, we suspect he will give more general satisfaction in this work than in the former. For whereas students are often disappointed at the somewhat superficial manner in which delicate and difficult questions are handled in his Church History, there is no room for a similar complaint in the work before us. A free, lively, interesting style of writing, and an accurate narration of facts, is all that one has a right to expect in hagiology, intended for the devout reading of the faithful. We do not want learned disquisitions and subtle criticisms, but graphic descriptions and a truly Catholic spirit; and these M. Rohrbacher undoubtedly gives. We have been very much pleased with the few lives we selected to read by way of specimen; and it would not surprise us if his work were one day to find an English translator, and so the Church in France do for us what the Church in England has done for the Catholics of France during the last quarter of a century and more. Certainly, if we *are* to live upon translations and not upon literature of native growth, we know no book we would more earnestly recommend to the editors of Duffy's "Young Christian's Library," and other similar publications. It is thoroughly Catholic, written in a popular way, and is altogether in the highest degree graphic and interesting. We will only add, that the work will be completed in six large 8vo volumes, at the very moderate price of five francs a volume, and that three of these have already appeared.

Etymologisches Wörterbuch der Romanischen Sprachen, von F. Diez. Bonn, 1853. (Etymological Dictionary of the Romanic Languages.) All Catholics who have thought at all upon Catholic education must, we suppose, admit that the study of modern languages is far more important to Catholics than it is to Protestants. This being so, all books which tend to facilitate the study of those languages to a Latin scholar, and to save him from a cumbrous load of self-evident observations in that study, are useful. The grammar of most modern languages is plain and straightforward enough to a man who has a decent acquaintance with Greek and Latin. But the words often puzzle such a man; because, as their connection with known Latin roots does not strike him, they go in at one ear and out at the other. Now, Diez's new dictionary enables a person acquainted with German to trace all Italian, French, Provence, Spanish, and Portuguese words to Latin or other roots. One of the great uses of the study of languages as a mental discipline, is the facility it gives of tracing analogies; and the modern languages, from want of books helping to such a use of them, had become scarcely any mental discipline at all. This book,

then, appears to us a vast help towards making them so, to say nothing of its purely practical uses. It will not dispense with a knowledge of Latin; but it makes that knowledge a means both of gaining mental discipline and of facilitating a practical acquaintance with those languages derived principally from it. Its arrangement is good; its indexes clear and useable; and the individual articles, for the first book of the kind, admirable. We wish Diez may find a good English translator.

Histoire générale des Persécutions de l'Eglise, par P. Belonino (Perrisse Frères, Lyon et Paris). Some idea may be formed of the probable extent of this work, when we mention that the fifth volume, which has just been published, only brings down the history to the middle of the fifth century (439 A.D.). The learned author does not satisfy himself by giving a mere skeleton history, an industrious but barren collection of facts and dates; he endeavours, as far as possible, to throw himself into the spirit of the times of which he writes, and embodies the remarks of the saints and doctors or Catholic historians, who have in different ages handled these matters. Rejecting the miserable criticism which would dress up St. Ignatius of Antioch in the garb of Herodotus, or Tertullian in the idiom of Cicero, he gives, wherever it seems necessary or desirable, the very words of the original writers; and his painstaking accuracy may be relied on. The spirit in which the work is undertaken may be summed up in the author's own words: "L'Eglise Romaine avant tout, par-dessus tout, voilà notre symbole en fait d'autorité. Cela nous empêcherait-il de déplorer ce que les malheurs des temps, et certaines nécessités arrachent à cette puissance plénière qu'elle a reçue d'en haut sur toutes les questions religieuses? Evidemment non. Les concessions (en ce qui ne touche pas au dogme) que fait sa charité pour éviter de plus grands maux, sont respectables à cause de la source sainte d'où elles émanent, mais elles sont déplorables en elles-mêmes." We are happy to see that the history is to embrace the persecutions which the Church has endured in England, Ireland, and Poland—a wide and plentiful field. We may add, that the work has received the sanction of several of the French bishops; and, in particular, the very warm approbation of Monsignor Parisi, Bishop of Arras.

MM. Segnier and Bray, in Paris, have recently published a *Notice biographique sur le R. P. Newman*, par Jules Gondon;—a sketch which cannot fail to be interesting to every English Catholic; indeed, we may say, to every Catholic every where. But English Catholics in particular owe M. Gondon a deep debt of gratitude for his zeal and judgment in the matter of the subscription for Father Newman's expenses in the Achilli trial. Few are aware that he originated and organised the subscription in France while lying on the bed of sickness, and suffering acutely from a painful and tedious illness.

The *Conferences* delivered in the Church of the Gesù at Rome, by Father Passaglia, of the Society of Jesus, have been translated into French by a priest, who only gives the initials of his name, and are published by Gaume et Frères. Mr. Allies' recent admirable work on the primacy of St. Peter has familiarised the English public with the name of this great theologian, and will excite their interest in any production of his pen. We can promise them that they will not be disappointed in these *Conferences*, which, unlike those of Fathers Newman and Lacordaire, are more especially addressed to the faithful than to those who are as yet without the fold.

The same publishers have given us during the past year two inte-

resting volumes by M^{me}. E. Benoit, entitled *Victorin de Feltro, ou de l'Education en Italie à l'époque de la Renaissance*. The sources of this life have been drawn from Carlo de Rosmini, from the "Précis historique de la Maison de Gonzague," and from Tiraboschi. The author's object—to transcribe nearly her own words—has not been to write a learned work on Italy, but to construct a book which might be placed with advantage and without fear in the hands of Christian youth, and which, useful to children, might not be altogether useless to their parents. A considerable portion of the volumes has a special interest from the details which it gives concerning Victorin's relations with the family of Gonzaga; a family which has given to the sacred calendar one of its brightest youthful ornaments.

A small and unpretending volume, styled *Correspondance entre un Prêtre Catholique et un Ministre Calviniste, ou la Principe fundamental de la Réforme vingt fois démontré insoutenable et faux*, published at Clement Ferrand, and sold for the benefit of the poor, is likely to attract considerable attention. The *Univers* has already devoted several columns to a review of it, and promises to continue in future numbers the further consideration of its subject and contents. Two Fathers of the Company of Jesus, whose names we learn are Burget and Gautrilet, had been preaching the jubilee at Florac, a little town of Cevennes. After having done all in their power for the Catholic population, their charity impelled them to make some efforts for the benefit of their Protestant brethren. For this purpose they addressed a letter to some of the most influential Protestants in the town, not with the view of raising a violent polemical discussion, but of paving the way for interviews and personal communications, and while speaking the truth in love, of endeavouring to overthrow errors and dispel prejudices. M. Albaric, the most distinguished Protestant minister in that district, undertook the cause of his brother sectaries; and the result was a voluminous correspondence between him and M. Gautrilet, special circumstances having deprived that Father of the assistance of his colleague in the mission. The correspondence, therefore, is not fictitious, but a real fact; the letters are printed as they were written, and as they were read by the townspeople at the time, as any one may satisfy himself by comparing the printed letters with the originals. The volume, which consists of above 400 pages, is approved by the Bishop of Puy.

The Rambler.

PART II.

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To Correspondents.

Correspondents who require answers in private are requested to send their complete address, a precaution not always observed.

We cannot undertake to return rejected communications.

Mr. SMITH's letter referring to our remarks on the *Catholic Directory* was received too late for insertion in the present Number. It shall appear in our next.

All communications must be *postpaid*. Communications respecting *Advertisements* must be addressed to the publishers, Messrs. BURNS and LAMBERT; but communications intended for the Editor himself should be addressed to the care of Mr. READER, 9 Park Street, Bristol.

THE RAMBLER.

A Catholic Journal and Review.

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PART II.

RELIGIOUS TOLERATION A QUESTION OF FIRST PRINCIPLES.

THE antiquity, the universality, the very reality of the Church Catholic, and her perfect correspondence in every respect with her paramount claims on mankind and her divine mission in the world, are a positive disadvantage to her when she is accosted by men of narrow and indiscriminating views, even when possessed of ordinary candour; while, in the hands of prejudiced and unprincipled persons, the very attributes which are the clearest notes of her supernatural character are capable of being dexterously turned to her discredit and apparent confusion, when the object is to exasperate the minds of the multitude against her.

The Church has had many outward lives, and has been placed amid circumstances of the most varied kind. She has dwelt among people of every clime, and been associated with systems, and institutions, and manners, the very memory of which has passed away from the popular mind; or which linger on in isolated places, or in forms so different to that which they originally bore, as to retain no resemblance to the antiquated past. How easy, then, but how unfair, to transport the uneducated and the uninformed to scenes and times so unlike their own, and, amidst the shock which their senses receive from so much that is strange and uncongenial to them, exhibit suddenly before their bewildered gaze a whole order of facts, which lie beyond the range not only of their experience, but of their very ideas, and leave the beholders to interpret them by modern notions, principles, and habits! Even in indifferent matters, and with the best advantages, it is most difficult to throw oneself into the minds of those who lived in times distant from our own, and avoid viewing and judging of the past through the medium of the present. What, then, must be

the disadvantages of those who, like the generality of people, have no data whereon to form a judgment,—no rules whereby to measure what they hear but such as their every-day life supplies; and that, too, on subjects on which, owing to the pains that have been taken to distort and misrepresent the circumstances of the case, their minds are not free to receive a true impression? It is plain they are completely at the mercy of any unscrupulous person who, with a parade of learning and candour, should profess to tell them what happened in the days before they were born, or in countries they have never seen. And of all the people in the world, an Englishman is the most easily duped in this way. As Father Newman has so graphically described him, "He lives in the present in contrast to the absent and the past." "Surrounded by the sea, he is occupied with himself; his attention is concentrated in himself, and he looks abroad with reference to himself." . . . "We look on what is immediately before us. We are eminently practical; we care little for the past. We resign ourselves to existing circumstances; we live in the present. . . . In truth, philosophy and history do not come natural to Protestantism; it cannot bear either. It does not reason out any point; it does not survey steadily any course of facts. It dips into reason, it dips into history; but it breathes freer when it emerges again."

Now there is a way of telling lies without diverging a hair'sbreadth from the literal truth. Short of asserting what is absolutely false, it is easy so to state what is true in fact as to make it positively false in effect. Our adversaries are perfect adepts in this art, and know well how to avail themselves of the national prejudices against us to render its exercise eminently successful. They take a set of facts, strip them of their circumstances, tear them up root and fibre from the soil that gave them birth, preserving their dimensions, but destroying their proportions and severing their relations; and thus, in their stark nakedness, hold them up before the eyes of the people as a proof demonstrative of what Popery was in the days of its power, and of what it would be again if ever it were allowed to recover its ancient ascendancy. "Here," say they, "are facts—broad, patent, unmistakable facts." They challenge us to a denial. "Is this so, or is it not?" they ask with an air of triumph: "yes or no." It is in vain to draw distinctions, to go back to first principles, or to appeal to other qualifying or even opposing facts; we are met with the cry of "No evasion! no equivocation! no special pleading! no beating about the bush!" We are reminded that Englishmen love straightforwardness; and they demand a plain answer to

a plain question. To the multitude the conclusion seems as inevitable as that two and two make four. It tallies with their preconceptions; it satisfies their reason; it justifies their hatred of us; and makes it a righteous and respectable thing to vilify and persecute us. No matter what principles are at stake,—what contradictions, religious or moral, are involved in the result: the notion of the day, the popular conviction, is taken as absolute truth; and whatever exceeds or contravenes the same is held to be radically false and wrong. Such conduct, doubtless, is as cowardly and immoral as it is unreasonable and unphilosophical: but it does the work it is intended to do—it forearm men against the claims of the Church of Christ, and obscures the notes of her divine origin.

Our remarks have been intended to have a particular application. We have on more than one occasion discussed the principle on which Catholic governments have proceeded in the punishment of heretics; and as the question of religious persecution is one which has more than usually of late excited public attention, we believe that we owe no apology to our readers for introducing the subject again into our pages. We are the more induced to do this, because some expressions we used in a former article have been unfairly wrested from their context, subjected to a private interpretation very far from the writer's intention, and made the theme of violent declamation against the Catholic body, not only by itinerant agitators at Protestant gatherings, but in an "honourable" assembly, where at least it was to be expected that speakers would address themselves to such a topic with some show of moderation and justice.

In the first place, then, they who believe in revelation, and acknowledge the divine authority of the Jewish law, cannot deny that religious intolerance—(we purposely use the obnoxious phrase)—was sanctioned, or rather enjoined, by God Himself. Offences against religion, revolts against the spiritual power, were punishable with death. The law of Moses, which, whatever questions may be raised as to the comparative antiquity of its constituent elements, so far as the Jews were concerned emanated immediately from God, knew nothing of "liberty of conscience" (as Protestants profess to use the term), at least in respect to its own subjects. It no more tolerated religious dissent or spiritual independence, than it did disobedience to parents or rebellion against the civil ruler. It is needless to prove this. The fact is plain on the face of holy Scripture—as plain as that the people of Israel had a religion and a civil constitution; for the principle lies at the root of

the whole system, and pervades its every part; and the infidel and the rationalist make it one of their primary arguments against the divine character of the Mosaic dispensation. That dispensation, indeed, has passed away for ever,—the law of love has superseded that of fear; but with the Bible Christian, the believer in revelation, we would insist most strongly on this one fact: a *principle* sanctioned and enjoined by God Himself cannot be a wrong principle. It may not be always applicable, or always expedient, much less always obligatory in its fullest extent; but wrong *in itself* it cannot be, or the God of truth and holiness would never have given it the force of law. It is a great point gained to make our adversaries see and admit this; in fact, once concede the principle of what is called religious intolerance to be, abstractedly, not wrong, but right, and the question is narrowed to this very simple point,—whether, in particular instances, it was justly, mercifully, or expediently applied and enforced. It can no longer excite that moral disgust which men now feel at the bare mention of the thing; nor, we may add, will it be any longer available as a theme of anti-Popery declamation. If, before the Exeter-Hall orator commenced his fiery harangue, he would, with the same impressive manner wherewith he recites some garbled version of Papal bull or canon law, read out to his eager audience, for their first half-hour's meditation, such texts and whole passages from the Pentateuch and other portions of Holy Writ as we could name, we suspect that the effect of his after eloquence would be very seriously damaged in the popular estimation, and that his craft would soon entirely cease.

However, we are willing to descend from this high position, and meet our opponents on more open ground. We say, then, that the principle of intolerance is universally recognised; that not only have Protestants and infidels acted upon it, but that they still act, and must necessarily act upon it; and that the main difference—we do not say the only difference—between them and Catholics in the matter is, as to what opinions and practices ought on the one hand to be tolerated and protected, and on the other to be proscribed and punished. Universal toleration is simply an impossibility; it never has been practised, and never can be. Let a government be ever so indulgent, there must be a point at which the law interferes to prevent certain opinions being published and acted upon. Every government recognises some first principles—at any rate, it is possessed with the instinct of self-preservation; and without coercion—in other words, without intolerance—no government could exist a day or an hour. Are men at liberty to denounce the rights of property, or to decry all government

—that is, in fact, to preach sedition, anarchy, and universal confiscation? Yet these are questions on which there are those who have what they call their moral and religious convictions. Why are not these convictions to be respected? Or, again, are men at liberty to set at defiance all the laws of modesty and morality? Yet, on your principles of toleration, what right has a government to make its notions on these subjects obligatory on the people at large? Is it infallible in the matter of morals? On what principle, then, does it coerce the individual conscience by its arbitrary decrees, and even visit the violation of them with disabilities and penalties? With what consistency can you preach up universal toleration, and degrade and punish me for following my own moral sense of right and wrong? Will you say that my moral sense is a false and perverted one, and directly opposed to the commonest principles of morality, and to the general interests of humanity? Then, on your own showing, the principle of toleration—the boasted principle which is to establish universal peace in the world—is also opposed to the commonest principles of morality, and to the general interests of humanity.* This is what we set out to show: the principle of toleration can be applied only in limited measure. Put the mark as low as you please, every government, however lax, however tolerant, recognises some first principles which are irreconcilable with, and antagonistic to, the principle of toleration. Let this idea once be grasped, and the question of intolerance will assume quite another aspect.

Protestant states, and states that are not Christian, punish offences not only against morality, but against religion. In this country, at this very day, there are punishments for certain forms of blasphemy and impiety; there are penalties for profaning the first day of the week, which, by the law of the land, is what Catholics call a “holiday of obligation;” there are statutes which invalidate bequests of money for “superstitious uses.” A few years ago the open sale of avowedly infidel books would have been prevented, and their vendors punished with fine and imprisonment. We question whether, at the present day, the law would be allowed to take its course; but, little more than two years ago, an Irishman was fined for publicly burning a copy of the Protestant Bible; not from disrespect to the holy Scriptures, but out of an impetuous zeal for their genuineness and purity. These instances are quite sufficient to prove that even this Protestant country recognises and acts upon the principle of religious intolerance, however

* See Balmez, “Protestantism compared with Catholicity,” chap. xxxv.

infrequent and exceptional may be its application in practice. Indisputable it is that certain opinions, certain acts and uses relating to religion, are prohibited and visited with penalties—punished, in short—even in this land of religious freedom. There are certain matters connected with religion and morality in which the law knows nothing of private judgment or liberty of conscience. Of course it must be so, as we have said. Every government recognising *any* first principles, whether in morality or in religion,—every government proceeding on the supposition, if not on the belief, that certain doctrines are absolutely true, or at least expedient to be observed as true, and therefore made obligatory on society at large,—is, and must be, intolerant towards those who reject and oppose them; nay, in a measure, towards those who do not profess and practise them. It must interfere with people's freedom of thought and action—that is to say, with the freedom of expressing their thoughts, and putting them into execution; and truth, reason, justice, policy alone can determine when and how far that interference is necessary, or equitable, or expedient, in particular instances. Toleration, after all, is but a question of what shall be tolerated, and how far it shall be tolerated. Governments punish religious offences—or, to use the popular language, persecute—according to what they regard as first principles. Take, for instance, the law of marriage. It is a first principle with all Christian governments that a man can have but one wife. Bigamy, therefore, is punished as well by Protestants as by Catholics; adultery likewise, as being an offence against morality, or at least opposed to the true interests of the family (which is the basis on which society reposes), is amenable to the law, and visited with pecuniary penalties; and in Protestant countries it is deemed sufficient justification for the dissolution of the marriage-tie. Not so, however, among Catholic populations, where the matrimonial bond is, in accordance with the divine precept, pronounced to be indissoluble. So, again, in Protestant countries, religious vows, however solemnly made, and ratified by ecclesiastical authority, are held to be not binding; so that the marriage of a priest or a religious is as valid and as “honourable” as any other in the eye of the law, though before the Catholic Church it is no marriage at all, but, on the contrary, a sacrilegious concubinage, and an offence of the same class as is adultery or bigamy. Here, then, we have a difference in first principles. Protestant states punish for bigamy, but dispense from the marriage-vow, and allow of divorce and re-marriage—discountenance adultery, but sanction and approve the breaking of vows of religion; whereas Catholic states maintain the absolute indis-

solubility of marriage when validly contracted, and the obligatory force of religious vows (except when dispensed by the ecclesiastical authority), and consequently punish the violation of both one and the other with such penalties as the law in each particular country may provide; so that, should a monk or a nun, the subject of a Catholic power, while sojourning in England, contract what in the eye of the English law was a valid and sufficient marriage, and return to their own country, that contract would be no contract at all: their religious vows would still be as binding upon them as ever; and they might be punished for sacrilege, just as if in a Protestant country they had committed the offence of bigamy. So, also, a person who, under similar circumstances, should put away his wife, and take to himself another woman, would, in the eye of the Church and of Catholic law, simply be living in adultery. His marriage would be no marriage at all, but a disgraceful concubinage—a crime against God and society, a mortal sin; and he might be liable to punishment for profaning the sanctity of the marriage-tie.

Of course, to the Protestant this appears very hard and intolerant, and he cries out against the superstition and the slavery of so antiquated a system; but what would he say to the Turk who should declaim with equal vehemence, as he might as reasonably do, against the laws of this Protestant country? If it is intolerant in the Catholic to prohibit divorce, and punish the violation of the vow of celibacy, why is it not intolerant in the Protestant to make the marriage-bond indissoluble (except in one particular case), to allow but one wife at a time, and to punish for bigamy—that is, for the violation of the vow of matrimony? “On what *principle*,” he might ask, “do you boast of your religious freedom, and sneer at the Catholic for his narrowness and bigotry? We truly are the enlightened people. We know nothing of laws against divorce, or punishments for bigamy or trigamy either; we have as many wives as we will, and allow no interference in the matter.” But our argument will carry us further than the Turk. Free as the Mahometan may be in this matter of marriage, there is a people whose habits of life are, if fame does them no wrong, still more unshackled—a people who are migrating in hundreds from their native land, to seek on a foreign shore the more perfect liberty which is denied them at home. The Mormonites, it is said, are more than polygamists—more heathenish than the heathen. They live as do the beasts; and adultery and promiscuous concubinage are to them the habitual and the honourable conditions of domestic relationship. Well: as the Mormonite and the Mahometan

are to the Protestant in this matter, so is the Protestant to the Catholic. The Catholic is stricter and more intolerant than the Protestant, because his first principles are stricter and more intolerant—or, as we should say, higher and holier—more purely moral and more truly religious; in other words, more Christian. The Protestant, again, who in the matter of marriage has retained a portion of the old Catholic belief, is stricter and more intolerant than the Mormonite or the Mahometan, because his first principles are stricter and more intolerant.

If we were asked to give a definition, or to state one of the main characteristics of bigotry, we should say that it was the condemning a man for acting on his own first principles instead of those we ourselves avow; the expecting him to believe one thing and to do another. Protestants, being Christians, punish the violation of such Christian laws as they hold to be binding on society, or which they consider necessary for the moral and social well-being of the commonwealth. In like manner, Catholics punish the violation of such Christian laws as *they* hold to be binding on society, or which they consider necessary for the moral and social well-being of the commonwealth. To the Protestant polygamy is an impiety, to the Mahometan it is not; so, to the Catholic the violation of the religious vow is an impiety, to the Protestant it is not. And so in other things. Catholics have punished, and still punish, where reason and justice so direct, what they believe to be impiety and blasphemy; not, of course, what Protestants consider impiety and blasphemy, for they have not the faith or the religious instincts of Catholics; and we say it is folly and bigotry, it is every thing that is narrow and stupid, to expect a Catholic to act on Protestant principles, as narrow and stupid as it would be to expect a Protestant to act on Mahometan principles. We say nothing here of the truth of the one set of principles or the other. All we assert is, that toleration is a relative thing; that intolerance, in some shape or other, is inseparable from every religion and every form of government; and that, as a matter of fact, Protestants punish (or persecute) outrages upon their own first principles, just as Catholics do the violations of theirs.

Now, the great Catholic first principle, which Protestants deny,—the denial of which, indeed, constitutes the very essence and first principle of Protestantism,—is, that the Church Catholic is the divine authoritative teacher of mankind in all that concerns religion; and that religion itself is a matter, not of opinion, but of faith. Catholics believe, in short, that what the Church teaches is the very truth of God; and that, like

God Himself, that truth is one and one only—one and indivisible. This truth, this faith, is to them as certain, as indisputable, and, we may say, as habitually self-evident a thing as right and wrong are; or, in other words, as are those first principles of morality which Protestants happily still in a measure hold and enforce. Protestants, as we have said, prohibit and punish the violation of these principles of morality; and Catholics also prohibit, and under circumstances punish, the violation of the principles of faith. Catholics have a wide field of opinion, in which they are at liberty to range to and fro as they will; and so long as a man's opinions do not entrench on the region of faith, he enjoys as perfect liberty as even a Protestant could desire. But if he violates faith, he violates Catholic first principles; and if he lives in a purely Catholic country, and his offence is an open and scandalous one, he becomes as amenable to the laws, as does a Protestant who violates such Protestant first principles as are recognised and upheld by the laws of his country. The Catholic principle of faith, being something over and above the Protestant principle of morality and religion, creates, of course, an additional class of offences; just as the Protestant principle of morality and religion, being something over and above that of Mahometans and Buddhists, or other infidel races, creates an additional class of offences. To the Catholic, heresy is not an error of judgment merely (though it may be so in certain exceptional cases), but the breach of a divine first principle—an outrage upon absolute truth; therefore, in punishing its propagators and abettors, he does not punish men (as the phrase goes) for errors of opinion, but for an offence against faith. It is a necessary and inevitable consequence of his possessing what Protestants have not—an authoritative teacher and a definite creed.

This it was that lay at the bottom of mediæval legislation against heresy and heretics. Ere the principle of private judgment was substituted for that of divine faith, and consecrated as the axiom of a new species of religion, a denial of the doctrines of the Church was felt to be simply a revolt against the truth and authority of God. Living as they did in the full light of revelation, and endued with a gift, a faculty, in the supernatural order analogous to that of reason or sight in the natural order, the men of those days (like Catholics in all times and all countries, whatever be the phase of society or civilisation by which they are surrounded) were possessed of an idea, a principle, a perception, the realisation and exercise of which, to Protestants, who have not the same objects before their mind's vision, seems mere superstition and

fanaticism. Their standard was higher, their instincts were keener and purer in all that concerned divine truth. They did not tolerate heresy from the same motives that Protestants do not tolerate the more heinous forms of blasphemy and impiety. Whatever reasons the Protestant now gives for not enduring certain crimes against religion and morality, of the same kind, though far deeper and more consistent, were and still are the Catholic's reasons for not enduring certain crimes against faith and morals. If Protestants had a livelier and stronger sense of the truth and sacredness, and the obligatory force, even of such doctrines of Christianity as they think they hold, they would be more earnest in maintaining them inviolate than they are. Their tolerance is the offspring of indifference and unbelief, not of charity toward God or of love for men's souls. If they were more jealous of the divine honour, they would resent insults and outrages upon it as industriously and as effectually as they now resent attacks upon property or public security. We do not mean merely that Protestant governments would punish vice and immorality, irreligion and impiety, to a greater extent than they actually do, but that the people—society at large—would have a higher standard and a stricter rule; and that they would not endure to have God blasphemed, and His laws set at nought, in the way they now are, any more than they endure to have public decency outraged, or the Queen's majesty insulted, or the national independence threatened.

But another reason of toleration at the present day is, that Protestants have no dogmas. It is their boast that their religion is a religion of free inquiry; that they are seekers after truth, which implies that the truth, absolute truth, as yet they have not found. Anyhow, whatever remnants of old Catholic doctrines they still retain, and however impossible in practice their theory of private judgment and uncontrolled liberty of conscience may be, they have as a matter of fact, and as the result of their loose principles and their loss of faith, reduced their religious belief to the very lowest point at which it can be said to constitute in any true sense a belief at all. They have very few doctrines which they could state in any definite or dogmatic form—very few, therefore, to be zealous about. Of course, then, they are, or at least they ought in consistency to be, more tolerant; and yet they take credit to themselves for their liberality towards those who differ from them! After making every article of the Creed an open question, and turning faith into mere opinion, they count it an actual merit in themselves that they make no difference between truth and error; and that so far from punishing, they patronise and up-

hold what Catholics regard as heresy and blasphemy. This is really the whole truth of the matter : Protestantism, in principle and in its last resort, is simply infidelity ; and men cannot consistently discountenance or punish the rejection of what they do not themselves receive. Here, for instance, in this Protestant country, toleration is no virtue on the part of those who practise it : it is a social necessity. Among so many and such discordant sects, how is it possible for one to domineer it over the rest, set up its own tenets as the only standard of divine truth, and proscribe the tenets of others ? The state of society is such that, for very peace and comfort's sake, the widest latitudinarianism in religion is the only theory that will work. The people have no one religion, therefore the government can have no one religion ; and the very existence of an established church is an anomaly and an injustice.

It was not so in the ages of faith. Then (as now in purely Catholic countries where Protestantism is unknown) the rulers and the ruled were of one mind in the matter ; the same convictions animated all alike. Heresy was universally held to be a crime, and it was suppressed with the popular consent. Thus the punishment of heresy was not only politically possible, but even in the estimation of Protestants, and English Protestants in particular—to whom public opinion, that is, the will of the generality, or even the majority, is law and equity—it must be regarded as reasonable and just. Catholics, of course, judge the whole question on different grounds ; but anyhow, it is a fact that, in their non-toleration of heretics, Catholic governments were supported by the cordial and unanimous approval of the people. Nor was it matter of conviction only, firm and deep-seated as that conviction was ; but the faith of the Church was the base, nay the living unitive principle, of the whole existing order and relations of things ; so that to disturb that faith was to shake the foundations on which all government and society itself reposed, and to weaken and disorganise the very functions of political and social life. European civilisation, European jurisprudence, was the creation of the Catholic Church. Europe was Christendom, and Christendom was Catholic ; and the nations that formed the great European family were fused and blended together, in spite of national prejudices and antipathies, into one vast confederation or commonwealth, under the supreme headship of the Pope, by the habitual force of a common faith, and one universal system of polity and law. How different then the whole state of society to any thing of which the world has had experience since the fatal revolt self-styled the Reformation, and how unreason-

able, how unfair, to interpret the acts of Catholic governments of that day by the principles and notions of Protestant times!

For, observe what was involved in this state of things. Heresy was not a merely speculative error, or an offence against religion in the abstract; it was also a political crime. It was not only an outrage on the one universal belief, and a positive violation of the common law of Europe; but it struck at the root of all authority, and at the very principle of law itself. This it was that armed the temporal governments against it; they saw in it the very essence of disaffection and revolution. Nor can Protestants dispute their sagacity, or accuse them of intolerance. Protestant governments ere now have proscribed the Catholic religion, and persecuted its priests and professors to the death; and their apologists have defended and justified their conduct on the score of state necessity and the disloyalty of those against whom their violence was directed; nay, to this very day we have penal enactments passed amidst the acclamations of a nation for the better security and maintenance of "our Protestant institutions in Church and State." If, then, it be a political aggression to do aught which indirectly, and in its remote results may militate against the Protestant character of a country whose Catholic citizens are numbered by the million, that surely was of a revolutionary and anarchic tendency which aimed directly at the subversion of the whole fabric of European society—at a time, too, when the malcontents in religion might be counted by units—which, in fact, sought nothing less than the destruction of the old-established Catholic governments, and the erection of an entire new order of things upon their ruins.

Now this is what Protestants themselves boast that the so-called Reformation actually effected. It brought about a European revolution. Protestantism from the outset was not a mere change of religious conviction, or a revolt against the principle of faith in the abstract; it was an innovation, an aggression upon an authority and a whole constituted order of things which had existed from time immemorial, and was intimately and vitally connected with every germ and fibre of the social system. Of course, therefore, it was encountered and resisted with all the repressive means which policy and the very instinct of self-preservation suggested. "Protestantism," says Ranke, "included in its very existence the moving causes of a most exasperating and formidable struggle; for the questions it affected were not merely ecclesiastical, but—on account of the intimate connexion subsisting between the Church and the State, upon which the whole system rested—

in the highest degree political also." It could not but involve such results, being what it was; this, so far, is its excuse for its political aggressiveness; but it was also its aggravation in the eyes of the governments of that day; and this again is a fact to be taken into account in judging of the measures which were adopted for its suppression.

But Protestantism was not aggressive merely in this inevitable and necessary way. It was not content, as the Protestant historian we have quoted fairly admits, when it had gained toleration, nor when it had secured to itself an equality of rights; what it sought and endeavoured to obtain by force was ascendancy. Nothing less would satisfy it. And when it had gained the ascendancy, how did it acquit itself? We shall look in vain for any of that generous regard for the rights of conscience, or the liberty of the subject, which its present adherents claim as the crowning glory of the new Gospel it proclaimed: no, the Protestants of the Reformation ruthlessly oppressed and persecuted the Catholic populations when they had got them into their power; deprived them of every privilege they possessed; proscribed their religion, and degraded its professors to a state of serfdom as dishonouring as it was irremediable, except at the price of apostasy. It was the experience of this, as they saw it before their eyes and at their very doors, which urged the Catholic governments of that day to stay the inroad of the new heresy with every weapon and appliance which the laws supplied. That they proceeded in the work of repression with immoderate severity, and at times with unnecessary cruelty, we have not the smallest wish to deny. The governments that so acted were not animated with any remarkable zeal for religion; they were not actuated by "Ultramontane" principles; on the contrary, they were, without exception, what Protestants themselves have styled "Anti-Papal" governments; and their conduct was often worthy of the strongest reprobation. The punishment of heresy was used by them as an engine for state purposes, and by means of a system of wholesale slaughter, which the mind shudders to contemplate, became in their hands nothing less than downright persecution. The Church, as such, whatever individuals might do, so far from countenancing these acts of cruelty, invariably opposed and protested against them, as the more candid Protestant historians have allowed. Our remarks are directed solely to the elucidation of the principle on which the Church lent its sanction to the civil power in the suppression of heresy, and we are by no means concerned with the application of the principle by particular governments and at particular times. This only we will say, that the examples

which were set and the provocations which were given by the Protestants in every nation of Europe are quite sufficient to account for the treatment they received from their Catholic rulers, and for the hatred with which they were regarded by the Catholic populations ; but of this we may have occasion to speak in a subsequent Number.

One motive, however, there was for the treatment which heretics received, which falls strictly within the limits to which we have confined ourselves in the present article, and to which attention cannot be too often called ; for it is most intimately connected with the subject in hand. We have laid much stress on the fact that a formal difference is to be observed between the Catholic and the Protestant religion, inasmuch as the former is essentially a dogmatic religion, a definite faith ; the latter, at most, but a speculative and affective religion, a scheme of opinions. But this is far from being the whole difference between the two. In the Catholic religion there are certain mysteries which are not merely matters of doctrine or objects of faith, but actual realities of the most awful import—the objects of worship. Such, above all, is the adorable presence of Jesus Christ in the most Holy Eucharist. It is not merely a Catholic doctrine that He is sacramentally present ; it is a divine fact. As truly as the eternal God became incarnate for us, so truly is He really and substantially present with us on our altars ; and that which we call the Blessed Sacrament is not the figure or the emblem of Him,—it is Himself, the Second Person of the Undivided Trinity, who was born of the Virgin Mary. The Protestant, then, who reviled, ridiculed, and blasphemed the most Holy Sacrament, in the estimation and belief of every Catholic, vented his ribaldry and impiety, not upon a doctrine only, but upon the very Person of God incarnate. The Protestant, however, did not stop at this, shocking and irritating beyond endurance as such conduct would be ; his rage and his hatred extended to the Divine Object Itself. Not only did he take delight in profaning the sacerdotal vestments, the consecrated vessels, and whatever was connected with the tremendous mysteries,—even on occasion striking down the priest of God while ministering at His altar ; but he was seized with a fiendish desire to outrage the most Holy Sacrament Itself, and to perpetrate every manner of abomination against It. Every where It was the chief object of attack. To Catholic hearts it seemed as if the propagators of the new heresy sought to renew against Jesus in His Sacrament of Love the ignominies and the outrages of which the Jews had made Him the object in His adorable Passion. The feelings such atrocities excited were therefore correspondingly

intense. It is not possible to exaggerate—it is not possible for Protestants adequately to conceive—the horror, indignation; and anguish which these outrages caused (and must ever cause) in the breasts of the faithful. To the multitude no punishment seemed too great for crimes so diabolical; and hence the torments amidst which the wretched men were put to death produced little or no commiseration in the surrounding crowds. Add to which, that the modes of punishing malefactors in those days, among both Catholics and Protestants, were of a far more barbarous* character than they have gradually since become,—another fact which ought to be borne in mind in connection with this subject. However, Protestants in their religious system have nothing in the smallest degree analogous to these distinctive mysteries of the Catholic faith; nothing, therefore, the violation of which could call forth similar feelings of indignation and distress. Catholics, of course, then as now, were fully aware that their Lord was perfectly impassible in His sacramental presence, and that none of the atrocious outrages committed against Him could really touch His Sacred Person; still, these outrages (considered objectively) were as truly directed against Him—the One Supreme Object of their love and worship—as if they could; and Catholics felt as we hope Protestants themselves would have felt had they seen their Saviour in the hands of the Roman soldiers or Herod's "men of war." This is the only comparison which is any adequate representation of the dreadful reality.

But, besides this, there were other enormities, of which Protestants ought to be able to form some just conception; as, for instance, revolting blasphemies against the Blessed Virgin, whom Catholics regard, not merely as a very "pious woman," but, through the mystery of the Incarnation, the very Mother of the Eternal God; profanations of her image, as well as that of her Divine Son, whether as an Infant in her arms, or as dying on the cross for the redemption of the world. Protestants would sufficiently understand the import and the exasperating character of these outrages, if they reflected what their own feelings would be if the picture or image of some one whom they loved and venerated, say that of the Queen, or an honoured parent, or a dear and valued friend, were similarly treated; perhaps daubed with filth, or battered to pieces, or committed to the flames with every mark of scorn and

* It should never be forgotten in considering this feature of the times, that our own English code, at a period long subsequent to the Reformation, was one of the bloodiest, if not the very bloodiest, in Europe, and remained unaltered till a very recent date.

hatred, before their eyes; and their very names, and what they call their "memories," reviled with the coarsest and most loathsome epithets that a wanton malice could invent. If they considered but for one short moment who Jesus is, and that, being who He is, He has—not only *had*, but *has*—a mother, they might rise to something like a due estimation of the feelings with which Catholics regarded, and must ever regard, the violence of iconoclasts when directed against a Crucifix or a Madonna.

Now, we repeat, Protestants, who have none of those personal feelings about our Lord and His Virgin Mother which Catholics have, and whose very religion, as we may say, consists in disowning and protesting against the Sacramental Presence of the one and the high prerogatives of the other, have no right, in all fairness and consistency, to judge the proceedings of Catholics by what their own would have been under this particular provocation. They ought rather to consider what their conduct would be if they were *similarly* outraged and provoked. Suppose, for instance, the disciples of Tom Paine were to publish abroad their blasphemies against God and the Bible, and to placard the very walls with the coarsest indecencies against the Saviour of mankind; or the Jew were publicly to rail at Him as an impostor; or the Socinian to deride His Divinity with the same revolting particularity of illustration with which the orators of Exeter Hall denounce the "mummeries of Popery" and the "idolatry of the Mass;" or suppose the Catholics of this country were to unite in openly deyring and declaiming against the supremacy of the Queen in civil matters, or should even take to mutilating the "Lion and the Unicorn" in the churches; with what sort of equanimity would "Englishmen and Protestants" regard sayings and doings such as these? Would not the whole nation be roused to fury? Would not the government make quick work of the whole matter, and visit on the offenders the severest penalties of the law? Even Protestant England, then, for all its liberality, or, as we should say, for all its latitudinarianism, would not tolerate—how could it?—a violation of its first principles. Those principles, it is true, are looser and, in a sense therefore, more comprehensive than Catholic first principles; but this is, as we have said, no merit on the part of this or any other Protestant country. Protestants,—it cannot be too often repeated when the subject of religious intolerance is under discussion,—persecuted as long as they could with safety to the state. "They have never once," as Father Newman observes, "acted on the principles they profess—never once; for they cannot produce their instance when Protest-

ants, of whatever denomination, were in possession of national power for any sufficient time, without persecuting some or other of their polemical antagonists. So it has been, so it is now." There is this essential difference also to be observed between Protestants and Catholics: Catholics have never punished Protestants as such—that is, for *being* Protestants, but for *apostatizing* from the faith; not for changing their religious opinions, as the Protestant phrase is, but for wilfully perverting and blaspheming the truth of God, obstinately persisting in their heresy, and seducing others from the true Church. The same cannot be said of Protestants. When they have persecuted Catholics, they have persecuted them for *being* Catholics, and *remaining* Catholics; for holding what to Protestants, who have neither dogmas nor Church, are but opinions different from their own, and refusing to abandon them. Here in England, for instance, they proscribed the profession, not of any new and upstart religion, but of the ancient faith, which had existed from time immemorial, and was bound up and, as it were, identified with all the institutions of the country and the most cherished associations of the people. They fined, imprisoned, and put to a horrible death our Catholic ancestors, because they held to the religion of their fathers, and would not give it up at the bidding of kings and parliaments.

This is an important distinction, and one which suffices to repel a very common accusation. Our adversaries are always saying, that if Catholics ever got the upper hand again in the country, they would punish Protestants as heretics. But they cannot produce a single precedent in proof of the assertion. Of course, individuals would not be allowed to blaspheme and outrage the religion of the nation when Catholic, any more than they are now allowed to blaspheme and outrage it being Protestant. They would not be permitted, doubtless, to jeer at the Blessed Sacrament, or to insult the Blessed Virgin, or to burn the Pope in effigy, any more than Catholics are now permitted to burn the Protestant Bible in public, or to revile any thing or any body which the nation holds in honour and veneration. As well, therefore,—or rather, as we have just said, with far more reason,—might *we* assert that if Protestantism ever regained the sort of domination it once possessed, it would repeal the Emancipation Act, re-impose the Test Act, re-enact the penal laws, and renew against us the old persecutions from which we suffered from Elizabeth downwards, or such as are still in vogue against Catholics in Sweden or in Mecklenburg. The assertion is simply unsupported by facts, or it is a mere truism. So, the Mormonites might argue that if they returned to the Protestantism of the old country, indi-

viduals would no longer enjoy the privilege of promiscuous concubinage; or the Turks, if they turned Christians, that they would no longer be permitted to practise polygamy, but that even bigamy would become a felony and a "transportable offence."

It must be so, from the very nature of things. So far, therefore, as the allegation has aught of truth in it, it is as applicable to Christianity in general as to Catholicity in particular; but, as commonly employed against the latter, it is a simple calumny. The Church has never forced her laws upon temporal governments; how indeed could she? When her laws have been adopted and enforced by the secular power, it has been done at the instance of the governments themselves, naturally and of their own accord, and with the acquiescence of the people.

"A state," says Dr. Arnold,* "may as justly declare the New Testament to be its law, as it may choose the institutes and code of Justinian. In this manner the law of Christ's Church may be made its law; and all the institutions which this law enjoins, whether in ritual or discipline, may be adopted as national institutions just as legitimately as any institutions of mere human origin. The question, then, which is sometimes asked so indignantly,—Is the government to impose its religion upon the people? may be answered by asking again,—Is the government to impose its own laws upon the people? . . . We need not be afraid to say that, in a perfect state, the law of the government would be the law of the people; the law of their choice, the expression of their mind."

The principles we have laid down are sufficient to account for, and, we will say, to justify, the resistance offered by Catholic states at the present day to the introduction of Protestantism among their subjects; but of all the motives that might be assigned for this exclusiveness, we need mention only one,—that of self-defence. The following little history bears so strongly on this point, and is so instructive a commentary on the theory of religious toleration as professed by Protestants, that it will form no inapt conclusion to the present remarks:

"In 1633, two hundred English Catholic families fled from the religious persecution which pressed heavily upon them in the bosom of their own country. Crossing the Atlantic, they fixed themselves in Maryland, under the direction of Lord Baltimore. . . . The settlers did not long enjoy the peace and liberty of conscience which, at so great a sacrifice, they came to seek in the forests of America. Around them were thousands of the reform sects, which had originally been established in these countries under the protection of Great Britain and Holland. Whilst inflicting on each other penalties and ostracism, they made common cause in banishing the Catho-

* Appendix to Inaugural Lecture on Modern History, pp. 41, 42.

lies. The young colony of Baltimore had exhibited to the New World a solitary example of Christian charity by granting an asylum and equality of rights to the oppressed of every creed. But, strange to say, this generous hospitality was repaid with ingratitude by those whom it sheltered. Received into Maryland as brothers, the Protestants thronged thither in such numbers that they were very soon the masters; and the first use they made of their preponderance was to interdict that religion which alone had had compassion on their misfortunes. The settlement of Baltimore was not yet of twenty-five years' standing, and already the Catholics beheld themselves deprived of their civil, religious, and political rights. A band of strangers recently proscribed (by their co-religionists) confiscated the property of their hosts, hunted down their priests as if they were noxious animals; and, in order to degrade the confessors of the faith, imposed, at the entry of every Irishman who had left his country that he might remain faithful to his God, the same tax as that for the importation of a negro! So that," writes Mr. M'Mahon, the Protestant historian of Maryland, "in a colony founded by Catholics, and which had acquired under the government of Catholics power and prosperity, Catholics alone became the victims of religious intolerance."*

OUR CHOIRS: WHAT THEY ARE, AND WHAT THEY MIGHT BECOME.

THE age in which we live may well be called a musical age. It has many other characteristics; but this is an especial one, which strikes the eye and ear alike of every moderately-observant person. Take up any newspaper, London or provincial, and you will find not only announcements of concerts, but notices of new societies for the study of vocal or instrumental music; go into any company, and you will very likely be asked to join some music-class. Be your tastes or religious principles what they may, you will find something adapted to your wants on one side or the other. The congregationalist has his chapel-class for metrical psalmody, the low churchman his hymn-book and music-master, the Anglo-Catholic his Gregorian tones and "services," with precentor and choir-boys; while if, like very many, in the exercise of your birthright as a Briton, you choose none of these things, and use music for its own sake alone, there are glee-clubs, madrigal societies, and choral classes without end, to suit your taste.

Amusing, however, or instructive, as it might be to trace

* Annals of the Propagation of the Faith, vol. xi. p. 257.

the growth of public opinion in matters musical, to watch the gradual advance of sound principles of criticism and taste, to smile, it may be, at the follies and eccentricities which accompany and spring from that rapid progress,—excesses which themselves bear witness to the great life within,—and in and through all to see the nation urging its claim, and gradually having that claim allowed, to take its place high in the musical world ;—our present object is to touch upon the subject in one of its phases only ; and that, from a practical rather than a critical point of view, viz. the class of persons who sing in our church choirs, their fitness for their office, and the means of supplying acknowledged deficiencies.

In dealing with this question there is this great advantage, that few, if any, doubt of its importance, and the urgent necessity there is for its careful consideration. Men may perhaps differ as to the way in which existing evils are to be remedied ; but none, who have eyes to see and ears to hear, can hesitate to confess that evils there are, and that it behoves us to be up and stirring ere things get worse. Now this is in itself, if not a step in the right direction, at any rate a proof of willingness to move on when the right step is plainly pointed out, and the true direction shown. It is a great thing to get people to see and feel that an evil *is* an evil. There are so many influences to enthrall us in an existing state of things ; custom does so much to reconcile us to what we have seen for years, while a natural *vis inertiae* makes us most unwilling to open our eyes and see things as they really are, when such awaking involves the necessity of exertion and toil in remedying the evils before us. Now this point, we feel, has been already gained. Go where you will, and ask what is the state of the choir in any church ; and will not, in almost every case, the evil we have to speak of be acknowledged by priests and people alike ? Who is satisfied with things as they are ? Of course, there are some exceptional cases, as there will always be, in which people wilfully blind their eyes to evils they know not how to remedy, or in which (rare indeed !) the choir is in such a state that there is no evil to be got rid of, no abuse to remove ; but in almost every case the evil is confessed, and a remedy is desired.

What this evil is, may be stated in a few words. Our choirs are composed of persons utterly unfitted, in most important respects, for the duties they have to discharge ; many of their duties they cannot perform at all ; while others, which are within their power, they do not understand, and so perform amiss.

Now let it not be supposed that, in what we are saying, we

are making any attack upon choir-singers; it is their misfortune rather than their fault that they are unfitted for duties for which they have not had the necessary training; nor can it be justly interpreted as blame to say that they do not understand what no one has taken the trouble to explain to them. Many of our choir-singers we know, from personal observation, to be very respectable and honourable members of society, who behave themselves with all propriety in church, and by their conduct give no scandal elsewhere. Many of them are quite conscious of their own deficiencies in matters of which we have yet to speak, and doubtless would gladly avail themselves of any instruction which might be afforded them therein. It is no fault of theirs that matters are as they are.

Again, it may frankly be acknowledged that, in many cases, there is no reason for finding fault with their singing; as far as their numbers will allow, they do justice to the Mass music with which they are familiar; and so, as members of the musical profession, they may justly be said to fulfil their duties; whence it is evident that no blame attaches to them for the dissatisfaction which is so generally felt at the present state of our choirs.

What, then, is the evil of which we complain? Wherein are our singers unfitted for their office, if, as we have just said, there is no fault to be found with their singing? What right, it might be said, have we to require more than singing from singers? To this we reply, that under ordinary circumstances we require no more than this: that in a concert-room we look to them for good singing and nothing more; but the case is very different when the singer enters a church choir; for then he has to take part in holy functions; he is no longer a mere singer, but a minister of holy Church, and therefore it is that we are bound to ask questions which elsewhere would be beyond our province; therefore it is that we are in conscience bound to raise objections to the employment of singers who, in another place and under other circumstances, would be unobjectionable enough.

Now, surely, the very first inquiry should be one which, strange to say, but too often seems never to be made at all: Is the person we propose to introduce into our church choir a *Catholic*? This, we say, is the very first question to be asked; for what musical skill, what gift of voice can compensate for the absence of the one faith? There can be no need of argument upon this point—there cannot be two opinions on the matter. No one can defend the enormity of putting heretics and schismatics to sing the *people's part* in the highest and

holiest functions of our religion. It needs only to be stated, for its gross irreverence to be felt. Make the case your own, and undertake the explanation of it to a stranger—perchance to one who seems, by God's grace, tending towards the True Faith. Tell him that those who sing so sweetly the music of the Church are not the Church's children: never mind the start he gives, and the inquiring glance he turns upon you, but go on, and explain more fully that the words they utter are, in their mouths, a lie; that the Creed they sing they do not believe; that when they bow lowly at "*Et incarnatus est*," it may be that they are Socinians, who deny the mighty mystery; that when they kneel before Incarnate God, elevated on the altar, they kneel in mockery, like those who once cried to Him, "*Hail, King of the Jews*." Go on, if you have heart to do so,—go on, and tell him that these are they to whom you intrust the Church's Litanies and Benediction Hymns; that these disbelievers are paid to sing the "*Pange lingua*" in processions of the most adorable Sacrament, and to follow the image of our Blessed Lady with an "*Ora pro nobis*," when they reject the great dogmas which give meaning to these rites, and alike despise the Mother's power and the Son's Divine presence. Who has courage enough to follow out the thoughts which these words suggest? Who can patiently contemplate in his own mind the injury done to religion itself in the souls of those who are thus brought without faith amid holiest mysteries, or who witness such things, and are met by such scandals upon the very threshold of the Church? And yet how many are there who not only tolerate such things, but even lend a hand to perpetuate them! Men will not defend what every right principle condemns; but they do what is practically worse, they sanction it; they make excuses for it; they look away from it; they acknowledge it to be very bad; they listen to your expostulations, and confess that all you say is very true; but in the end comes the old question, What can we do? what is your remedy? As though the difficulty of finding fit persons could be admitted as a sufficient reason for employing those who are morally unfit! We should not accept such reasoning in matters which concern ourselves, and yet we let it pass muster when God's service is in question. Good schools are difficult to be met with; are we, therefore, content to send our children to those which we know to be bad? Or if a son is to be started in life, do we plead the trouble of finding a good master as our reason for committing him to one whose faith or morals are unsound? The school may have a high reputation for classical learning, the professional man or tradesman may bear a name of note in his

peculiar line; but will not the parent who makes any claim to a religious character reject with scorn the advice that would urge him to overlook these moral deficiencies, on the ground of other advantages; and will he not feel that the difficulty in his way should but make him more careful in seeking out those who can alone do his work effectually? And so surely must it be in matters which concern the functions of our holy faith. The difficulty to be overcome is indeed great, but it is not invincible; and it is to aid in its removal that the present paper is written.

Without dwelling, then, longer upon this point,—though its importance can scarcely be over-estimated, and want of space can alone excuse our touching thus briefly upon it,—let us proceed to consider another complaint which may be made against most of our choirs as at present constituted. This is, the ignorance which so generally prevails among them as to the duties they have to perform, and the functions in which they have to take so important a part. Few persons who have had any experience in these matters can have failed to observe the truth of this complaint. The miserable disorder which prevails when any thing has to be done by the choir, the confusion which they create in processions, their utter helplessness in finding out introits, graduals, antiphons, and commemorations—who has not noted these things? which, did they concern less holy rites, would be simply ludicrous. Of course, where Protestants are admitted to the choir, such ignorance is not to be wondered at; for who would look for the Catholic spirit where the Catholic faith is wanting? Who would expect in strangers the freedom and intimacy with the ways of home, which are proper to the children of holy Church? This, it is true, is another reason for not allowing such persons to take a place in our choirs; but we do not stay to urge it now, and for this cause, that when the greater argument will not prevail, we can have but little hope that any inferior one will suffice. It is merely captious to complain of the manner of those whose faith you regard not; it is pharisaical to strain at this gnat of ignorance, after swallowing the camel of mischief.

But this charge of ignorance is brought not only against Protestants, but against Catholics also. Would that we could with reason deny it; but we cannot; and there is no use in trying to conceal the truth, or to explain it away: it must be looked in the face. The charge is but too true, rest the blame where it may. There is, it must be confessed, a most pitiable ignorance of the functions of the Church in many Catholics who take part in them; and to this must be attributed much

of the disorder and confusion which attend most great functions in both England and Ireland.* How far this ignorance extends, and to what classes it is limited, it does not concern our present purpose to inquire; enough that few, if any, will venture to deny its general prevalence among those to whom the duties of the choir are intrusted. Of course, we do not mean to say that *all* are thus ignorant of this important part of their duties; for there are, doubtless, many whose zeal is only equalled by their knowledge; but these are the exceptions which serve but to prove the rule.

It is but right, however, that we should explain more fully what we mean, lest any who may feel themselves involved in this charge should misunderstand the ignorance of which they are accused; and, moreover, it is but justice to ourselves to remind our readers of what we have before said, that herein we are not so much blaming those who are involved in this ignorance, as the *system* which has kept them in it; or, we should rather say, the utter want of system which has left them in it, which, neglecting the due fitting of proper instrument for this especial office of the Church, has been content to snatch at any thing when the need urged. We will not be so unjust as to blame those who are thus *pressed* into a service for which they have had no preparatory training; but we desire to expose the evils which necessarily result from this no system; and we invite those who suffer especially through it to aid us in carrying into effect the plan we have to lay before our readers and the public for remedying this evil, which afflicts all classes alike—choir-singers and congregations, priest and people—those who exemplify in themselves the want of due training and instruction, and those who suffer through the ignorance and inefficiency of what misrepresents the Church's idea of a Catholic choir.

Having thus, as we hope, removed a wrong impression which might influence the minds of some to regard us as opponents, when, in truth, we are making common cause with them, and when, instead of attacking them, we are fighting on their side against a neglect under which we all alike suffer, let us proceed to consider the *ignorance* of which complaint is made, and for which it is our object to suggest a remedy.

And first, it should be clearly understood that we are now speaking of ignorance of music. On this point we shall have presently to say a few words, when considering those

* Many persons who assisted last autumn at the Great Festival at Amiens will have been struck with the remarkable contrast there presented by the conduct and general efficiency of a *large* troop of singing-boys attached to the cathedral. Their discipline was *complete*.

voirs, or portions of choirs, which are without due scientific training; but now we are taking for granted that the singers are sufficiently instructed in music, and can properly sing what is set before them. The defect to which we allude is an ignorance of the ceremonies proper to their office, and of the functions in which they take part. To illustrate what we mean, we will suppose them assisting at a High Mass. How many know what festival is to be celebrated, and what music is proper for the occasion? Ask what Mass is to be sung, and they will tell you the name of some composer; but of *Introit*, *Gradual*, or any thing else beyond this, they have no knowledge. In the Offertory piece, too, the ignorance of the choir too often manifests itself; for who among them knows what festival they are celebrating, or who cares to think what will be most appropriate? Rather the question is, who is there to sing, and what is the last piece learned? or, whose turn is it to have the solo? And so it comes to pass that our ears are startled by words which are wonderfully out of place, and music which finds no echo in the solemnity of the season: hymns of joy, rich in "Alleluias," are sung in Lent, while trains of sorrow are wailed forth at Christmas or Easter. Nor let any suppose that we are at all exaggerating in what we are now saying. The last few months have, within our own experience, illustrated this incongruity, as we happen to know that on one occasion (at the Mass of Exposition of the Blessed Sacrament), the piece selected for the Offertory at that joyous time was a verse from the *Stabat Mater*, "O quam tristis et afflicta," &c. Of course, it was a favourite piece with the principal soprano, and *therefore* was sung; while shortly afterwards, in the same city, the feast of their founder was celebrated by one of the religious orders, and the marvellously inappropriate stanza from the same hymn, "Quis est homo qui non fleret," did duty at the Offertory. Of course, Rossini's music was the only thing thought of; and so the *Stabat Mater* must furnish materials for the great festivals.

And surely it must be to this ignorance of what is fit and becoming, and not to any intentional irreverence, that we must ascribe those offensive exhibitions which too often meet us in certain places, where the church is suddenly converted into a concert-room, and the stranger is most unexpectedly favoured with a series of solos, duets, and choruses by "the principal musical talent of the neighbourhood." We ourselves were present, not long since, on one of these occasions, when, after a Low Mass, with music (*i. e.* with part of one of Haydn's *Glorias*, lasting all through the Mass), our ears were assailed with a flourish of trumpets, and a regular concert began—first,

a long symphony ; then what sounded very much like an “aria buffa” by a basso ; then a brilliant affair in the *Non piu mesto* style ; then a chorus from the *Creation*. During all this the congregation sat quietly listening, smiling their admiration on particular passages ; while some children near us availed themselves of the general relaxation to feast on apples, &c. The performances were for a time interrupted by a charity sermon but as soon as this was over, the concert was again renewed with unabated vigour, while the Blessed Sacrament was exposed and Benediction given ; the *Tantum ergo Sacramentum*, as we afterwards found out, being one of the brilliant solos which attracted such attention and excited so much admiration !

Charity suggests that this ill-timed and most unbecoming exhibition should be attributed to the ignorance rather than to the irreverence of those who do not understand the Church spirit. They use what skill they have in God’s service, and therein are worthy of all praise. It is their misfortune, rather than their fault, that they know not how to employ aright what they have to offer, and thus waste in unseemly display the ability which might be turned to much better account ; for had the same amount of musical talent been duly trained for the Church’s service in the way which she requires, how vast different would have been the result ! for then music would have taken its due place as the handmaid of religion. Its services would have been sanctified, and all would have been in harmony ; whereas, for want of this, the whole was one confused jumble of discordant elements ; the church and concert room alternately succeeded each other, and at last were forced into most unnatural union.

We have thus far spoken only of choirs which consist of trained singers ; of persons who have received a good musical education, and who consequently are able to do justice to music of a high order. Some few such choirs exist in the country, and by their performance of certain Masses give real satisfaction to people who can appreciate excellence. Perhaps there may be some five or six which come under this description ; but against even these the objections we have urged must be taken, because, in common with the rest, they have had no especial ecclesiastical training ; they have not been put in the way of acquiring the right spirit, and so are deficient in many most important respects, in what is wanting in a true Catholic choir-man ; and therefore, could such accomplished musicians be obtained for most of our choirs,—which is simply impossible,—we still should not have what we want, and what we assert may be obtained without any very enormous exertion or any overwhelming expense.

But there is another class of choir-singers, which is more generally to be met with, and of which we desire to speak with all possible respect, because we know how pure is the motive which actuates its members, and how great is frequently the sacrifice of time and ease which they make to fulfil the duties which they have undertaken. But, alas, how seldom can we find among this most estimable class the musical skill and experience which is absolutely necessary for a due discharge of the duties of the choir: devotional feeling they have; but this will not supply the need of musical knowledge: they wish to do what is right; but good wishes avail but little in such matters, and so we have musical performances which are real musical phenomena, trying enough to the ordinary listener, but positively excruciating to the ear of a musician.

It surely requires but little observation to see that most amateur performers are in some respects as unfitted for choir duties as mere professional singers are in others. Nor can it be said that they mutually supply one another's deficiencies; for were it so, a judicious combination of the two might be all that is needed; but it is not so: wherein they chiefly fail, both professional and amateur alike fail; and this defect can be remedied in one way alone, namely, by a regular education for the work of the choir. What, then, we assert, and what every one's experience in the matter must confirm, is this, that at present we have no sufficient materials out of which to form satisfactory choirs. We may engage musical ability and experience on one side, we may invite devout Catholics on another, we may (perhaps) meet with others who know something of ritual matters, and we may pick up a few who will volunteer the chant of the Vespers; but where shall we find all these qualifications combined in the same persons? Let any one who has tried to form a choir upon right principles answer this question; indeed, as things now are, it is simply impossible to do so, and therefore many excellent people, priests and laymen alike, have given it up in despair, as a dream which can never be realised. And yet such choirs have been in times past, and are yet to be found in other lands.

It surely, then, becomes a duty to see if something cannot be done to remedy an evil which every one admits and deplores; and perhaps no time could be better fitted for the attempt than the present, when choir matters are in so unsettled a state. Efforts have been made in almost every direction during the last few years to remedy old abuses. Many have been cut down root and branch, with a zeal that promised great things: organ-galleries have been cleared out, ladies

received polite thanks and dismissals, and old-fashioned people have been startled from their dozings by the unusual spectacle of surpliced choir-men and boys. But then, alas, people whispered that the new singers were not Catholics, and might be heard elsewhere singing music of a very different character and then irreverences which had escaped observation behind gallery-curtains came openly into view, until, at last, many who had taken part in the original movement grew, as well they might, dissatisfied with what they saw, and in despair of a better remedy, almost yearned after the old days of organ-galleries, the "talented Miss Smith," and *Glorias* twenty minutes long. Nor, it must be confessed, can we altogether condemn those who felt thus; for is there not something sound at bottom? is there not a hatred of sham, a contempt for mere pretence of ritual exactness, which clothes Protestant in the garb of ecclesiastics, and sacrifices a principle for the sake of an effect?

We think, then, that this is precisely the time for bringing forward a scheme for meeting this difficulty, and for dealing with it in a right way. The old system was confessedly a bad one; the attempt at its correction has in a measure failed and why? Because it began at the wrong end: it swept away one system before it had another ready to fill its place and, moreover, it imitated much that was bad in the exploded system. Ritual propriety excluded females from choirs; but their place was supplied by untrained boys who could not sing, or by others who could, but who came from places of ill-repute, and who had been brought up in an utterly worldly system. Instead of founding schools for a complete education in Catholic music and ritual, where musicians might be formed who would understand what the Church required of them, and which would by this time have provided us not only with singing boys who would know what they sing, but with organists, cantors, and choir-men; instead of this, it was content to pick up here a good voice, and there a clever boy, and use him while his voice lasted, and then throw him aside, because no pains had been taken to make him useful in after-life—just as a child will fill its garden with plucked flowers, and enjoy the brief sweetness, taking no thought for the future. Of course nothing came of such a perverse course as this, for nothing could come of it but disappointment and labour in vain; choir-men were continually leaving, for there was nothing to attach them to the Church's service; boys who could sing were only to be obtained at heavy cost, and then just as their voices were failing; in short, go where you will, you hear the same complaint, that of all his trials the choir is one of the most annoy-

ing: of all disappointments it is perhaps the greatest which the zealous missionary priest meets with in his ordinary course. And yet the remedy for all this is in our own hands, if we but choose to use it; we need but ordinary patience, a little zeal, and some self-sacrifice, to carry out a scheme which will not only supply in a great measure our present wants, but will provide most amply for our future greatest necessities.

What this remedy is, we have already suggested. We must establish good schools, in which music must be thoroughly taught by competent masters, and in which the functions must be fully explained, and the boys trained to fill those offices to which the Church invites them. Our wants themselves suggest the instruction which is needed; while the deficiencies we have pointed out in the majority of those who now fill our choirs, warn us against the danger into which we might run, of neglecting one part of education for the sake of another. Only let us get a clear idea of what we want, and the course of education will not be difficult to be determined. We want *musicians*; boys who can understand music in all its various styles, who will grow up into a competent knowledge of the science, and so be able in after-life to continue in choir, and take office as choir-masters, or, it may be, as organists. And in these "various styles" we include Gregorian as well as modern music. Never was there a more entire mistake than that which treats Gregorian music as characteristically easy, in comparison with later compositions. To modern ears and capacities it is most difficult, requiring a peculiar training to render its execution at all what it ought to be. But mere musicians will not content us, however accomplished they may be; because the office they have to fill is one of a higher and holier character than a simply musical one. As ministers of holy Church, they have to apply their peculiar gifts and knowledge to her service, and in the especial way which she has pointed out. Hence it is at once evident that those we train must be Catholics; and that we must train them as thoroughly for their especial office, as we would train a priest for the duties of the sanctuary. Thus *Latin* becomes an essential feature in their course of study; the *least* we can require is that they should understand what they sing; but over and above this, they must understand what they have to do; no amount of drilling will fit them for assisting in the divine offices and functions of the Church so well as a familiar acquaintance with those offices and functions themselves; they must be taught the meaning of all in which they take a part, and know why the Church requires this elaborate ceremonial,

and why she is so precise in details. Thus must they be reared in her courts and trained in her ways; and then unconsciously they will imbibe her spirit, and grow into what she would have them to be. Their musical talent will be duly fostered and healthily developed. Educated in a spirit of devotion, they will learn to offer to God their best; and so will understand that all that art and science can do to render their service acceptable must be carefully sought after and diligently used, that music may fill its appointed place—and that a high and very important one—in the service of the altar. Impressed with a just appreciation of the holiness of the work in which they are engaged, how careful will their teachers be to inspire right principles into their minds, and to enkindle holy aspirations in their hearts; and how innumerable will the opportunities be which present themselves, and of which, when really in earnest, they will not fail to take advantage, to initiate these young servants of holy Church into the profound mysteries which are so strikingly set forth in the appointed ceremonies of religion. And thus will they, as they grow in years and advance in temporal knowledge, acquire a deeper and fuller insight into the things of God, and learn to recognise His hand in forms which to many are without meaning, and to hear His voice in words which to too many ears sound in vain.

Trained in such a system as this, what may we not hope for in time to come? Ignorance, now so often the fruitful source of irreverence and confusion, will be banished from our choirs; for a few such as these will be the salt to season the rest—will be the leaven to leaven the whole. The zealous priest will no longer fear or distrust his choir; but instead of a grief, they will be a joy to his heart; instead of spreading confusion whenever they take part in functions, and giving disedification by their light or irreligious behaviour, they will be his readiest assistants and most trustworthy ministers, glorifying God as well by their knowledge and behaviour as by their musical skill and ability.

Nor let it be supposed that this is a mere Utopian dream—a thing to be wished for, but beyond our realisation; for what is needed to carry it out but that a few zealous and active men, impressed with a due sense of its importance, and having a clear view of the work to be done, should unite in founding a really good school for this especial work? Not that we would wish to limit the work to one school; for it may be more or less fully carried out in many missionary parishes. We have lately seen a prospectus of one such school at Mortlake, to which we wish gladly to take this opportunity to direct atten-

tion* as the first attempt to meet this pressing need; but we hope that eventually a school on a still larger scale may be established, which will be able more completely to realise the idea here set forth, and which will serve both as a model to other missions, and also as a source from whence masters may in time be drawn, to manage smaller establishments of a similar kind.

RITES AND CEREMONIES.

No. I.—HOLY WATER.

WHEN one of our Protestant fellow-countrymen enters for the first time a Catholic church, he is struck by seeing a vase of water close to the door. His wonder is increased when he sees every one go to it, take a little of the water on his finger, and make the sign of the cross. If he happens to come in for the parish Mass on Sundays, he sees the priest go round the church sprinkling this water over the heads of the people. If a Missal has been put into his hand, he may have seen, to-

* **MORTLAKE CHORAL SCHOOL.**—This school is intended for a particular class of children, and is called a Choral School, because a practical knowledge of music, especially of ecclesiastical music, will be a part of the education given. In almost every mission there are to be found boys employed about the altar or in the choir, who unite good general abilities with some taste for music, and who are very desirous of improving themselves and getting on. It is to the parents or patrons of such boys that this school offers an opportunity of giving them, at a small expense, such a good general education as may fit them to be school-masters or office clerks; or, if they have a vocation, to go on to the ecclesiastical state.

And secondly, as one step towards supplying the great want at present existing of properly-trained choristers, singing-men, and choir-masters, it is intended to give them a thorough training in vocal music; not of any one particular school, but such as may enable them to execute correctly whatever may be required of them.

In accordance with this object, the following rules will be observed in granting admission:

I. The children must not be under nine years of age, and have received an ordinary education.

II. They must have a natural turn for music.

III. They must have good natural abilities, and have shown a disposition to exert themselves.

IV. They must be recommended for their general good behaviour.

The education will be that of an ordinary English education, with the addition of Latin and vocal music. Instrumental music will not be an ordinary part of the education; but boys who are likely to become useful as organists will have the opportunity of being trained for that purpose.

The pension for boys who live in lodgings provided by their parents (which must be approved of by the Director) will be from 6*l.* to 7*l.* a year; for those provided with board and lodgings, from 16*l.* to 20*l.*, extras included.

For further particulars, address to Rev. J. G. WENHAM, St. Mary Magdalen's, Mortlake.

wards the end, various forms of blessing: the form for blessing lambs at Easter, eggs, bread, new fruits, eatables, candles, a new house, a room, a new ship, priest's vestments; and at the end of each form there is a rubric directing the object to be sprinkled with holy water. What is this holy water? he says. Is it a remnant of Judaism or of Paganism? or is it an invention of the dark ages? Any how, the prejudiced man does not hesitate to pronounce it something eminently unchristian, and an unmitigated superstition. Here and there, however, a more cautious and inquiring mind may have some curiosity to obtain more accurate information on the subject. The following attempt to satisfy this laudable curiosity will afford another instance of the great weight of historical evidence that is to be found in support of those practices of Catholic devotion which seem of minor importance, yet which are very dear to every sincere member of the Church.

St. Thomas of Aquin explains the use of holy water in the following words: "Holy water," he says, "is applied against the snares of the devil and against venial sins, which are obstacles to the fruit of the sacraments."* And again, comparing holy water with exorcisms, which are also used against the attacks of the devil, he says: "Holy water is given against outward assaults of devils; but exorcisms are used against their inward attacks;" "or, we may say, that as penance is given us to be a second remedy for sin, in consequence of baptism not being repeated, so holy water is the second remedy against diabolical assaults, because the exorcisms of baptism are not repeated."† Elsewhere he writes: "Holy water is used to obtain the pardon of venial sins. This it effects, inasmuch as it is used with feelings of respect for God and holy things. The punishment of venial sin will be remitted according to the degree of fervour with which we turn to God."‡ If we compare this doctrine of St. Thomas with the doctrine of the Church at the present day, as laid down in the prayers used for blessing water, we shall see that 600 years have made no change in this regard.§ We may therefore expect to find that St. Thomas, in like manner, has only told us what had been held in the Church before his time, even from the beginning.

Without recurring to the practices of the old law,|| and without basing an argument on any text of the New Testament, we will confine ourselves to the monuments of Chris-

* Sum. pars i. q. 65, a. 1 ad 6.

† Ibid. q. 71, a. 2 ad 3.

‡ Ibid. q. 87, a. 3 ad 3.

§ The reader may find the translation of the prayers used for blessing holy water in Dr. Rock's *Hierurgia*, vol. ii. pt. ii. c. 13.

|| Exod. xxx. 17; Num. xix. 1, 5, 17.

tian antiquity and the records of ecclesiastical history. The earliest monuments are of course the Roman catacombs; and even there we have traces of the use of holy water. Bottari, in his *Roma Sotterranea*,* gives the copy of a fresco taken from one of the chapels there, wherein a certain number of clergy are represented in dalmatics, and one is sprinkling holy water. This painting, however, may not be of the highest antiquity. But besides this, at the entrances of the cubacula that were used for churches in the times of persecution, low pillars are sometimes found, on which it would seem that vases of holy water were placed. Certainly Eusebius alludes to these vases in the great church built by Paulinus Bishop of Tyre;† and Le Brun assures us that the Nestorians of Malabar had holy water at the door of their churches.‡ It appears, indeed, from many passages of the early Fathers, that the faithful used regularly to wash their hands at the church-doors. And hence frequent occasion is taken of reminding them that they ought to come to prayer with pure consciences, *i.e.* free from all grievous sin; for otherwise the washing of hands will avail nothing.§ And this is only an illustration of the principle inculcated by St. Thomas in the passage quoted above, namely, that holy water is not a sacrament, but depends for its effects in purifying from venial sin on the dispositions of the person using it.||

But St. Thomas mentions another use of holy water, *viz.* as a preservative against the outward attacks of the devil; and since this is a point that may not be so easily proved in accordance with early tradition, we propose to turn our chief attention to it. As early as the beginning of the second century (according to Anastasius the librarian), the faithful had obtained leave from Pope Alexander I. to take holy water from the church to their own houses;¶ and probably this was only sanctioning an existing practice. In the Apostolical Constitutions,** the blessing of water is ascribed to St. Matthew. "St. Matthew," it is there said, "ordained that the bishop should bless water or oil. But if the bishop be not present, let the priest, assisted by the deacon, give the blessing. When the bishop is present, both priest and deacon must assist. The

* Tom. iii. p. 171, par. 148; given in Rock's *Hierurgia*, tom. ii. p. 2, c. 13.

† Hist. Eccles. x. 4.

‡ Cérémon. de la Messe, tom. vi. p. 567.

§ Tert. de oratione, c. 11; Paulin. Ep. 32; Chrys. Hom. 25 in Verb. AA. See Baron ad ann. 57, Annal. Eccles.; Bingham, Antiq. viii. 3-6.

|| See Bergier, Dict. Theol. art. *Eau bénite*. Le Brun, Cérémonies de la Messe, introd. art. vi. tom. 1.

¶ Apud Baron. Ann. Eccles. an. 132, m. 3.

** Const. Apost. l. viii, c. 29,—apud Mansi, tom. i. p. 578.

blessing is as follows: Lord of Sabaoth, God of power, the Creator of water and giver of oil, Thou who pardonest and lovest man, Thou didst give water to drink and cleanse, and oil for gladness; vouchsafe, then, to sanctify this water and oil for Christ's sake: . . . give to it the power of healing and expelling sickness,* of driving away devils, and of rescuing from all snares, through Christ our hope, &c."

Let us next examine the pages of Church history. St. Epiphanius, in his account of the Ebionite heresy, after having related the conversion of Count Joseph, tells us that he had obtained leave from the emperor to build churches for the Christians; and that he began at Tiberias, where was a large temple ascribed to Adrian, and called after him the Adrian Temple. But as it had remained unfinished, the citizens were desirous of fitting it up for public baths. Count Joseph, on learning this, determined to turn it into a church. The building, however, had to be completed. In order to prepare materials, he ordered seven furnaces to be made ready outside the town. The Jews, enraged at these proceedings, had recourse to incantations, which suspended the action of the fire. The workmen, finding all their labour to be in vain, reported it to the count, who immediately hastened to the spot; and calling for a vessel of water, made the sign of the cross over it, and invoked the name of Jesus, saying: "In the name of Jesus of Nazareth, Whom my fathers crucified, let this water have the power of dispelling all incantations and magic, and of restoring to the fire its power; so that we may complete the house of God." He then sprinkled each furnace, and in the presence of all, the flames instantly burst forth; whereupon the crowd retired, exclaiming, "There is but one God, the God who helps the Christians." The same author had just before related how this same Count Joseph had cured by the same means a madman possessed by the devil.† Photius, too, has recorded that St. Chrysostom healed a poor woman by sending her some blessed water.‡ St. Jerome, again, in his life of the hermit St. Hilarion, tells a still more wonderful story: Italicus, a Christian citizen of Gaza, intended to run his horses in the circus against the horses of a duumvir of Gaza. This magistrate, being a worshipper of the god Mar-nas, was versed in magic, and was reported to be using incantations to prevent the horses of Italicus from winning. Italicus

* St. Thomas says nothing about the power in holy water of restoring health; but many think that this is limited to cases where sickness is brought on either by diabolical agency, or as a punishment of venial sin; in which case St. Thomas will have alluded to it indirectly.

† Eph. de Hær. 30, Ebion, l. i. tom. ii.

‡ Photius, Bibliotheca, 96.

therefore had recourse to the saint, and begged him to dispel these charms; without, however, doing any hurt to his rival. The venerable Hilarion at first declined to interfere by prayer in trifles of this kind, and with a smile replied that he should sell his horses, and give the money to the poor for his soul's sake. But Italicus replied that he was in some sort a public functionary, and was not free to break off his undertaking. As a Christian, he could not employ magic even against magic; and therefore he had recourse to the servant of God against the god whom the people adored at Gaza. He wished to blot out an insult which was offered not to himself personally but to the Church of Christ. Hilarion then called for his drinking-cup; and, after having had it filled with water, gave it to Italicus, who sprinkled with it the stables, horses, drivers, chariots, and even the race-ground. Great were the expectations of the crowd; for though the duumvir laughed at the Christian for what he had done, yet there were not wanting others who foreboded the defeat of the pagan and the success of Italicus, which in fact really ensued; whereupon the people cried out, "Christ has conquered Marnas;" and many were converted.*

A story not very unlike the first which we quoted from St. Epiphanius is told by Theodoret in his Church History. When a prefect was sent by the Emperor Theodosius to destroy the great temple of Jupiter at Apamea, acting upon the advice of one of his labourers, he had undermined the columns and propped them up with olive-wood, intending to destroy these by fire, and so to bring down the massive superstructure. The devil, however, impeded the action of the fire; the wood refused to ignite. Marcellus, the bishop, hearing of this, hastened to the church, called for a vessel of water, and after having placed it under the altar, prayed to God that he would show His might over the false power of Satan, lest unbelievers should be more hardened. Then making the sign of the cross over the water, he gave it to his deacon Equitius, desiring him to sprinkle it on the place in a spirit of faith, and then to apply fire again to the props. Hereupon a flame burst forth, which the water seemed to feed as though it were oil. The three columns soon fell, and with them twelve more and one whole side of the building; and when the citizens, attracted to the spot by the noise of the fall, learnt what had happened, they gave glory to God and sang hymns in His honour.†

* St. Hier. in vitâ Sti Hilarion Abbat. Some authors attribute to this history the origin of the ceremony of blessing horses and other animals on the festival of St. Anthony the hermit.

† Theod. Hist. Eccles. l. v. c. 21.

And yet once more: St. Gregory the Great, in his book of dialogues, amongst other miracles performed by Fortunatus, Bishop of Todi, relates the following. The holy bishop had tried earnestly, but without success, to ransom two boys whom a Goth was carrying captive from the city. On passing before the church of St. Peter, this man was thrown from his horse, and broke his leg. He was immediately removed to the *hospitium*, and thence, feeling remorse for what he had done, he sent to ask St. Fortunatus to send him a deacon. On the deacon's arrival, he bade him take the two boys to the bishop; "and tell him," he added, "that I have been struck in this way because he cursed me; but pray for me." The deacon took the boys to the bishop, and delivered his message; and the bishop sent him back with some holy water to sprinkle over the man. By this means the man was healed, and continued his journey as if nothing had happened.*

We will now turn homewards, and see the usage amongst our British and Saxon ancestors. Venerable Bede tells us, that when SS. Germanus and Lupus were sailing to Britain (A.D. 447), the devil raised a violent tempest in the Channel. St. Germanus was asleep, but on being awakened by St. Lupus, he sprinkled water on the waves in the name of the Holy Trinity, and immediately they were calmed.† Now since these holy men were called over by the Britons because they had preserved the Catholic faith in its purity, it is no assumption to say that they held the same faith and religious observances as our own forefathers; or in other words, that our ancestors were familiar with the use of holy water, just as St. Germanus himself was. St. Gregory the Great, in writing to the Abbot Mellitus, says: "When Almighty God shall have brought you to our reverend brother Bishop Augustine, tell him what determination I have come to with regard to England; namely, that the temples of the gods are not to be destroyed in that country. But when the idols have been exterminated, *let water be blessed*, let it be sprinkled in the temples; let altars be erected, and relics placed in them."‡

Venerable Bede also tells us of many miraculous cures wrought by means of holy water. Thus, Bishop Acca, when a priest in Ireland (A.D. 678), had cured a young man by putting into some blest water a small particle of the oak on which the head of St. Oswald had been stuck by the pagans after his death, and giving it to the sick man.§ Simeon of Durham, in

* S. Greg. Magn. Dial. l. i. c. 10.

† H. E. Gent. Ang. l. i. c. 17.

‡ Ibid. l. i. c. 30. Pope Vigilius, in the early part of the sixth century, gives similar directions to Eutherius, Bishop of Praga. Mansi, tom. ix. p. 32.

§ Idem. ibid. l. iii. c. 13, et v. vit. Wilfridi auctore Heddio, c. 53.

his chronicle, relates two similar cures performed by means of holy water and relics. Finally, the venerable historian of the Anglo-Saxon Church tells us, on the authority of Berthun, abbot of Inderwood, of a similar miracle wrought by St. John of Beverley, about the year 686, upon a noble lady residing about two miles from the monastery we have mentioned. She had been confined to her room for three weeks, when St. John sent her some of the holy water that had been blessed in the dedication of the church,* desiring her both to taste it and to have it applied to the parts where she suffered most pain. As soon as this had been done, she arose quite healed, and waited on the bishop and abbot, both of whom were dining that day at her husband's table, having been persuaded to do so by a promise of plentiful alms for the poor. "Thus," says our author, "she faithfully imitated the example of St. Peter's mother-in-law, who, when she had been cured by Christ of a fever, rose and ministered to him."†

We might multiply instances *ad infinitum*; but we have said enough to show that both in the Eastern‡ and Western Church, and in particular in the Church of our own country, holy water was used just as it is at present, and for the same purposes, viz. to counteract Satanic agency, and to help in recovering health.§ It is true that many of the instances related are miraculous; but who can tell where miracles cease, and where the natural operations begin to work, after impeding causes have been removed by special providence? Every priest can bear witness that the poor Irish in this country still ask for holy water when any friend or relative is ill, or when they have heard some mysterious noises in their dwellings that they ascribe to diabolical agency. Others can bear witness that houses that had been left as haunted have, by the blessing of the priest and the sprinkling of holy water, been rendered habitable. Some, again, have seen cures which seem almost miraculous, by the use of the same instrument with a firm and simple faith. We forbear from quoting instances; it is enough that we give glory to God, who grants such powers to the prayers and blessing of the Church.||

* The blessing of this water is substantially the same as that of ordinary holy water.

† H. E. l. v. c. 4.

‡ See also Goar. Eucholog. Græc. pp. 13, 441, 453.

§ For other examples see Flores Exemplorum, P. Dauraultius, S. J. p. 2, c. iv. t. 20.

|| The consecration of baptismal water is mentioned by the early Fathers with the same earnestness as by theologians of these days. St. Cyp. Ep. 70 ad Januar.; St. Basil. de Spiritu Sancto, c. 27, n. 66; St. Ambros. de Sacram. l. i. c. 27, and others. But baptismal water is never confounded with holy water; the form of blessing, as well as the use, being quite distinct. See Rationale Divini Officii. Lugduni, 1518.

Reviews.

ANECDOTES OF THE ROMAN REPUBLIC.

La Repubblica Romana. Appendice all' Ebreo di Verona, corretta dall' Autore e corredata di Note. Taddei, Ferrara, 1853.

WHEN it was announced to the readers of the *Civiltà Cattolica* that the story of "the Jew of Verona" was ended, there was a very general complaint that it had stopped just where fresh matter of interest and importance was most abundant; and a loud demand was made that the author should resume the thread of his discourse, and describe the state of Rome during the period between the Pope's flight and his return. To an ordinary novelist it would not have been easy to comply with this request: when the plot of a tale has been once fully developed, and some at least of its principal characters disposed of, according to the approved rules, either by death or matrimony, it would be difficult to compose a new plot, in which the same characters, or as many of them as survive, should reappear in their altered circumstances. As we have already seen, however, the interest of Father Bresciani's romance depended but little on any artificial composition; accordingly the heroine, whom we left in a state of insensibility, having fainted at the sight of the murdered hero, was soon brought to life again; and the *Appendice all' Ebreo di Verona* continued for many months to occupy a prominent place in the Jesuits' Magazine. It has now been republished in a separate form; though not, we are sorry to observe, uniform with the volumes of which it professes to be a continuation. We have read it with great interest, and propose to select a few of the most striking incidents from it, just as we have recently done from the original work.*

The Appendix begins with an account of the effect that was produced upon the people and the self-appointed government of Rome, by the excommunication pronounced by the Holy Father at Gaeta in the opening of 1849. Every effort was made to destroy all the printed copies of this document, that they might not fall into the hands of the people. The conspirators would fain have kept from the public knowledge altogether, if this had been possible, the fact of the excommunication having been declared; and failing this, they were anxious that they should at least have no opportunity of

* See *Rambler*, vol. xii. pp. 283, 374.

reading the document itself, but only of hearing their garbled and travestied account of its contents. Means were found, however, of printing a large number of copies in Rome itself; and the author tells us of one noble-minded Roman girl, who having persuaded a man of her acquaintance to accompany her with a bundle of these copies, went round herself at the dead of night with paste and brush duly concealed under her shawl, and affixed copies to the walls at the corners of all the principal streets in Trastevere, to the doors of some of the churches, and even in the immediate neighbourhood of the *quartieri* of the civic guard, and on the backs of some of the sentry-boxes. Many a fierce Republican too, when he wished to use his pocket-handkerchief, found a copy of the dreaded '*scomunica*' in his pocket by its side; others also found them in their hats, on their beds, on the seats of their carriages, and in a hundred other most improbable places. In public they professed, of course, to feel only contempt for spiritual weapons waged for such a cause in the nineteenth century; but in their hearts they knew that the majority of the Roman people did not share in these impious sentiments, and they therefore dreaded the effect of this measure; and those among the party who had been led, rather than the leaders, and in whose breasts the light of faith and devotion was not yet extinguished, could not fail to experience at least a momentary shock when they found themselves overtaken by so formidable a blow. It was to encourage this momentary feeling, and to kindle, if possible, the latent spark of repentance, that the wives, and mothers, and daughters, and sisters of these unhappy men had recourse to the devices we have named.

The publication of this declaratory sentence of excommunication was, indeed, the turning-point in the history of very many souls at that critical period. It concerned those only who had taken an active part in bringing about the revolution, or were now actively engaged in upholding its result, the existing form of government. Armellini, Sterbini, Campello, and the rest, anxious to oblige as many as possible to sail in the same boat with themselves, published a decree, requiring all soldiers to take an oath of fidelity to the new state of things; and all civil *employés* to make a declaration of their *adhesion* to the same. At first, many thought to lay the flattering unction to their soul, that there was a distinction between an oath of fidelity and a mere declaration of adhesion; so that, whereas the former would have been manifest treason and perjury in those who had long since taken an oath of allegiance to the Pope, the latter might, under the pressure of the circumstances, be admissible. And Father Bresciani gives an

interesting description of the way in which many an unhappy official would secretly gain access to some religious house, there to lay his case of conscience before his father-confessor, or some other approved theologian. But by and by the answer came from Gaeta most explicit, *non licet adhærere*. And though many, of course, sacrificed their consciences to the supposed necessity of providing for their families, and still more to the urgency of fear, others again (and, thank God, not a few,) boldly resigned their posts; even though (as very often happened) it were the only means they had of maintaining their wives and families. Some of these, too, were men who had already given in their adhesion to the government, under an erroneous impression that this might be allowed; nevertheless, as soon as they heard of the pontifical decision, they openly revoked their declaration of allegiance; thereby not only losing all their means of sustenance, but also exposing themselves to great personal danger as *neri* and *retrogradisti*. Parish-priests, who publicly read and commented on the brief of excommunication from the altar on Sundays, and other ecclesiastics who were notorious for the advice they had given in the confessional to all who consulted them on the subject, were, of course, specially obnoxious to the ruling powers; and our author mentions one of the former class, who escaped from the assassination that had been decreed against him, only by the kindly warning of one of those who had been deputed to execute it. This man had been imprisoned many years before, for some not very grievous offence; and the kind-hearted parish-priest, seeing the misery of his family and the imminent dangers which threatened his young and handsome wife, succeeded with great difficulty in procuring his liberation, offering himself as surety for his future good behaviour. The man had unfortunately allowed himself to be entangled in the snares of the secret societies, and was sworn to execute their orders. Nevertheless, he could not allow his former benefactor to fall a victim to their wickedness; still less could he consent to have a share in such a crime himself. He therefore sent a message by his wife, entreating him to be out of the way by a certain time, which he named. The priest understood the hint, fled into the country, and took refuge in the distant town of Ferentino.

Ferentino was one of those frontier towns south of the Sabine chain of hills, which was most steadfast in its allegiance to the Papal government; its inhabitants, like those of Alatri, Fumone, and other places in the same neighbourhood, refused to elect a deputy for the Roman Costituente, and maintained a position of undisguised hostility against the revolutionists,

even in the height of their temporary success. To counteract any evil that might be apprehended from this quarter, Sterbini undertook to go amongst them, and see if he could not sow the seed of corruption, at least in some minds. Of course his mission was not altogether without fruit; sophistical arguments, delusive promises, and a liberal distribution of money, sufficed to purchase a few ignorant and evilly-disposed persons in each town. His success, however, was very limited; and on his return to Rome, he dispatched some of the most ferocious of the bandit-troops at his disposal to keep these places in check, and prevent them from combining together against the republic. The troops were received with silence, and their presence tolerated with sullen impatience; but when they proceeded to parade the streets after nightfall with bands of music, and singing revolutionary and immoral songs, the people flocked out of their houses and peremptorily forbade their passage: '*Sonatori, di qui non si passa.*' For a moment there was a slight show of resistance; but the men stepped back into their houses, and presently reappeared, brandishing the burning sticks which they had taken from off their hearths. This soon put the martial musicians to flight; and for the future they were obliged to confine their concerts to their own quarters. In process of time the "tree of liberty," surmounted by the usual red cap, was erected in the public square by order of the government; the Pontifical arms were removed out of sight, and the tricolor flag hoisted in their place. The people were constrained to suppress their feelings at all these indignities, and to content themselves with avoiding as much as possible the sight of the hated emblem of revolution and anarchy; or, when obliged to pass it, they did—as we have heard that many of the Irish peasantry do when they meet a Protestant parson—"put the sign of the cross between them and evil." They hit upon an ingenious device, too, for causing all the dogs of the town to have a special predilection for the foot of this tree; and in many other ways delighted to show their contempt and abhorrence for it. At last came the feast of the patron of the town, St. Ambrose; his image was to be carried as usual in solemn procession through all the principal streets; and of course the Piazza could not be avoided. They could not endure, however, that this sacred function should be polluted by the presence of the object of their detestation; and a few of the boldest spirits determined to remove it. At first it was proposed to consult the bishop, or at least the arch-priest of the parish; but this advice was overruled, lest the execution of their plan should be prohibited. At the very moment that the bells rang out

to announce the setting forth of the procession, the first stroke of the axe was levelled at the root of the tree; and in a few minutes, amid shouts of joy, *Viva Santo Ambrogio!* &c. &c. it was brought to the ground. By the time the procession reached the spot, it had been reduced to splinters, which were eagerly distributed to the people as they passed, and stuck by them into the torches which they were carrying. "The chief magistrate of the town," says Father Bresciani, "inwardly prayed that no harm might come of this; the bishop recommended himself to the protection of the Saint; some of the canons trembled for the consequences; whilst others testified their approbation by nods and gestures to the people, whose applause was most vociferous. 'Viva Santo Ambrogio! pass on your way rejoicing; you'll see no more of the devil's tree; look how it burns!'" Almost immediately afterwards news was received of the approach of the Neapolitan army, who were come to assist in relieving them from the heavy yoke of their oppressors. The inhabitants of the town went out to meet them with the most joyful acclamations, hailing them as their deliverers; all the streets were illuminated to receive them, and the best wines and an abundance of provisions were brought out for their refreshment. By and by, however, when this same army had retired (in consequence of the temporary truce that had been concluded between the Romans and the French), Garibaldi and the Roman Triumvirs determined to have a day of reckoning with these faithful subjects of the Pope. A portion of the most lawless troops in their employ was sent to take vengeance on the town; and the people, having no head, nobody round whom they could rally, who could marshal them into order and take measures for their defence, fled like sheep before a wolf. Money, furniture, provisions, were all concealed in the most secret places; the cattle, the men, women, and children were all hurried off with the utmost confusion across the Neapolitan frontier; bishop and priests, monks and friars, and even cloistered nuns, joined in the universal flight; and the distress and confusion which ensued was indescribable. One priest, who had lingered behind the rest, and upon whose track dogs were set by some of Garibaldi's legion, was so blinded by the hurry and alarm of his flight, that he fell over a considerable precipice; providentially his fall was intercepted by a thick mass of brambles, so that he was not dashed to pieces; nevertheless he encountered new perils of another kind, for he alighted on the hiding-place of a wolf, who was not a little amazed at the unexpected intrusion, and lost no time in taking himself off.

Father Bresciani tells this story as an illustration of the

weak and defenceless condition of the people, even where their devoted loyalty was most unquestionable, through lack of competent guides and leaders; and he is anxious by these means to make out a case for the Roman people, against those who would condemn them all for perfidy and ingratitude in their desertion of the Pope. That the great mass of the people were more sinned against than sinning, that they were grossly deceived by the hypocritical professions of the revolutionary leaders, and basely deserted by those who should have set them a noble example and placed themselves at their head, we most fully believe; at the same time, we cannot altogether acquit them from the charge of an excess of timidity. This very example of the people of Ferentino seems fully to establish it; a town enjoying every advantage of natural position, surrounded by massive walls of Cyclopean architecture, inhabited by a hardy and determined population, unanimous in their adhesion to the Pope—surely something might have been done in the way of offering a successful resistance, even though the few gentry and wealthier citizens had chosen rather to have recourse to flight. The panic which seized the inhabitants of Veroli, another town of the same character and in the same neighbourhood, was sudden, and ludicrous rather than reprehensible, and might have happened perhaps even to men of stouter hearts and more determined wills. It was a market-day, and the piazza was crowded both with people and with goods; by and by an armed force, consisting of some of Garibaldi's legion—whose name was a perfect terror throughout the country, and whose looks were of a piece with their reputation—was seen to enter by the *Porta Romana*. Already the poor market-women trembled with alarm, and the simple-minded peasantry began to apprehend a scene of plunder and bloodshed, when one of the foremost of the band, either by chance or for the express purpose of terrifying the natives, began to whet the axe which he was carrying, as though he wished to sharpen its edge for immediate execution. In an instant the people were seized with fright, burst forth into screams and shrieks of distress, and the whole place became a scene of disorder. The villagers from the neighbouring hills catch up their baskets and begin to run; the baskets upset; eggs, fruit, and vegetables are tumbled upon the pavement and into the streets; these, again, cause the people to stumble and fall, and then others fall over *them*; pigs and poultry, mules and asses, cows, goats, and sheep run hither and thither, infinitely increasing the confusion; the narrow streets cannot contain the mixed multitudes that seek to enter them; more especially since all the shop-keepers are rushing

out to put up the shutters to their windows, and never stop to take in the goods that hang without for display; those who are farthest from their homes crowd into the parish-church as a possible sanctuary; and the canons who are engaged in singing at the principal Mass of the day hear on all sides of them exclamations that the town is being sacked, is being put to fire and sword; that already a hundred corpses lie in the streets, that blood is flowing in torrents, and that the houses are burning; and without staying to ask how or by whom these things are being done, instantly they disappear. Rockets, berrettas, fur tippets and capes, bestrew the benches; the thurible lies empty on the ground, the smoking coals scattered around it; and only the priest who is offering the Holy Sacrifice remains at the altar. He, too, after reverently consuming the Host, retires hurriedly to the sacristy, where he sees every token of confusion, but none of his reverend colleagues. One has let himself down from a window into a blind alley, where he has taken shelter under some planks of wood, like a mouse in a hole; presently another, who had first fled to the bell-tower, and then, not thinking himself sufficiently secure, had made his escape through the same window, draws near to these same planks with the intention of creeping under them; but, being greeted by an earnest entreaty that he would spare somebody's life, he turns back in alarm, and crawls into the public sewer; and so, some in one way and some in another, all take to flight; and the troops enter the deserted market-place, without a man, woman, or child to greet them there, but piles of disordered baggage, as though it had been the field of a bloodless battle.

All this is ludicrous enough to read of, and must have been ludicrous also to those who bore a part in it, when all their mistake had been discovered; but there were other scenes and other features in the history of the Roman Republic which call forth very different feelings. We will not here enter again upon the painful subject of secret societies; though the long history of Lionello, occupying nearly half of this Appendix, introduces to us many new and yet more horrible circumstances than those which we laid before our readers on a former occasion. For the present, however, we will confine ourselves to the mention of offences and outrages of a more ordinary character, beginning with those in which these brave republicans seem to have specially delighted, against the weakest and most defenceless of the inhabitants of Rome, the cloistered nuns. As soon as the famous decree of the 27th April, 1849, had been passed, whereby the Republic, "in the name of God and of the people," cancelled all the vows

of the religious of both sexes, and declared them to be utterly null and void, certain commissioners appointed for the purpose went round to visit all the convents. Having first summoned the Mother Superioress, they ordered her to assemble the whole community, to whom they then read the absurdly grandiloquent decree; from which they doubtless anticipated some considerable results. Their offers of "liberty" were met in *every* instance either with silent contempt or with clever and spirited replies; but in no convent was there found a single nun willing to avail herself of them. Exasperated by this refusal of their proffered kindness, they did not scruple to make use of the most gross and insulting language in their interviews with these chaste spouses of Christ. In those convents whose inmates were devoted to the work of education, the commissioners insisted on seeing not only the nuns but also the scholars, and to see each of them singly, under the pretence of satisfying themselves that none were detained there against their will. And knowing the general character of the officers employed by the Republic, we scarcely needed the melancholy assurances of Father Bresciani, that they were not slow to avail themselves of the opportunities thus afforded them to insult young and innocent girls with impunity. It is even stated in these pages, on the testimony of an eye-witness, that a proposal was made in the *Circolo Popolare*, and received with the utmost enthusiasm by those who frequented that focus of every thing that was most abominable, to remove all the nuns in Rome from their several homes, and arrange them in double file upon the walls of the city near the *Porta San Pancrazio* and *Porta Portese*, where the cannonading of the besieging army was most vigorous; and that this scheme might possibly have been carried into execution but for the interference of the secretaries and consuls of some of the foreign embassies still remaining in Rome.

Nor is this the only occasion on which, according to our author, the interference of officials connected with the several legations was necessary in order to prevent certain excesses that had been determined on by the rebels when they found their cause was desperate, and that the French must soon be masters of the city. He names in particular the Secretary of the French Embassy as having prevented the destruction of St. Peter's, which they were purposing to accomplish, either by the explosion of eighty barrels of gunpowder placed in an excavation to be made under each corner of the Basilica, or by setting fire to vast quantities of faggots to be piled together among the wood-work of the roof. Sixteen conspirators were employed to make the necessary arrangements for the execu-

tion of this latter plan; but one of them, touched with remorse, confided the secret to a friend, who instantly communicated it to the French Secretary. This official at first refused to believe it possible that so monstrous a project could be entertained. His informant, however, under a promise of the strictest secrecy, procured him an interview with the repentant conspirator himself; and being thus assured of the reality of the plot, the Secretary proceeded at once to the Quirinal. Here, by means of threats that no terms should be given to them on the capture of the city, and that their lives should inevitably be the forfeit for such an enormity, he succeeded in obtaining a promise from the triumvirs that the plan should not be carried into execution. Nevertheless, he did not think it altogether superfluous to give warning to the officials of St. Peter's themselves; and more than forty persons were afterwards regularly employed day and night in keeping guard over the several parts of the Basilica, in the subterranean vaults, on the roof, at all the different entrances, &c.

Some of our readers may be disposed to think this story absolutely incredible. We can only repeat what we said in our former notice of the earlier portion of this work, that the author—and the author “is an honourable man”—vouches for its truth. Moreover, it is notorious that the republicans attempted to set fire to the other Basilica of St. Paul; and both these acts only belong to a class of offences for which they certainly had no distaste, as was abundantly shown in many minor matters during their short-lived reign of violence in Rome. Witness their destruction of the bells, for example. It is true indeed that, in their published decree, they promised to exempt from destruction all bells that were valuable as works of art, or curious and venerable for their antiquity, or on any other consideration. But in practice no such distinction was observed. The great bells of the Gesù, for instance, which had once hung in St. Paul's, London, whilst England was still Catholic, were amongst the first to be broken in pieces; so also the bells of Saint Agnese, in Piazza Navona, which struck the hours and regulated all the hours of business in that large and busy market; and many others also; besides innumerable precious objects of art in the sacristies of various churches in Rome, to redeem which large sums of money were sometimes offered in vain.

To the Christian, however, painful as these barbarisms may be, they sink into insignificance before the manifold sacrileges and other outrages affecting the honour and glory of God and the salvation of men's souls, which abounded in

those miserable times. Of what was done against the Blessed Sacrament we have spoken enough before, and will pass over the additional particulars contained in this *Appendix*. We will only now mention the scenes which were daily to be witnessed in the hospitals when once the siege of Rome was fairly begun. Instead of Sisters of Charity, women, the most abandoned of their sex, hovered around the beds of the dying; and instead of the grave and reverend *parroco* with surplice and stole, bending his ear down to the lips of the wounded soldier so as to receive his faint but humble confession, there stood Gavazzi, or some other renegade and suspended priest, clad à la militaire, with beard and moustache, a tricolor cravat and a dagger at his side, the handle of which being in the form of a cross was offered to the dying man to kiss instead of a crucifix! Finally, instead of words of warning mingled with encouragement addressed to the poor suffering sinner, bidding him repent, make his confession, and receive the comforting words of absolution, he was told that death, encountered in fighting for one's country, was a species of martyrdom; that in such a case there was no need of confession; that the blood of the soldier shed on the classic soil of Rome was like the blood of Abel, that would bring forth the fruits of eternal life; "only say with your lips, or at least in your heart, *Viva l'Italia*, and your sanctity is beyond that of St. Stephen or St. Laurence: they died only for the faith, you die for the faith and for your country too; believe in Italy, and I give you absolution in the name of God and of the people." That such horrible profanations of the Sacrament of Penance were really perpetrated by persons of the class we have spoken of seems only too certain; and when a priest, sent by the proper ecclesiastical authorities, came to assist in these hospitals, he was received with scoffs and insults, and not allowed to exercise his holy functions.

But enough of these painful matters: let us conclude our extracts from this interesting volume with an anecdote of a more cheerful character, which will be read with special interest by our friends in the Emerald Isle. The Irish College in Rome displayed, of course, the British flag during the whole period of the troubles, and, like the Scotch and the English, offered a secure asylum to some of the saintly clergy who were special objects of revolutionary hatred. This could not but be suspected by those who knew the characters of their respective Rectors, even if more accurate information had not been obtained, as was only too probable, by means of spies. Accordingly, a party of republicans presented themselves one day at the gates of the Irish College and demanded admittance, un-

der the pretence that certain thieves had secreted themselves about the premises with the intention of plundering during the night. There were in the college at the time at least three Roman ecclesiastics whom these ruffians would gladly have discovered, his Eminence Cardinal Castracane, the saintly Don Vincenzo Pallotta, and Don Pietro Sciamplicotti, the parish-priest of Sta. Maria de' Monti, of whom they were specially in quest. However, it was not thought prudent to refuse admittance, and the soldiers prosecuted their search with all diligence. On entering one of the larger rooms, they found apparently all the students standing together in a group; and, satisfied with the sight, they passed on to another, little dreaming that Cardinal Castracane himself had been in the midst of this very conspicuous group, but expecting rather to find him in some remote corner of the house. By some singular accident, or rather by the over-ruling providence of God, they altogether overlooked the room in which Don V. Pallotta was concealed; whilst in another cell they found a student lying dangerously ill in his bed, and a priest sitting by his side with a stole round his neck and a ritual in his hand, his back turned towards the door, apparently engaged in some spiritual duty; this was no other than Sciamplicotti. The soldiers closed the door, however, and passed on; nor was their search rewarded by a single discovery such as they desired.

ENGLISH AND FOREIGN HISTORIANS : THE MASSACRE OF ST. BARTHOLOMEW.

Lectures on the History of France. 2 vols. By the Right Honourable Sir James Stephen, Professor of Modern History in the University of Cambridge. Longman : London.

Civil Wars and Monarchy in France in the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries : a History of France, principally during that period. 2 vols. By Leopold Ranke. London : Bentley.

A Chronicle of the Reign of Charles IX. By Prosper Mérimée. London : Bentley.

HISTORY has got a bad name : it has been called one vast conspiracy against the truth. Nor can we well wonder at it. History has fallen into bad hands and been put to evil uses : it has become the confederate and the tool of the heretic and the infidel. With one important qualification, then, we repeat the

charge; history, *as the world writes it*, is indeed one vast conspiracy against the Church of God; and so wide-spread are its ramifications, and so deep-laid its schemes, that we entertain no hope of its being detected and exposed until the great "day of manifestation." Besides, its author is a person of consummate tact and sagacity. The "father of lies," who is the "god of this world," takes good care that the annals, not only of his own realm, but of the kingdom of heaven on earth, are written by his own friends and disciples, and that the crimes he has induced men to commit are turned to the discredit of the religion against which they were committed. And most effectually has the work been accomplished. It is often matter of wonder to us, as we glance at some popular school-book, or consult some standard manual of reference, or peruse some of those lively memoirs or brilliant historical sketches with which the age abounds, or merely open at random some of those multitudinous volumes, made so tempting to the eye, which fill the shelves and strew the counters of our thriving booksellers,—it is matter to us as well of astonishment as of thankfulness to the Giver of all grace, that any member of the English reading-public should ever have succeeded in disabusing his mind of the prejudices with which from his infancy it had been saturated, and recognising in the begrimed and blood-stained visage of the "Church of Rome," as represented by its satirists, the pure and immortal features of the Bride of Christ.

Yet even history, depraved and lost as it is, seems occasionally to relent and revenge itself on its masters. Or rather, truth is mighty after all, and sometimes prevails even in this world. All heretics are not bigots; and infidels and indifferentists are not wanting in natural honesty, and are often remarkable for intellectual acuteness. Protestants of the Exeter-Hall stamp are of course incorrigible; they have their own readings in history as in Scripture, which set facts no less than reason and common sense at defiance. There "Mumpsimus" ever lives and reigns with a majesty undiminished and a supremacy undisputed. But of late years, not only in France and Germany, but even in Protestant England, men have arisen who fearlessly assailed the august traditions of their fathers; not to mention those whose candid research led them to the very borders of the Catholic Church, and in some cases was rewarded with the gift of faith, who can estimate the services which a Maitland,—honour be to his name!—has rendered to the cause of truth; not only by exposing and overthrowing many a cherished fallacy and falsehood, but by engendering a suspicion in the minds of the thoughtful and con-

scientious, that authorities the most venerable are not always to be trusted, and that in determining critical points of history it is well to go to original sources, and not to commit oneself without reserve to unqualified statements.

But, without doubt, whatever change for the better has been wrought in this respect, is very greatly due to the importation into this country of the works of the more distinguished continental historians, many of which, by a candid and temperate statement of facts, have insensibly removed a vast amount of prejudice and misconception, and introduced quite a new order of ideas among those who read for information and not merely for amusement; the more so because the sympathies of the authors were unmistakably on the Protestant side, and it was plain they were stating in all simplicity what pains-taking research had shown them to be the truth, without a misgiving that they were thereby rendering the most favourable sort of testimony to the religion which Englishmen had been taught to regard with abhorrence and contempt. They have written, in short, like men who sought, not to uphold a party or defend a position, but to publish ascertained facts, whatever they might be, and whatever the consequence of making them known; and the result is that, short-sighted and erroneous—on many points essentially and deplorably so—as their views often are, they have nevertheless succeeded in placing the student of history at a point of observation from which, if he pursues his investigations on the data presented to him, he may, and must if he is true to his principles, get a sight of a whole range of phenomena which are perfectly irreconcilable with the hereditary belief as to the historical relations between Protestantism and the Church.

Of course, the remarks here made are by no means of universal application. There are French writers of history,—or what goes by that name,—who are quite as servile compilers of old used-up materials, and quite as narrow-minded and untrustworthy as any of our Protestant traditionalists; and we have therefore purposely limited our commendation to particular authors of later years. On this subject it is observed by Ranke, whom we might select, as perhaps one of the most remarkable examples of the class we are speaking of, that “the contemporary writings (of the 16th and 17th centuries) carry in their vivid colouring the impress of the moment in which each originated, and are for the most part imbued with the peculiar views of parties or of private individuals. Of the traditional history which has been formed since Mezeray’s time, and the manner in which Sismondi has extended (continued ?)

it, learned Frenchmen have long since remarked how insecure the foundation is upon which it is based. In a few instances this traditional authority has been departed from; but it has been on the whole submitted to."

But writers like Ranke not only demolish without remorse the most time-honoured traditions, if they are proved to be false, but they are impatient with conclusions which have been made to rest on inadequate grounds; and more than this, which is a strong protection on the side of truth, they are in no hurry to come to a conclusion because to rule a set of circumstances in this or that way would subserve a particular purpose or suit a particular party, or merely because any conclusion is better than uncertainty, and not to have a definite opinion on some critical point might argue, if not indolence in research, yet want of decision, or deficiency in the power of striking a balance between conflicting testimonies. This we think to be one peculiar characteristic of the writers to whom we refer, more particularly those of Germany. They do not come to a conclusion on what they perceive to be non-sufficient grounds; they weigh the evidence before them, and give their opinion as to which side it inclines; but they are content to wait the accession of fresh data before pronouncing a final judgment. Thus they continue patiently pursuing their researches; and from time to time make known to the public the result so far as they have proceeded, carefully discriminating between what is still doubtful, however probable, and what has been ascertained to be authentic and credible.

These thoughts have been suggested to us by the three works which we have placed at the head of our article, in reference to an event which has been made the foundation of a most monstrous charge against the Pope and the Court of Rome, and indeed against the Catholic Church in general,—the massacre of the Huguenots on St. Bartholomew's day, 1572. Few historical questions have been more passionately discussed, or seem less capable of a decisive solution. Was the massacre premeditated or not? If premeditated, for how long a time was the design entertained? Any how, who were its authors? Was the king privy to the intended assassination of Coligny? What part did Charles IX. or the Duke of Guise take in the affair? Did they lead, or did they only follow? What were the immediate causes of the crime? Our readers need not be alarmed; we have no intention of entering into the pros and cons of the question; our only object is to state how the matter at present stands, and that for a purpose which will appear ere we close.

We have said that history sometimes revenges itself, and

we may also say, ludicrously revenges itself, on its betrayers; and the catastrophe of which we are about to speak affords an instance in point. The great English Protestant tradition is bold, and strong, and broad on the subject; it does not mince the matter in the least; it has not a doubt in the world that the horrible deed was premeditated, and the whole plot planned and matured as good as *six* long years before. Why every body knows, or ought to know, that

"A meeting was concerted at Bayonne between Charles and his sister, the Queen of Spain. Catherine accompanied her son; the Duke of Alva attended his mistress. Festivities and gaieties of every kind occupied each day. All apparently respired joy and peace; but the tempest was secretly brewing in the summer sky. A *holy league* was formed (A.D. 1566) between the courts of France and Spain: the glory of God was to be promoted; heresy in the dominions of both was to be extirpated. (A.D. 1572) The treachery long meditated against the Protestants was now ripe. Charles assumed the appearance of the utmost liberality of sentiment; a marriage was proposed between his sister Margaret and the young king of Navarre. All the great leaders of the Protestants went to Paris to the celebration of it. They were received with smiles and caresses by the king and the queen-mother. All was festivity till the eve of St. Bartholomew (August 24) arrived, when, by the secret orders of the king and the queen-mother, a bloody and indiscriminate massacre of the Protestants commenced."

So writes Mr. Keightley, following the dominant tradition in his *Outlines of History*; and every staunch thorough-going Protestant to this day repeats the story *verbatim*. Mr. K.'s volume appeared in Lardner's *Cabinet Cyclopædia* in the year 1830; in the following year came out the third volume of Sir James Mackintosh's *History of England*, continued from his papers by another hand. Here the whole question was reasoned out, and we think on the whole very fairly; but it is amusing to see that the writer, while maintaining that Charles was privy to the design of assassinating the admiral, and that the massacre was undoubtedly premeditated, distinctly disclaims the statement made by his brother cyclopædist, his elder but by one year, as to the length of time that intervened between the formation of the plot and its execution. "It is not contended," he says, "that the time, place, and manner were concerted two years beforehand. Nothing more is maintained than that the pacification, the Flemish war project, and the marriage, covered a treacherous design against the Huguenots, and that their extermination was, in pursuance of it, attempted on St. Bartholomew's eve." This gentleman, therefore, reduces the time during which the idea of the massacre was entertained to the space of *two* years;

four years after the interview at Bayonne, which Mr. Keightley categorically asserts to be the date at which the plot was concerted.

But the progress of reduction does not stop here. Sir James Stephen, who, for all his affected liberality, deals out but a hard measure of justice wherever Catholics are concerned (as we shall presently show), favours a different view of the transaction. After speaking of the pacification of 1570, the projected expedition against Flanders, and the marriage of the young king of Navarre,—the very circumstances which Sir James Mackintosh's continuator contends were but coverings to a treacherous design,—he says: "To ascribe all these acts . . . to the desire of blinding the eyes of the Huguenots to the fate impending over them is an error into which no one will fall who has had to do with public affairs. . . . Doubtless the massacre of St. Bartholomew was a crime committed by Catherine and her sons and her councillors deliberately and with premeditation:" he has no doubt that the massacre was premeditated; but he sees no reason for supposing treachery on the part of Charles or his mother at the time of the pacification. On the contrary, he states the causes which, in his opinion, led to "the departure of Catherine in August 1572 from the policy which in August 1570 had dictated the treaty of St. Germain; and his conclusion is, that "although the methods taken at last to assemble the whole Huguenot aristocracy at Paris, and so bring them within her power, may indicate that she cherished an insidious design against them during some weeks before the actual perpetration of the massacre, we need not suppose it to have been preceded by a deliberate hypocrisy maintained during two whole years of avowed and seeming friendship." Thus he reduces the time of premeditation to "*some weeks* before;" and even this he does not state positively, merely insinuating that the circumstance of assembling the whole Huguenot aristocracy at Paris for the celebration of the marriage,—which, by the way, was a very natural thing to do, considering the marriage was intended as a sort of solemn union between the two parties, and Sir James had a few lines before numbered its celebration among the acts which could not reasonably be imputed to the desire of blinding the eyes of the Protestants,—"*may* indicate that Catherine cherished an insidious design." Any how, the premeditation of six years has, by the manipulation of this triad of historians, dwindled down to a design of "*some weeks*" formation; from all which this at least is sufficiently apparent, that nothing as yet has been conclusively ascertained concerning the origin of

the massacre; and certainly it is very far from having been positively demonstrated that the deed was premeditated, as the popular Protestant tradition so stoutly asserts.

But what if there were no plot after all; and the massacre were the result, not of policy and premeditation, but of a sudden popular rising? This is the position taken up by M. Prosper Mérimée, a writer any thing but friendly to the Church, and the author of several historical and quasi-historical works, which have been favourably received in this country. The work from which we are about to quote, though entitled a "Chronicle," is, in fact, a romance; and that, as we took occasion to observe in our last, of a very objectionable character; and we draw attention to it only for the sake of the preface, which contains some pertinent remarks on the subject of this article, as well as on the way in which history is commonly written and read. We should premise that he starts by saying he had just been reading a large number of memoirs and pamphlets relating to the end of the 16th century, so that he comes to the subject with a mind fresh from the study of the times.

"Have the causes," he asks, "which led to this massacre been fairly understood? Was it the result of long previous meditation, or of a sudden determination, or of chance? To all these questions no existing historian gives me any satisfactory answers. They admit as proofs popular rumours and pretended conversations, which have very little weight when one has to decide an historical point of such importance. Some make Charles IX. a prodigy of dissimulation; others represent him as peevish, whimsical, and impatient. If at any time previous to the 24th of August he burst into threats against the Protestants, it is a proof that he had long been meditating their ruin; if he caresses them, it is a proof that he was dissembling his real intentions. . . . For my own part, I am firmly convinced that the massacre was not premeditated; and I cannot conceive why the opposite opinion should have been adopted by authors who, at the same time, agree in representing Catherine as a very wicked woman, it is true, but as one of the profoundest politicians of the age in which she lived."

He then gives his reasons for the view he entertains, which, though they do not *prove* that no conspiracy existed, suggest, it must be confessed, strong grounds for believing the contrary. He concludes by saying:

"Every thing seems to me to prove that this great massacre was not the result of a conspiracy of a king against a portion of his people. It appears to me to have been the consequence of a popular insurrection, which could not have been foreseen, and which was altogether extemporaneous and unpremeditated."

On the whole, he is decidedly of opinion that neither the king nor the queen-mother were the instigators of the slaughter, nor had any previous knowledge of the matter. Whether the Duke of Guise was the author, at the king's suggestion or with his consent, of the attempt on the admiral's life, or whether he had really any part in the affair, he is unable to decide; but he inclines to the belief that the duke was induced to get Coligny assassinated, or was afterwards publicly charged by the king, who wished to get rid both of him and the admiral, with the attempt; and that being "banished from court, and menaced by the king as well as by the Protestants, he was obliged to look to the people for help. He calls together the leaders of the burgher guard, tells them of a conspiracy on the part of the heretics, exhorts them to exterminate them before their designs are ripe, and *then only* the massacre is thought of." He gives this simply as his opinion, a "supposition" and nothing more; for, like all who have looked into the facts of the case and do not write for an object, he considers sufficient data are wanting for solving the riddle.

And so the question rests, and in all probability will continue to rest until the day of doom. Ranke does not pretend to have made up his mind about it. With regard to the meeting at Bayonne mentioned above, he is of opinion that a proposal was made by some of the Catholic nobles for assassinating certain of the chiefs of the Huguenot faction; but declares it to be "a great error to believe that either the young king or the queen-mother was a party to their designs, or that the plan, as concerted, was to be executed by them," or had any thing to say to the massacre. He gives in a note the "natural history" of the tradition. As to the massacre itself, he balances the evidence for and against premeditation on Catherine's part; the king he considers to have been sincere in his conduct to Coligny personally, and to the Huguenots generally; but hesitates to decide one way or the other. That she had been for years preparing for the catastrophe, he is far from thinking; and yet, on the other hand, he is not prepared to admit that it was the effect of a momentary fit of rage. As one of the two views he propounds, and to which, on the whole, he seems himself to lean, happens to fall in with that we had been led ourselves to adopt, we will give it partly in our own way, and partly in the words of his narrative so far as they suit our purpose. It is in the main, we may remark, the view which Dr. Lingard took in his controversy with Allen, and which was so singularly confirmed by the letters written in cipher to the Pope by Salviati, nuncio at the

French court at the time of the massacre; and which were discovered by M. Châteaubriand in the library of the Vatican while it was at Paris. But we must first introduce our readers to the two most prominent personages of the time, and, as most people would say, the principal actors in the great tragedy, Catherine of Medicis and her son Charles IX. We will avail ourselves of the services of M. Mérimée as our master of ceremonies, than whom we could not have a better. The description occurs in an amusing episode, which he entitles "A Dialogue between the Reader and the Author."

"Picture to yourself," he says, "a young man tolerably well made, with his head somewhat buried between his shoulders; he stretches his neck forward with a good deal of awkwardness; his nose is rather large, his lips are long and thin, and the upper one projects a good deal; his complexion is wan, and his great green eyes never look at the person to whom he is speaking. By the way, you can't read in his eyes the words SAINT BARTHOLOMEW, or any thing of the kind. In fact, there is nothing at all written in them; only their expression is rather stupid and restless than stern and fierce. You will form a pretty correct idea of him if you fancy a young man entering alone into a large drawing-room, in which every one else is seated. He walks through a double line of well-dressed ladies, who become silent when he passes. Treading on the dress of one, and jostling the chair of another, he has great difficulty in making his way to the lady of the house; and then only he perceives that, as he got down from his carriage at the door of the house, the sleeve of his coat rubbed against the wheel, and became covered with mud. Perhaps you may never have seen the face of any one in such a position. Then take another supposition: Did you ever catch a glimpse of your own face in a glass, before practice had rendered you equal to the task of entering a room?"

"And Catherine de Medici?"

"Catherine de Medici! Deuce take it! I had quite forgotten her. I hope I have now written her name for the last time. She is a fat woman, still in her bloom, and, as the saying is, rather good-looking for her age; with a large nose and pinched lips, like some one suffering a first attack of sea-sickness. Her eyes are half-closed; she yawns at every moment; her voice is monotonous, and she says in the same tone, 'Ah! who will rid me of that odious Béarnaise?' and 'Madeline, give some sugared milk to my Italian greyhound.'"

"Very good! But make her utter some more remarkable words than these. She has just poisoned Jeanne d'Albert; at least public report says so, and that ought to appear."

"Not at all; for if that did appear, where would be her celebrated dissimulation? On the day in question, moreover, I am credibly informed she spoke about nothing but the weather."

This is true portrait-painting, and we wish our author had

given us more of the same kind. However, now for Ranke's graver narrative, which we will give, as we have said, partly in our own words and partly in those of the author, or rather the translator. Catherine's earliest recollections carried her back, not to days of infancy such as most other princesses remembered when they grew up in peace, surrounded with every watchful solicitude, but to scenes of the fiercest religious and political animosity. As a fatherless and motherless orphan, she was placed in a convent at Florence; but the nuns took part for and against her, so that it was found necessary to remove her from it; she passed through its doors weeping violently, for she feared she was going to be put to death. She was doomed, however, to live, and to spend her life, not as an Italian, but as a French princess; and in the country of her adoption her intellect and her destiny led her on from step to step in a continual ascent to power. At one time she was in danger of being repudiated for being childless by her husband; but her readiness to suffer all that might fall upon her,—either to retire to a convent or to remain at court, in order to wait upon the more fortunate wife who should succeed her,—disarmed all antipathy. At length she had children; but still, excluded from all affairs, she appeared to live only for her husband, her attendants, and a few personal favourites. For processions, dances, and plays she possessed a naturally inventive faculty, and was the very soul of every festivity; after the fashion of the time she also took part in manly recreations; she was esteemed amiable, ingenious, and affable, and those who listened to her discourse were pleased and instructed. She said in after times that nothing lay then upon her heart but the love of her husband, and that her sole anxiety was that she was not beloved by him as she desired; when he was absent from the court during his campaigns she wore mourning. She believed herself to possess the power of second sight, and that she was made aware beforehand, either by an apparition or by a dream, of every misfortune which befell any member of her family; she even stated that she had had a warning of the fatal accident which deprived her of her husband in the tournament. She would never afterwards enter the place where it was held; and her carriage took a round whenever it was necessary to pass that way.

Such is Catherine's picture while she remained in private life; a flattering one we should say, with a few of the darker shades omitted; but with the accession of her second son to the throne her public and political career began. In her earlier years she is said to have had an inclination for Protestantism,

and it is possible she may have had her fits of heterodoxy, like other fashionable ladies of an infamously immoral court; but she was astute enough to see that politically it would be but an unprofitable speculation. "Catholicism," she said, "is the religion of kings and states;" this was her creed. For religion in itself she cared just nothing at all, except so far as it could be made subservient to the interests of government. Whatever faith she retained was overlaid with a superstitious curiosity about the mysterious and the marvellous. On one of the towers of her castle at Blois a pavilion is pointed out which was used by her astrologer for his observations. She has been charged with favouring a school of atheism then founded at the French court, which doubted of the immortality of the soul, but attributed unbounded power to the heavenly intelligences and the influence of demons. Amulets are also exhibited, which are said to have been worn by her, composed of human blood, and inscribed with talismanic characters.

Continuous and even violent exercise was absolutely necessary to her: she rode to the chase by the side of men; and after daringly following the game through brakes and thickets, gave herself without restraint to the pleasures of the table. At the same time she was indefatigably occupied with affairs of state, and artfully prepared the way for the secure possession of that absolute authority at which she aimed. She favoured the Protestant party so long as it suited her purpose, and as a counterpoise to the influence of the Guises, whose power she dreaded. She hoped, by equalising these antagonistic forces, to steady herself on the height to which she was gradually ascending. She felt the shock of opposing interests all about her; but herself, like a rock in the surging waves, remained to all appearance impassive and unmoved. In her own chamber she was transported with anger and grief; but when the hour of audience arrived, she dried her tears, and appeared with a pleasant countenance. Her maxim was, to let every one depart contented; but whilst she seemed to give a prompt and decisive answer, men felt that her real intention was hidden in her heart. No one trusted her, and she trusted no one. Power, rule, was the one object for which she lived. She said herself, that if the burden of government had not been laid upon her head, she would still have dragged it after her. She cared not what means she used, so that she gained her end. For the precepts of morality she had no respect, although she found no pleasure in vice for its own sake. Human life had no value in her eyes.

After the peace of 1570, Catherine was sincere in her

efforts to bring about a reconciliation ; and was glad to see her children identify themselves with the various parties in the state. On the success of the alliances they formed she nursed great projects in her mind. Her sons and daughters felt they were being used for purposes deeper than they could fathom ; they were disunited among themselves, and did not love their mother, yet were always ruled by her. So far all had seemed to go well ; but one thing troubled her, and that was the growing intimacy and confidence between Charles and Coligny, and the ascendancy which the latter was gaining over the mind of the young monarch. She complained that her son saw the admiral too frequently, and herself too seldom. Should Coligny gain the ear of the king, he would become as intolerable to her as ever Francis Duke of Guise had been. Coligny was now the sole leader of the Huguenots ; his power was unbounded, almost irresponsible ; his party supplied him with whatever resources he required ; it was said of him, that he could raise a better army in four days than the king in four months. And this man had opposed and thwarted her at every turn ; once he was all but in her power ; but he had proved too strong for her, and had compelled her to consent to peace. Had he not opposed her regency ? Had he not attempted on more than one occasion to get the whole court and her own person into his hands ? She did not hate him merely, she lived in dread of him ; and now he was pushing her from her seat of power, and, by her son's weak compliances, assuming the government of the realm. It was time she should be rid of him.

The marriage between her daughter Margaret and Henry of Navarre had been proposed, not by Catherine, but by the peace-loving Montmorency ; so that even if Catherine really had formed any design against the Protestant leaders, the nuptials were not contrived with any view to its perpetration ; and many circumstances show that she was sincere in her desire of the alliance. Paris, however, was filled with the adherents of both parties ; the Huguenots assembled in great numbers to witness the solemnity, which, in condescension to their prejudices, took place in a temporary building adjoining the cathedral. Catherine's fears and jealousies had grown beyond endurance ; she resolved to quiet them for ever. She took into her counsels the widow of the Duke of Guise, who had been assassinated, if not at the suggestion, yet with the approval of Coligny. The two women, heeding nothing but the dictates of their passions, bound themselves together to procure his destruction ; and made their sons, the one the Duke of Anjou, and the other the Duke of Guise, parties to the de-

sign. The most extravagant plans were proposed. Young Guise was of opinion that his mother should shoot the admiral with her own hand, while he was in the court-circle among the ladies; for in those times ladies learnt the use of fire-arms in the chase. At length the murderous enterprise was intrusted to a person upon whom they could rely, who concealed himself in a house belonging to an adherent of the Guises, and waited till the admiral rode by. He was in his way from the council when the shot was fired, and was indebted for his life to an accidental movement which he made at the instant; but the bullet struck him in the hand and arm. Every one attributed the attempt to the private vengeance of the Guises, and the king publicly threatened them with punishment.

The intended victim had escaped: this was torment enough for Catherine; but this was not all: suspicion, indeed, had been directed to one who, next to the admiral, was the object of her deepest jealousy; but it was not long before it fixed itself on the real originator of the crime. Expressions came to her ears in the evening at supper; probably in her alarm she exaggerated their import; but they brought her terrors to a crisis. The very danger she was in excited her to fresh deeds of blood and violence. The Huguenots were in her hands; she had but to will it, and they were destroyed. On the instant she summons her partisans about her, communicates her fears, rapidly gathers their opinion, and going at once to Charles's cabinet, urges him to strike while he has his enemies in the snare. Now for the first time he learns that his mother and his brother had a share in the attack on the admiral; he is reminded of Charry, his friend and preceptor, treacherously put to death by the latter's command, of his own threat of revenge which he had vowed never to abandon, of the perils with which he was environed; that he was surrounded by traitors; war was preparing, a plot had been formed, his life was in danger, he must slay or be slain. Yet Charles would not yield; to sacrifice friends who had spent this very evening with him jesting and talking,—the thought was too horrible! Coligny, La Rochefoucauld must be spared. Catherine insisted, plied him with scorn and entreaty, threatened to fly from the court and leave him to his fate; at last she taunted him with cowardice: this Charles could not brook; he consented; and with all the natural vivacity of his character, ordered the immediate execution of the measure.

Late that evening Charron, Prévôt des Marchands, and Marcel, his predecessor in office, were secretly summoned to the Louvre. Marcel was asked, supposing the king, in an emergency, required the aid of the populace of Paris, upon

how many could he reckon? Marcel answered, that that would depend on the time allowed him for assembling them; that in a month he could have 100,000 men ready. But how many in a week? He named a proportionate number. And this very night, how many? He thought 20,000, or perhaps more. These inquiries were made, not so much because any lack of agents was apprehended, but from a fear of an armed resistance. Charron was charged to summon the citizens to arms in their several quarters, and to close the gates.—Here we must stop; yet one incident, with which Ranke closes his narrative, is too remarkable to be omitted.

For some time after, the minds of men were filled with wild fantasies, which made them afraid of themselves, and caused the very elements to appear fraught with terror. Charles IX., about eight days after the massacre, sent for his brother-in-law Henry in the middle of the night. The latter found him as he had sprung out of bed, horror-struck at a wild hubbub of confused voices which prevented him from sleeping. Henry himself imagined he heard the sounds; they appeared like distant shrieks and yells mingled with the indistinguishable roar of a furious multitude, and with groans and curses, as on the day of the massacre. Messengers were sent into the city to ascertain whether any new tumult had broken out; but the answer returned was, that all was quiet in the city, and that the commotion was in the air. Henry could never recall this incident without a horror that made his hair stand on end.

The remembrance of the frightful carnage seems to have haunted Charles for the rest of his days, and to have filled him with terror and remorse, not unmingled with shame. Ranke thus describes his character and his miserable end:

“ In his earlier years he had excited much sympathy. He appeared to be a good-tempered, interesting, and generous youth; and showed a taste for poetry and music. For the purpose of invigorating his weak frame various kinds of physical exercise were thought necessary; and to these he gave himself up almost passionately. A smith's forge was erected for him; and it gave him pleasure to be found there, bathed in sweat, while he was at work at a suit of armour. He often rose and took horse at midnight in order to ride to the chase, and thought it the greatest honour if he could excel every one in his bodily exercises. The consequence of this, however, was, that little was done for the education of his intellect, and nothing for the formation of his morals. To reflect on the affairs of state, in which nothing could be done without him, or to devote any thing like earnest attention to them, was not in his nature. His passion, when excited, vented itself in a storm of wild imprecations.

• “ But the natural vehemence of disposition which he cherished was capable of receiving another direction amidst the passionate impulses of the religious and political parties by which he was surrounded; and thus even the friends and companions in whose intercourse he had found pleasure appeared to him as his most dangerous enemies. Thus, after some slight resistance, he allowed himself, in an evil hour, to be seduced to the commission of that deed which has consigned his memory to the hatred and execration of succeeding ages. He himself was never entirely free from its effects; he felt conscious that he was regarded as a man of a bad heart, in whom slumbered an indomitable savageness. It was remarked that he never looked any one straight in the face; in his audiences he generally kept his eyes shut, and when he opened them he directed them upwards, and immediately afterwards cast them down upon the ground. He now, for the first time, communicated his intention of beginning himself to reign, and to be king in reality; but it was too late. The violent gusts of passion to which he gave way, and which were followed by corresponding depression of spirits; the distraction caused by conspiracies which were continually discovered round him; the excessive and continued efforts of a body otherwise weak and full of corrupt humours, led to an early death on the 30th of May, 1574, before he had concluded his four-and-twentieth year. He had never, in fact, awoke from the intoxication of passion and excitement to a full self-consciousness, nor ever emancipated himself from his mother. A few hours before he expired he appointed her regent till the return of his brother from Poland; his last word was, ‘ My mother!’ ”

Our object has been, not to describe the circumstances of the massacre, but to show, on Ranke’s authority, how it was brought about; and in doing this we were not without an ulterior purpose. Certain Protestant writers have declared, or insinuated, that the Pope was privy to the plot, and even advised, or at least approved it before it was executed. It is hardly necessary to say that they do not adduce a single fact, or show ground for one probable presumption, in support of so hideous a charge. In short, it is just one of those numerous calumnies which Protestant malevolence has invented, and Protestant prejudice delights to perpetuate, against the Pope and the Catholic Church. However, this at least is very plain; if Protestant writers of credit and research are of opinion that it is impossible to decide on existing data that the massacre itself was premeditated, and many most adverse to the Catholic side are “ firmly convinced ” that it was not, it follows, of course, that the charge against the Pope rests, to say the least, on the same problematical ground; and thus the whole matter is removed from the region of wild and fierce invective into the peaceful fields of historical inquiry, a

change of position extremely embarrassing and vexatious to those who have a zeal in upholding the established traditions of this great Protestant country.

However, we may get some notion of the value to be set on the inferences which Protestant writers have drawn, from a few chance words, very difficult to interpret, which occur in the correspondence of the time,—when every sort of contradictory rumour was afloat, and, except to the initiated few, facts were as little or less known than they are at the present day,—from the construction they have put on a single circumstance, which is capable not only of a distinct solution, but of one only natural and reasonable explanation. Granted, say they, that the Pope was not expressly informed of the intended massacre, yet he approved the horrible deed of blood after it was perpetrated; nay he exulted in it, gloried in it, made it the subject of public rejoicings, and of impious thanksgivings to the great God of heaven for the signal *mercy* which had been vouchsafed. Listen, for instance, to no less a personage than the learned “Professor of Modern History in the University of Cambridge,” speaking *ex cathedrâ* with all the solemnity and responsibility of his high position :

“It is for the credit of us all not to exaggerate the darkness of a crime which has left so foul and indelible a disgrace upon our common nature.” [Observe his moderation, and yet the high moral tone of indignation with which he writes.] “For, horrible as was the act itself, the subsequent celebration of it was even yet more revolting. Pope Gregory XIII. and his cardinals went in procession to the church of St. Mark, not to deprecate in sackcloth and ashes the Divine vengeance on a guilty people” [here we looked at the title-page to convince ourselves that Sir James was not “Right Reverend” as well as “Right Honourable,” so much did his manner impress us], “but ‘to render solemn thanksgiving to God, the infinitely great and good (such is the contemporary record), for the great mercy which He had vouchsafed to the See of Rome and to the whole Christian world.’ A picture of the massacre was added to the embellishments of the Vatican; and, by the Pontiff’s order, a golden medal was struck, to commemorate to all ages the triumph of the Church over her enemies.”

The explanation is simple enough. On the evening of the 24th, Charles IX. had it proclaimed through the metropolis, that the massacre was the work of the Guises; and that, so far from countenancing the deed, he should strenuously unite with the king of Navarre and the prince of Condé in avenging the death of “his cousin the admiral.” The Guises, however, were not at all disposed to be made the scapegoats on the occasion, and refused to let the odium of the crime be thrown

on them. The king then was driven to adopt some other plan, and on the 26th he boldly, and indeed boastingly, declared in full parliament that what had been done had been done at his command; and took credit to himself for having by his prompt and decisive measures defeated a murderous conspiracy, which had for its object the massacre of himself and the whole royal family, the entire revolution of the kingdom, and the extermination of the Catholic faith. The parliament congratulated their young monarch on his happy deliverance from so great a peril; and the president delivered an elaborate panegyric on the sagacity and skill he had manifested in so desperate an emergency. An inquiry was forthwith instituted into the circumstances; several prosecutions followed, in which the accused suffered death for their part in the supposed conspiracy; there was a solemn procession in the streets of Paris, headed by the king in person; and medals were struck for the everlasting remembrance of the thing. These facts, which we have taken from the writer in the *Cabinet Cyclopædia* before alluded to, are incontestable. Whatever else be doubtful, it is certain matter of history that the declaration here given was made by the king and accepted by the parliament, and thus became the publicly-recognised account of the affair.

Now this account it was which was formally embodied in the notification dispatched by the king to Rome and all the courts of Europe. On the 26th of September,—there were no railways or steam-boats in those days,—Pope Gregory XIII., whose election to the pontificate had just taken place, was officially informed that the king and royal family of France had escaped a horrible conspiracy, and that its authors had been condignly punished. From the discourse pronounced on the occasion by the envoy extraordinary, it appears that not a word was said of the indiscriminate slaughter that had taken place. On the contrary, it was announced in a rhetorical way that on that “memorable night, by the destruction of a few seditious men, the king had been delivered from immediate danger of death, and the realm from the perpetual terror of civil war.”* This it was for which the court of Rome rejoiced and returned God thanks; not for a massacre, but for the detection and suppression of a bloody conspiracy: a legitimate and righteous cause of pious congratulation in the eyes of every reasonable man, and worthy certainly of the approbation of every member of that national establish-

* “In noctem illam memorabilem, quæ paucorum seditiosorum interitu, regem a præsentis cædis periculo, regnum a perpetuâ civilium bellorum formidine liberavit.” Murati Oratio xxii. p. 177, op. ed. Rulinpenii, cited by Nicolas, *De Protestantisme dans son rapport avec le Socialisme*, p. 296.

ment which instituted a solemn "form of thanksgiving, to be used yearly upon the 5th day of November, for the happy deliverance of King James I. and the three estates of England from the most traitorous and bloody intended massacre by gunpowder." But more than this, all Catholic Christendom might well rejoice at the defeat and ruin of the Huguenot faction, and the solid peace which it was hoped would result therefrom to France. Who could be unmindful of the frightful wars with which that fair country had so long been devastated, the plots, the surprises, the bloody massacres, and, above all, the horrible impieties and outrages of which the Huguenots had been guilty; and, on the other hand, the cruel reprisals and other scandalous crimes, almost inseparable from warfare, which the Catholics, infuriated to madness, had committed; the injury done to religion, and the utter demoralisation of the people, by the constant scenes of violence amidst which they lived, or in which they were forced to take a part? Well, then, might the court of Rome and the whole Church rejoice at the termination of evils and disasters such as these. And yet amidst the universal exultation there was one whose eyes were moist with tears, and whose heart refused to be comforted, and that was Gregory himself. "Alas!" he cried, "how can I be sure that many innocent souls have not suffered with the guilty?"

Dispassionate and candid historians,* however strong their Protestant sympathies may be, have shrunk from repeating an imputation so unjust and unfounded, and in some cases have even disclaimed it in express terms. We have, therefore, the less hesitation in saying that, considering the position which Sir James Stephen occupies, and the character he affects, we are at a loss which most to admire,—the carelessness of research which could leave him ignorant of the undoubted facts of history to which we have referred, or the shameless bigotry which could impel him wilfully to suppress them, and to ground so monstrous a charge on what was susceptible of a very simple and obvious interpretation.

Sir James is a type of his class. He repeats his lesson like a dull "good boy" with a retentive memory. What he learnt in the nursery and the school-room, he promulgates now from his professorial chair. It is the old trite worn-out thing furbished up afresh, the old street-cry, varied in form but never in matter, "Barnacles, clocks, watches!—watches,

* Ranke incidentally remarks, that Catherine left Paris with her son to avoid meeting the Papal legate, who arrived just after the massacre; a clear proof that she was afraid of the truth coming out, or, at any rate, was conscious that the affair would be anything but favourably regarded by that functionary.

clocks, barnacles !” He never travels out of the range of the old family traditions. He is guided by prejudices, not by principles. Of independent inquiry he has not a notion. History with him means, not a narrative of true facts, but a reproduction of the great national legends.

Ranke, with all his faults, is eminently the reverse of all this. Of course, being a Protestant, he writes like a Protestant ; his hereditary prejudices and individual opinions, whether religious or political, insensibly bias and necessarily distort the views he takes, and affect his general estimate of persons and things. In this sense, therefore, we are far from recommending him as a thoroughly trustworthy historian. We should say, for instance, that he shows very little appreciation of the motives by which the Popes were actuated in their opposition to the new doctrines, and the usurpations of the secular power ; and that he very inadequately recognises the exasperating character of the enormities committed by the Huguenots. That he should be but little sensitive to their impieties, is perhaps only natural in one who has no belief in the holiest mysteries of the faith ; it should be remembered, moreover, in his excuse, that it forms no part of his object to enter into details of this kind. Warped, then, indubitably his ideas and conclusions are by the rule by which he measures events ; but events themselves he (intentionally) neither conceals nor tampers with ; he does his best to state facts as they really happened : he seizes, and succeeds in transferring to his pages, that broad general colouring which cannot fail to strike an observant, however uncritical eye ; and which therefore, in the main, leaves them their due effect. We should say, however, that events and persons seem to pass before him like moving shadows in a mirror, rather than as living and substantial forms, and that he simply records the impressions he receives ; yet with all this he is possessed of an idea* towards which his facts converge. The consequence is, that he is always readable, always suggestive, even where he fails in being striking or effective. However much you differ from him in results, you have a confidence in him as a faithful relater of facts ; you feel that at least he has taken pains to acquaint himself with the real circumstances of the case, and has no private object in view. What we most desiderate in him is elevation of tone ; he scarcely ever passes a moral judgment on persons or actions : but even this is a guarantee of

* We are not writing a general review of Mr. Ranke's volumes, or we might observe that, though calling itself a “ history,” the work partakes rather of the character of an historical essay, as he scarcely touches upon any facts but such as illustrate his leading idea.

his trustworthiness as a narrator; for he is seldom betrayed into a harsh or a strong expression towards those whom he must cordially dislike, and whose conduct is really worthy of all reprobation. We have been particularly struck with this in the work we have noticed, relating as it does to a subject which, more than any other, is calculated to inflame the passions of a partisan, and to confuse his natural sense of justice—the religious wars of the sixteenth century.

Oh, for an honest narrator of facts, who, with power to command attention, and from a position whence he can be heard, would unfold to the multitude a plain and unvarnished tale! For ourselves, we desire something more. We desire to see history written in a true philosophic spirit, under the guidance of Catholic principles; we desire to see facts not only recorded, but interpreted. But while this is denied us,—for the present and for the million, let us have the *genuine* facts, and *all* the facts, clearly and impartially stated: we shall be well content to await the result.

DR. CAHILL'S LETTER ON TRANSUBSTANTIATION.

Letter of the Rev. Dr. Cahill to the Rev. J. Burns, Protestant Minister, Whitehaven; December 7th, 1853. Published in the "Whitehaven Herald."

IN our last Number we offered our readers some remarks on the various means of which we can avail ourselves for the conversion of Protestants; and we specified certain instruments of conversion, which, as it appears to us, are applicable to the few, but not to the many. Dr. Cahill's letter to Mr. Burns, of Whitehaven, supplies an example of one particular mode of attempting the conversion of unbelievers, which we did not then specify, because happily it is rare amongst us; and further, because its demerits must be patent to all but the most superficial observers. The letter before us, however, presents so striking an illustration of the perils of platform and newspaper controversy, that it is impossible altogether to pass it over without comment. In thus remarking upon Dr. Cahill's treatment of the awful doctrine which is the subject of his epistle, we shall endeavour to restrain our own language within the closest limits of moderation of which the case will allow, both from respect to Dr. Cahill's sacred office, and from a sense of the deep importance of the questions involved. We must, however, candidly acknowledge that it is with feelings

of real shame and distress that we have seen the statements contained in this letter sent by their author to the columns of a Protestant newspaper, with the professed object of expounding the consistency and rationality of the Catholic faith, in prominent contrast with the absurdities and self-contradictions of Protestant heresies. Of the general tone and style of the letter we need say but a few words. Any thing more unfortunately chosen as a means of winning the ignorant or the unbelieving to the faith of the Church, we can scarcely conceive. The devout and charitable Catholic, who, for the sake of the cause defended by the writer, might be disposed to overlook defects produced by the zeal of an advocate, could feel nothing but pain and wonder at Dr. Cahill's words;—what, then, must be the impression produced on the minds of those who will make no allowances; who are disposed beforehand to account us ignorant, crafty, and irreverent; and who, while blind to the follies and inconsistencies of their own opinions, would exact from Catholics an almost superhuman measure of learning, acuteness, and self-command? We can only say, that we would not for the world that this letter should be seen by any Protestant friend or acquaintance who was in any degree awakened to a sense of the delusions in which he had been educated, and was turning a wistful eye towards the Catholic religion as the one, true, and holy faith given by Almighty God to man.

Take, for instance, the astounding assertion, that he “would prefer that a Catholic should read *the worst books of immorality*” than the Protestant Bible! If any of our readers have not already seen Dr. Cahill's letter, they will lift up their hands in astonishment, and question the accuracy of our quotation; nevertheless, we assure them that we are giving the exact words. Conceive, then, the effect of such a statement on the readers of the newspaper for which this letter was specially written. What story of Catholic wickedness will they not henceforth believe? What tale of priestly licentiousness will from this time be too monstrous for their credulity? The Protestant Bible has abundance of errors, it is true, and some of them of very serious importance; but is it not a violation of all common sense and decency, to pretend that a Catholic had better read the filthy productions of obscenity than the book in which these mistranslations occur? Is there a priest in the United Kingdom who would bear out Dr. Cahill in such a notion? Would not all with one accord denounce it as a perfect portent in the domain of morals and casuistry? We do not believe that Dr. Cahill himself would *act* on what he says. We do not believe that he would see a Catholic reading

an obscene publication with more equanimity than he would see him reading the Protestant Bible. He is carried away by the excitement of newspaper controversy, and is betrayed into exaggerations which in other moments he would be eager to condemn. This single passage alone in his letter is a proof of the perils with which newspaper and platform contests on religious subjects are surrounded. We do not say that such subjects ought never to find their way into the columns of a Protestant journal, or that controversial discussions on theological topics ought never to be undertaken in public; but universal experience bears us out in alleging that such modes of treating the most sacred and delicate of subjects are rarely useful; and that, when they are undertaken, they require a sound head, a cool judgment, a disciplined temper, a prudent tongue, a contempt for clap-trap, and a desire to convince opponents rather than to elicit the applause of indiscriminating admirers.

What, then, must we think of the snares which beset the "popular" controversialist when we turn to the next paragraphs of Dr. Cahill's letter, in which he asserts that the miracle of Transubstantiation is "a very common occurrence with God, and may be called *one of the most general laws of nature?*" Again we say that we acquit him of *intending* any thing approaching to that which his words imply. He is carried away by that unfortunate desire to bring down the ineffable mysteries of faith to the level of human capacities, which is the bane of some minds; and which has here led him into statements which, viewed merely as rhetorical illustrations, are inaccurate and worthless, but if looked upon as declarations of Catholic doctrine, are shocking to the last degree. Led on by the desire of confounding his adversary, he is like a boy playing at snowballs, who mingles dirt and stones with the pure snow, in order to hit his antagonist the harder blows. While heaping upon the head of this Mr. Burns every epithet of scorn and contempt for his stupidity, his ignorance, and his "untheological" blunders, he proceeds to put forth the following exposition of the doctrine of Transubstantiation:

"Transubstantiation, though a stupendous mysterious fact, and beyond the power of men, is yet, Sir, a very common occurrence with God; and, indeed, may be called one of the most general laws of nature, and may be seen amongst the very first evidences of His omnipotent will towards the race of men on earth. Firstly, then, He created man by changing 'the slime of the earth' into the flesh and bones of Adam, in His first official act of Transubstantiation, that is, by the word of God on matter. His second official act of changing the bony rib of Adam into the flesh and blood of Eve was also

Transubstantiation by the word of God the Father on bone. The first official act of Christ, on entering on the three years of His mission, was performed when He changed water into wine at the wedding of Cana, by the word of Christ on water. The food, Sir (that is, the bread and wine), which you and all men may have eaten on this day, has been changed into flesh and blood on your own person, and on the persons of all men, by the word of God on the vital action of the stomach. The universal crop of wood, and grasses, and flowers, and vegetables, and human and animal food, which the earth annually produces, is an annual evidence of Transubstantiation by the word of God the Father on the productive energy of the entire earth. The hat on your head, the silk in your cravat, the linen on your back, the cloth of your wearing-apparel, the wool or cotton in your stockings, the leather in your boots, the Whitehaven coals in your grates, the gas in your lamps, the bread, the butter, the cream, the sugar, the tea-leaf on your breakfast-table, the mutton, the beef, the bacon, the fowl, the wine, the brandy, the ale on your dinner-table,—in short, almost every object the eye beholds on earth, is one vast aggregate of evidence of Transubstantiation by the word of God on matter. Even the paper of your spurious Bible, the leather on the back, the Indian-ink, are such evidences of Transubstantiation, that one can scarcely conceive how you could read that very Bible without being burned with scalding shame at the stark-naked nonsense and incongruous maniasm you have written to me on the subject. God has supplied us, during four thousand years, with this mighty, universal, constant evidence, in order to prepare us for the more mighty, infinitely more stupendous evidence of the same principle in the new law, by the power and the word of Christ."

Whether the perusal of this exposition of an unfathomable mystery will make the Protestant Mr. Burns *burn with scalding shame at the stark-naked nonsense and incongruous maniasm* which he has written to Dr. Cahill, we do not pretend to decide. But of this we are sure, that little as he may have hitherto known of the doctrine of Transubstantiation, he will now be more utterly confounded than ever in his speculations concerning it. For ourselves, we would ask Dr. Cahill whether he really means to insinuate that the change produced by the consecration of the sacramental elements is of the same nature as the chemical changes to which he has likened it; a mere natural growth from one form to another, an aggregation of additional particles of matter to an original substratum? He cannot mean it. We will not wrong him for a moment by the supposition. Why, then, does he employ this series of most profane and irreverent illustrations? Nay, why does he actually reiterate the very term "Transubstantiation" itself to describe the process of digestion, the growth of plants, and the works of the factory, the kitchen, and the brew-house?

Is this a fit subject for rhetorical exaggeration and preposterous metaphor? Is this transcendent mystery of divine love to be presented to unbelieving eyes under the guise of illustrations which, if they have any meaning at all, are equivalent to an assertion that no real transubstantiation takes place in the consecrated elements? The very word itself was created by Catholic theology, to express the annihilation of one substance and the substitution of another, the original "accidents" (the only portions of matter which, as far as we know, are cognisable by the senses) remaining unaltered. But, not to dwell on the first illustrations in the foregoing extract, bad as they are, what is the "change" that takes place in the digestion of food, in the growth of plants, and in the processes of human manufacture? In these there is no annihilation of one substance and substitution of another. Nothing is destroyed; modifications are made in the chemical relationship of the various substances of which the human body, our food, and the whole earth, are composed. To call these changes transubstantiation is false, dangerous, and to our minds nothing less than profane.

Setting aside, moreover, the theological bearings of Dr. Cahill's language, as an argumentative illustration of the mystery of the Real Presence it is worthless, and can serve only to mislead. The wonder of Transubstantiation is this, that while the substance is changed, the visible and tangible accidents remain. How, then, does it assist faith, to compare this supernatural condition of a visible object with natural changes, in which the substance remains and the accidents are changed? The difficulty to human reason in the Catholic doctrine is *the non-alteration in the accidents*. In all chemical changes the accidents *are* more or less altered, and heretical unbelief asserts that no transubstantiation can take place without such alteration; and Dr. Cahill's illustrations will serve to confirm such unbelief. Protestants will reiterate their assertion that the whole doctrine is unmitigated nonsense, and that Catholics themselves do not know what they mean. Catholics, on the other hand, will reply to such illustrations, that they are in direct violation of the injunctions and declarations of the Catechism of the Council of Trent, in which we are taught that *we have no example of the change wrought by Transubstantiation, either in natural changes or in the creation of things*. "*Illud sæpissime a sanctis Patribus repetitum fideles admonendi sunt, ne curiosius inquirent, quo pacto ea mutatio fieri possit. Nec enim percipi à nobis potest, nec in naturalibus mutationibus, aut in ipsâ rerum creatione ejus rei exemplum aliquod habemus.*" (Cat. Conc. Trid. pars 2, c. iv. 9, 41.)

Dr. Cahill, however, is not content to stop here. He actually goes on to "illustrate" this sacred mystery by a new "explanation" of the Incarnation itself, which is a virtual denial of the very foundation of the Christian faith.

"But you will say that such a fact has never occurred in the new law. This is a mistake: it happened in the Incarnation. When the archangel (a creature) announced to Mary the will of God, who sent him to wait on her, and to tell her that she would bring forth a son, she replied, 'How can it be, as I know not man?' He resumed, 'It will be done by the power and operation of the Holy Ghost.' Here, Sir, is a position which *might be argued* as a clear case of transubstantiation in the very first act of the new law; namely, the blood of Mary, the relative of Adam the criminal, changed into a human body for the second person of the Trinity by the power of the Holy Ghost. Thus, Sir, if the redemption and the perfection of fallen man commenced by an act of transubstantiation in the Incarnation, why not continue the same principle amongst all future men by the power and operation of the same Holy Ghost?"

Does Dr. Cahill mean to allege that the human nature assumed by the eternal Son was not taken from the flesh and blood of Mary, in the same way as every one of us derives his humanity from his own mother? Does he mean that the "blood of Mary" was annihilated, as the substance of the bread and wine is annihilated by the words of the consecration, and that then, by a fresh and isolated act of divine omnipotence, a human body was created for the Incarnation of the eternal Son? If he does mean this, this is equivalent to the old heresy of the Gnostics, Manichees, Apollinarians, and Eutychians, who, while they admitted that our blessed Lord was born of Mary, denied that He took flesh *of* her. But if he does not mean this, what do these rash and random words mean? Is it not mournful to reflect that in these days, when every one's eyes are turned towards the Church and her teaching, the columns of a Protestant newspaper should be filled with declamations on the very foundation of our faith, which, if they have any meaning at all, are a plain denial of the doctrine which every child may read in the Creed of St. Athanasius, that "our Lord Jesus Christ is man *of the substance of His mother*?"

The truth is, that Dr. Cahill is not aware that in flinging his metaphors in his adversary's face, he is playing with edged tools. A metaphor is a most dangerous instrument in sacred subjects, if not used with rare caution and perfect accuracy of idea. Many and many are the false and pernicious impres-

sions which have been conveyed by the medium of "illustrations" and "imagery," which, not being strictly applicable to the subject in hand, have served only to fill the mind with false conceptions, making the entrance of the real truth more difficult than ever. Powerful and beneficial as is the effect of metaphors in theological writing when they are critically correct and applicable, we apprehend that there are few more perilous instruments of delusion when employed by rash or superficial minds. Harmless as they may be when employed uncritically on trifling subjects, and delightful as is the charm they convey when springing from the fount of a deep, clear, and vigorous imagination, we cannot but think that the greatest caution is needful in their use when employed to illustrate those ineffable mysteries, which it is so easy for the human intellect to darken in its attempts to make clear.

Of the letter of Mr. Burns, which has called forth this reply from Dr. Cahill, we know nothing more than is to be gathered from the extracts which the latter has prefixed to his rejoinder. Mr. Burns appears to be a person of the "evangelical" school, who cannot help "preaching" even when writing to a Catholic priest. We dare say his whole production is foolish enough, and as "untheological" as Dr. Cahill considers it to be. But we must say that, as far as Dr. Cahill has enabled us to judge, there appears to be nothing in it which should have provoked such contumely and violence as he has poured forth. On the contrary, there are indications of more modesty of thought than is common among persons of Mr. Burns's school; and which should naturally have called for a simple and kind-hearted explanation of Catholic doctrine, rather than for a storm of contempt. "*I think*," says Mr. Burns, "the soul can no more feed on flesh and blood than on bread." Surely such a statement, so expressed, required something different from a whole broadside of abuse. Here is no evidence of a mind setting itself up against God, and unwilling to believe that all things are possible with Omnipotence. Mr. Burns evidently imagines that the Catholic faith teaches that we feed upon the Body and Blood of our blessed Lord precisely in the same way as we eat natural food, namely, by breaking it into pieces in the mouth, and absorbing it by the process of digestion into the various parts of our bodies. This, indeed, is the common notion of Protestants. To such a difficulty, what answer so appropriate as a few brief words from that almost inspired song in which the Church utters her faith before the altar of her Lord:

"A sumente non concisus,
Non contractus, non divisus,

Integer accipitur.
 Nulla rei fit scissura,
Signi tantum fit fractura,
 Quâ nec status nec statura
 Signati minuitur."

What a contrast, indeed, is this divine hymn to the fiery declamation of modern controversy! Its cadences fall upon the ear like a sweet strain of music after the din of battle. Here is the true controversy for every age. Here is that which will win every heart not wilfully closed to the accents of divine love. Here is mystery unveiled, so far as mortal intelligence can unveil it, when guided by the wisdom of grace, and chastened by the restraints of loving humility. To such sources as this we counsel Mr. Burns to address himself for the future, when he would know what doctrine the Catholic Church has really received from her adorable Master, and which she has preserved unsullied from the hour when she first received it from His lips.

Since the above remarks were in type, we have seen further illustrations of the extravagances into which Dr. Cahill is frequently betrayed,—extravagances which have long created not a little uneasiness in the minds of persons who are supposed by Protestants to approve of, or to be justly responsible for, his proceedings. We are induced, therefore, to add a few words to what we have already written, in order to assure our non-Catholic readers that Dr. Cahill alone is responsible for the statements he puts forth, and that there is no foundation whatever for the prevalent Protestant notion that he is to be taken as a chosen champion of the faith; but, on the contrary, that a very large proportion of the Catholic clergy and laity regard much of what he says as pernicious or untrue.

Why, then, it will be said, is Dr. Cahill *allowed* thus to compromise the whole community of which he is a member? Why do the bishops and clergy permit him to write and lecture as he does? Why do not those who disapprove come forward and protest against his being accepted as the model of a Catholic controversialist? We reply, that the common idea that Catholics are like a regiment of soldiers on the field of battle, or a gang of slaves under an overseer, and therefore every one of them always acting in obedience to orders, is a pure figment of the Protestant imagination. Knowing that we *have* a discipline and code of law, that we *do* regard our bishops as the successors of the apostles, and that we profess the utmost unity *in matters of faith*, the world about us jumps to the conclusion, that every bishop is invested with powers

equivalent to the very highest which ultramontane theology ever attributed to the Pope himself. There is a sort of idea more or less universally prevalent in England, that we are a kind of secret society, bound together by unknown oaths and mysterious bonds ; every man with his precise duty assigned to him in the warfare with Protestants, and every man ready to do that duty with the most eager and exact obedience when the word is given ; the entire band commanded by Cardinal Wiseman, who, from his residence in Golden Square, or from any other spot in France, Germany, or Italy, where he may happen to be travelling, pulls the string and sets his puppets in motion. Any thing, however, more utterly unlike the fact was never swallowed by the *gobemouches* who live on "tales of mystery and wonder." A Catholic bishop is not a Russian autocrat, with uncontrolled power over the actions and property of his spiritual subjects. He administers and enforces the laws of the Church ; and beyond these whatever power he has is a species of moral influence, arising from the weight justly due to his sacred office and character. Undoubtedly this influence is sometimes very great, far greater indeed than any similar influence which persons in authority outside the Church can ever exercise. But at the same time, the fact that it is a moral influence, and not a legal right—(by the word *legal*, meaning a right secured by the laws of the Catholic Church)—makes it necessary that it should be employed with great care and prudence, and not pushed too far, lest an unwilling subject recalcitrate hopelessly. Accordingly, as a matter of history, we find that Catholic prelates,—imitating the wisdom of the Holy See, which rarely exercises its *utmost* rights, *rights* though they be,—are often backward in interfering in cases where Protestants expect their instant interference with the strong arm of authority ; and if the future is to be like the past, this rule will continue to be observed till the end of all things.

We repeat, then, that the mere fact that Dr. Cahill is a popular speaker and writer with a certain class of admirers, is no sort of proof that he is accepted as a champion by any but those who cheer him with their excited applause ; and who, of course, have as much right to approve of his style as we have to disapprove of it.

NAPOLEON AND SIR HUDSON LOWE.

History of the Captivity of Napoleon at St. Helena; from the Letters and Journals of the late Lieut.-Gen. Sir Hudson Lowe, and Official Documents not before made public. By William Forsyth, M.A., Author of "Hortensius," and "History of Trial by Jury." In 3 vols. London: Murray.

EVERY body knows that "brevity is the soul of wit," but not every body knows that brevity is the soul of a great many things besides. The author of the three solid volumes before us has written a book on the duties of lawyers; but we fear, if we may judge of his precepts by his practice, that he has not included brevity among the forensic virtues. We should like to know how many clients' causes have been ruined by the long-windedness of their advocates. It was never our fate to be impanelled on a jury, but we can well conceive the involuntary ill-will which must be awakened in that "bulwark of British liberty" by a tedious oration from a pleader who knows not when to stop. In arguing on any cause, it is a rule of the first importance, to avoid *boring* your hearers with too much even of the eloquence of Demosthenes.

It has been the hard fate of Sir Hudson Lowe (or rather of his memory) to have his cause intrusted to a gentleman who has estimated the digestive faculties of the public (literarily speaking) by those of a tough-nerved, hard-headed, Temple lawyer, who would plunge into a huge box of parchments with the same zest with which most people approach a new novel by a popular author. In his own lifetime, Sir Hudson never would say any thing in his own defence, at least to the world. A perverse fate now dooms his memory to the poor chances of exculpation attainable through the medium of three bulky octavos, each numbering about five hundred pages, including not far from two hundred closely-printed documents by way of *pièces justificatives*. As it is, however, the shade of the taciturn Governor of St. Helena has had a narrow escape from something worse. It was at first arranged that Sir Harris Nicholas was to have been the editor of the Lowe papers, and the vindicator of the memory of the aspersed "gaoler" of Napoleon; and Sir Harris intended to vindicate his memory in *eight or nine* bulky volumes! At last Napoleon would have had his revenge indeed!

We are sorry, in true earnest, that Mr. Forsyth has written so big a book. His cause is a good one, for it is not only

interesting, but just. We care little enough for the reputation of George IV. and the ministry who sent the captive emperor to his island prison; and as little do we care for the fame of one who to such astonishing abilities united such extreme littleness of mind as the first Napoleon. Still, historical truth is always welcome; and a man who was the victim of the contemptible Holland-House coterie, and the object of the slanders of such a scoundrel as O'Meara, and such mendacious scribblers as Las Cases, has a right to be fairly heard in his own defence. We pity Sir Hudson, therefore, because his vindication has at length appeared in such an interminably lengthy shape that few will buy it, and of those who buy still fewer will read it. Nor do we see that, as an argument based on satisfactory and ample proofs, the work would have been in the least less complete if it had been compressed into a book one-third of its present size. It abounds with needless repetitions, and refutations of statements in minute detail, which were susceptible of perfect disproof in far more general terms. The whole, too, is not much better than a mere piecing together of letters, notes, memorandums, extracts, and despatches. To call the result a "history," as Mr. Forsyth does in his title, is a misconception; it is a mere lawyer's putting-in of documents before "the court," with just so many remarks as are needful for an estimate of their authenticity and weight.

The actual story is soon told; and the illustrations of the spirit which animated Sir Hudson, his captive, and his companions, are for the most part repetitions of the same thing over and over again. From the first, Napoleon and Sir Hudson fell out. It was the fault of the former, and the misfortune of the latter. Sir Hudson was not to blame; but he was not the man to conciliate such an irritable temper as that of the fallen emperor. He was a man of a strong courageous mind, of unbending will, with a deep sense of responsibility; and we have no doubt, a gentleman in feeling and conduct. Few will rise from these volumes and believe that he ever treated his captive with any thing, strictly speaking, like harshness. But his *manner* was clearly unfortunate. Mr. Forsyth says he had *no* manner; and such a man was the very last to soothe a disposition always vehement, overwhelming, and irritable, and now worked up to the highest sensitiveness by its tremendous fall. Napoleon was essentially a person of a *little* mind; he could not bear adversity with dignity, but clung to the title and observances which he had lost with the childishness of a silly boy, and the tenacity of the most obstinate of men. He insisted upon being called "Emperor;" the British government

absurdly chose to call him "General Bonaparte;" to which he replied, that if he was never an emperor, he never was a general. On this ridiculous point the captive and the governor instantly quarrelled, and they continued the game to the end. No doubt Sir Hudson was justified by the letter of his instructions from the British government to practise this irritating course; but a *wiser* man would have found a hundred ways for fulfilling his duty with less galling coolness and disregard of his captive's weakness.

In the last of their few interviews Napoleon insulted Sir Hudson deliberately, and he early took a strong and unconquerable dislike to *his face*. He confessed afterwards that Sir Hudson's imperturbable coolness and rigid propriety of demeanour had particularly irritated and vexed him; and it is evident that a man of different manners would have soothed the wounded pride and silly sensitiveness of the ex-emperor, without yielding strictly one iota to his assumptions. Nor can we at all enter into Sir Hudson's idea, that the notes of Napoleon's followers were to be incessantly returned to them, because they persisted in giving their chief the obnoxious title. Had Bonaparte been *free*, there would have been some sense in thus refusing every shadow of acknowledgment of the title he still claimed; but when he was a captive, to insist upon his own followers giving it up was as childish and ridiculous as it was totally needless as a measure of state policy.

No little of the endless misunderstandings that took place, and also of Napoleon's sore and violent feelings towards Sir Hudson, must be set down to the character of the French who had accompanied the fallen conqueror to his exile. A more unfortunate selection could not have been made. Unprincipled, lying, and professedly scoffing at religion,—to say nothing of their immense intellectual inferiority to Napoleon,—they spent their days in flattering his foibles, and adding to his irritation against Sir Hudson. General Gourgaud formed the one exception; and after a while he found his position intolerable, and returned to Europe. As to the rest, Las Cases, Montholon, Bertrand, and O'Meara, these volumes convict them of every thing that is false, mean, hypocritical, and unprincipled. Their condemnation is to be found in their own writings. The worst of them all was O'Meara, the English surgeon of the Bellerophon, whom Napoleon had asked to have for his medical attendant. He at length was dismissed in disgrace; and as soon as he was gone, matters a little mended.

Almost as unhappy an issue attended the choice of the

two priests and the Italian physician afterwards sent out to Napoleon on his own request. The priests were harmless, but utterly unfit for dealing with a daring and able unbeliever like the ex-emperor. He really, it seems, *wanted* a man who could meet him at every point in theological controversy. These two, Buonavita and Vignali, he despised. The doctor, Antommarchi, fell in with the Bertrand and Montholon ways, and, like O'Meara, totally mistook his patient's complaint.

The state of things resulting from these peculiarities of character in the captive, his followers, and his "gaoler," as he used to call Sir Hudson Lowe, was petty, disgraceful, and unfortunate in the extreme. Sir Hudson had his faults, it is clear; but we pity him with all our heart in having to deal with such a crew. Did we not know how perfectly compatible is a meanness of spirit with a gigantic strength of mere intellect, we should have thought it incredible that a man who could win Austerlitz and Jena, and put forth the "*Code Napoléon*," could have descended to such utter littlenesses as Napoleon not only gave way to, but deliberately adopted and obstinately carried out in his warfare with the soldier who had the ill-luck to be commissioned to keep him from escaping from his captivity. We do not think we ever met with so striking a proof of the utter moral *smallness* of humanity, when selfishness is its governing principle. One day it is an untrue complaint of bad meat; another it is a pretence that his wardrobe is ill supplied; another it is a device to force some excessive harshness from the governor, as a pretext for appealing to Europe. One notable device of Napoleon's was a sale of much of his plate, under a pretence that Sir Hudson did not give him enough to eat. Then, for months together, the ex-emperor literally will not stir out of doors, in order to make it impossible for the orderly-officer on duty to report to the governor once a day that he had had a sight of the captive. The British Government were terribly afraid that Napoleon would by some means get away, and accordingly one of Sir Hudson's duties was to take care that he was *seen* every four-and-twenty hours. Against this the senseless passion of Napoleon rebelled. Of course it was not pleasant to know that once a day he was to be made the object of surveillance. But any person with the least pretence to greatness of mind would have submitted to the inevitable necessity with a good grace; and no man with the feelings of a gentleman would have put the officer, to whom the unpleasant duty was committed, to the extreme annoyance which Napoleon inflicted upon the unlucky gentlemen who were commissioned to look at him. The devices that this pertinacity made necessary would have

been ludicrous, were it not for the childish folly which necessitated them. At one time the orderly sees Napoleon through a telescope; at another he has to peep through the window-curtain of his bed-room; often and often he is worn to death with incessant walking, in the vain hope of catching a sight of the sulky conqueror, who knew and enjoyed the petty annoyances he was inflicting, not on his "gaoler," but on a man who was simply obeying orders. Then Napoleon won't take the physic the doctor orders him; and we don't know how many hours the said doctor spends in trying to get him to swallow a dose of castor-oil. Such a story, in short, was never told before.

The fatal illness which soon carried off the captive, it cannot be doubted, was to a very great extent hastened by this suicidal obstinacy, in victimising himself in order to frustrate the execution of the governor's orders. When a man, with an hereditary tendency to stomach-disease, chooses never to ride because he can't ride wherever he chooses, remains in-doors for several months together to prevent an unlucky officer from catching a sight of his face, and indulges in hot-baths three or four times a day, who can wonder that a few years ended Napoleon's captivity by death? He would have died *any where* under such a self-imposed regimen.

The silliness of all this systematic recrimination appears, too, in all the more striking light, from its being recorded in perpetual alternation with reports of conversations displaying the same extraordinary intellectual vigour, versatility, and keenness which had characterised Napoleon throughout his life. These alone would have been sufficient to give a considerable value to Mr. Forsyth's work, if they had not been overlaid with such a multiplicity of "Blue-book" literature. Add, too, to the littleness of Napoleon's conduct, the astonishing pertinacity with which it was carried out, and (as we have before said) the picture of the worthlessness of mere intellectual power is complete.

Mr. Forsyth gives us no new information—in fact, he gives none—respecting Napoleon's conduct towards that Almighty God against whom He had sinned, when his death was approaching. All that we gather is, that some time before his illness grew serious, he anticipated a time when he would be glad to have his faith in Christianity revive, and to approach the Sacraments he had so long scorned.

In conclusion, as we have found so little to praise in the literary skill with which Mr. Forsyth has executed his laborious task, let us add that he has appended to it an excellent alphabetical index, and that he appears to have been ani-

nated with the sincerest desire to do justice to all the parties whose conduct he is called to examine.

THE RELIGIOUS CENSUS OF ENGLAND.

Census of Great Britain, 1851. Religious Worship in England and Wales. Report and Tables presented to both Houses of Parliament, by Command of her Majesty. London: printed by G. E. Eyre and W. Spottiswoode, Printers to the Queen. 1853.

[It would be difficult to exaggerate the interest of this Report on "the amount of accommodation for worship provided by the various religious bodies in England and Wales, and the extent to which the means thus shown to be available are used." It has obtained, or is obtaining, the extensive circulation and attention which might have been expected; and almost all the organs of the press have made it the subject of leading-articles, and found room for considerable extracts from its pages. Having ourselves obtained the Report on the day of publication, and devoted some attention to its contents, we felt a natural curiosity to see the use which the Protestant press, the great public instructor of England in the nineteenth century, would make of them for the purposes of that grand Catholic debate on which of late years so much print and paper has been so lavishly expended. A fair recognition of any thing creditable to Catholics, any deduction, however obvious or immediate, that would at all tell in their favour, we never expected. That any thing which could be said about them would be said harshly and insolently, spiced with sarcasm, and seasoned with abuse, we knew beforehand; nor did we ever doubt that every opportunity would be taken to exasperate and intensify the No-Popery feeling upon one side, and the just indignation of Catholics upon the other. That in the present circumstances of the country, which render it so desirable that goodwill and concord should prevail as extensively as possible amongst us, when the united forces of the empire may be so soon required for action against a foreign foe,—that under these circumstances the Protestant press should abstain from irritating further the animosity which the religious heats of late years have so unhappily engendered, was too evidently a mere idle hope. But none of these reflections, nor all past experience, had prepared us for what was to come; and

we have no hesitation in recording our opinion, that for senseless, aimless, baseless, useless lying, the articles on this subject in the *Morning Herald* and the *Times*, in the *Britannia* and the *Press*, leave in the shade almost all their previous performances.

We see, by the words already quoted from the first paragraph of the Report, that it professes to give information on two topics only,—the amount of accommodation available, and the extent to which it is used. The following figures from pages clxxx. clxxxii. and cxcix. present us at one glance with the most important results of the inquiry on these two points:

	Number of Churches.	Number of Sittings.	Morning Attend- ance.	Total Attend- ance.	Proportion cent of Attend- Sittings.	
					Morning.	T
Church of England .	14,077	5,317,915	2,541,244	5,292,551	47·8	
Independents . . .	3,244	1,067,760	524,612	1,214,059	49·1	
Particular Baptists .	1,947	582,953	292,656	740,752	50·2	
Wesleyan Original Connexion . . .	6,579	1,447,580	492,714	1,544,528	34·0	
Primitive Methodists	2,871	414,030	100,125	511,195	24·2	
Welsh Calvinistic Me- thodists	828	211,951	79,728	264,112	37·6	
Roman Catholics . .	570	186,111	252,783	383,630	135·8	

Of the total number of sittings belonging to all the thirty nine sects mentioned in the Report, nine-tenths are possessed by the seven denominations here mentioned.

Now what have been the inferences drawn by the Protestant press from these returns? The newspapers alluded to have, in the first place, utterly ignored the real meaning, scope and object of the Report, and have used the returns for a purpose to which they do not, cannot, and never were intended to apply, viz. as a means of ascertaining the number of Catholics in England; and worthless as the evidence of the returns on this point is, they have deliberately falsified it in order to persuade their readers that the Catholics of England are a contemptible fraction of the nation. The *Times* tells us that of late years one sect has disturbed the country by the extravagance of its pretensions and the exaggeration of its own importance. It sums up the outrages committed by the Catholics,—which on inspection we find to consist of the insults and injuries which have been inflicted on ourselves,—and to the inquiry what is the total number of these noisy religionists among the 17,000,000 of our people, answers, with

note of exclamation, *less than 200,000*. The *Morning Herald*, due to its reputation, and defying rivalry in that peculiar combination of dulness and malignity for which it has been long notorious, while it asserts and triumphs over the meagreness of our numbers, declares further that it does not believe a word of the returns furnished by our clergy; for that, gained as they are by the teaching of St. Alphonsus, their statements must be looked on as no better than so many falsehoods. The *Britannia*, a "family" paper, and weekly organ of the "heavy fathers" of Low-church Toryism, discovers "that the Roman Catholic population in England and Wales does not exceed in numbers 200,000 souls; that out of a population of 18,000,000, the Bishop of Rome has only this paltry and insignificant number of adherents;" and thinks it really wonderful that with such a mere handful of votaries, the Pope should have succeeded in so long imposing upon the credulity of the nation." But the *Derby-Disraelite Press*, the paper which by its wit and talent was to redeem the credit of the party, and efface the impression left by the short and disastrous reign of its Beresfords, its Malmesburys, and its Staffords,—the *Press*, which has recently urged the nation to rest no longer satisfied with a policy of mere suspicion and dislike towards Papists, and has volunteered to propose measures of active hostility and positive repression,—the *Press* has perceived a danger which had escaped its contemporaries, and has guarded itself against it with its usual skill. For, indeed, was there not a danger lest the Protestant public,—finding that it had been deceived as to the likelihood of the immediate introduction of the Inquisition, the rekindling of Smithfield fires, and the re-establishment of "arbitrary power and wooden shoes" by the vast numbers of Jesuits in England, some of whom are already in the kitchens, sculleries, or pantries of every house; hundreds of whom have gained admission into the Universities, and who already outnumber loyal Protestants in the palace of our gracious Queen (facts for which *vide* the Protestant newspaper-files for the last three years *passim*),—was there not a danger, we say, lest the Protestant public, now disabused on this subject, should be tempted to exclaim, that if there were but 200,000 Papists in all England, there was, after all, no such immediate and inevitable risk? Might it not be feared lest Protestant valour, relying on a majority of 90 to 1, might relax its vigilance; and a fatal indifference to the fiery denunciations of a Stowell, or the ponderous perorations of a Shaftesbury, leave those Christian champions to preach envy, hatred, and all ill-will, to empty benches and deserted platforms? It was a hard dilemma: on

the one hand to omit the repetition of a good strong bouncing lie, and one too which might mortify the Papists; on the other, to run the risk of lowering the market, and diminishing the profits of the retail trade in bigotry and slander. How, then, did the *Press* proceed? It first informed its readers that there were but 200,000 Catholics in all England, and then warned them (on the poet's principle, "my wound is great because it is so small"), that the paucity of the Popish forces should stimulate Protestants to new exertions; for that the danger was increased, and not lessened, by the numerical insignificance of the enemy. And the wretched twaddlers who can gravely put forth trash like this, as their claim to be listened to by the English people, are the men who have volunteered to furnish Parliament with a scheme for the legislative repression of Popery by positive enactments! Who, after this, will not exclaim with John Dryden:

"Defend us, gracious Providence!
What would these madmen have?
Insult us first, without pretence,
Deceive us, without common sense,
And without power enslave."

We have shown that these returns were not intended to supply information as to the amount of the population; and moment's reflection will demonstrate that they are incapable of affording it. What argument as to population can be drawn from the number of church-sittings, when the supply of these must depend on the wealth as well as on the wants of different sects; and when, instead of all sects being on an equal footing in this respect, the contrasts between them are as strong as can be imagined? In the case of Catholics, the comparison is pre-eminently absurd. Firstly, they require fewer sittings owing to the greater number of their morning services, which alone are obligatory upon the people; and secondly, after being oppressed and proscribed for centuries, they had scarcely begun to practise their religion in public, when a vast immigration from the sister-country increased their numbers and responsibilities, whilst it reduced the average of their resources to a degree little above pauperism itself. And under these circumstances, with their few and scanty chapels crowded to suffocation, they are to be compared forsooth with Protestants of the endowed Establishment, with their vast and half-emptied churches, the greater part of which would never have existed but for the piety of Catholics!

But we will not leave the excuse open, that the errors of the Protestant press on this subject can be ascribed to mere stupidity or want of reasoning power. The very test invol-

by themselves, viz. the comparative number of church-sittings, convicts them of a huge and deliberate falsehood. For if we were to grant that the whole number of sittings was to the Catholic sittings as the whole population to the Catholic population, the result would be :

Total sittings	10,212,563	Total population	17,927,609
Catholic sittings	186,111	Catholic population	326,707

So that, to reduce the number of Catholics to 200,000, it was necessary for our public instructors to filch 60 per cent from the amount furnished by their own calculations.

Other comparisons afforded by the returns are those of the attendances of different sects. It will be seen that, by assuming a proportion to exist between attendances and population, the falsehood of our journalists becomes yet more preposterous :

Total Sunday attendance .	10,896,066	Total morning attendance	4,647,842
Catholic ditto	383,630	Catholic ditto	252,783
Total population	17,927,609	Total population	17,927,609
Catholic ditto	631,297	Catholic ditto	975,324

But though these figures are conclusive against those who contend that it may be proved by the returns in Mr. Mann's Report that the number of Catholics does not exceed 200,000, it must not be imagined that they can be relied on as evidence of our true numbers. In reality, there were not at any one period of the day on Census Sunday more than five million worshippers of *all* denominations; and not the slightest information is afforded as to how many attended more than one service, or as to the proportion in which the many millions who never entered church on that day at all are to be divided among different sects.

The real amount of the Catholic population is a question of much interest, and involved in considerable doubt. We have devoted some pains to the subject, and shall state the result not only of our own investigations, but of the inquiries we have made in quarters the best informed. We are anxious, however, that there should be no misconception as to our view of the real importance or utility of this inquiry. Certainly the points in dispute between ourselves and Protestants are not in the least dependent on our numbers. Our right to the free practice and enjoyment of our religion, and to all the civil privileges of English citizens, would not be the least impaired, were our numbers only half as large as the falsest of our newspaper scribes pretend. But for own instruction, and that none may underrate the urgent and imperious nature of the demands which our situation makes of us, we think it neces-

sary to demonstrate how frightful is the disproportion between our real wants and the supply that we provide for them. Not for self-glorification do we speak on this subject, but for self-abasement and humiliation. Would to God that on a point so vital we could speak with sufficient force and efficacy! Would to God that all ideas of self-satisfaction at what has been achieved might be for ever routed from the minds of all our readers of all classes, by the contemplation of that which remains undone!

The Catholic population at the present moment is, in all probability, between 1,250,000 and 1,500,000. We have been assured by the bishop of one of our most important dioceses, that if the calculation of the Catholic population in his diocese be made according to the approved ratio, from the number of baptisms in Catholic churches, the result is so enormous as to be positively appalling, absolutely incredible. And the only way in which the bishop could reduce the numbers to something more closely approximating to his own estimate of the number of Catholics intrusted to his charge, was by supposing that a number of children were baptised here, whose parents were merely passing through England *en route* for America or the colonies; or, that many Protestant parents must bring their children to the Catholic clergy to be baptised. It appears, from a letter which was published by a Catholic barrister in the *Times* of the 17th of January, that the marriage-returns of the Registrar-general for the year 1851 show an ascertained amount of 763,811 Catholics in England, but that an addition was to be made to this number on account of the Irish immigrants, many thousands of whom arrive annually in England, having been already married in Ireland, and furnish an accession to our population unrepresented by the registrar's return; and further, that to the number so increased, yet another considerable addition must be made of 116 souls for every Catholic marriage which in 1851 was celebrated according to the rites of the Establishment. Writing, as we are, for Catholics who can judge by their own knowledge of the facts, we deem it unnecessary to linger on this point; but it may be worth while to add an independent proof, supplied by the writer of the letter referred to, from the statistical returns of the Catholic Missions published by the Propaganda, in which the Catholics in England in 1842 were already computed to be 1,000,000 strong. Let the emigration from Ireland after the famine be remembered, as well as the increase in Catholic churches since that day; and that the planting of a Catholic church in any locality has the *invariable* effect of bringing to light the existence of a number

of Catholics of whom no account had previously been taken; and our readers will be perfectly satisfied that, by whatever method we proceed, we cannot estimate our present population as less than the given number of 1,250,000 to 1,500,000 souls.

What, then, is the spiritual provision for these multitudes? To how many of them can we, according to our present means, offer the advantages of education for their children, or the opportunity of practising their religion for themselves? It is to be feared that in schools and teachers we are yet more deficient than in priests and churches. In the last respect our exertions of late years have been great and creditable. The report before us shows (p. cxlviii.) that the increase in our church-sittings has been 87·2 per cent during a period in which the increase of Protestant sittings of all denominations unitedly was but 66·8 per cent. So that, in spite of poverty, persecution, and discouragement; in spite of the utter disproportion of our means to those of the state-endowed Establishment, which, in addition to its vast possessions, has been all the time in constant receipt of parliamentary grants made for this special purpose, paid out of the taxes to which we contribute; in spite of the boasted Evangelical and Puseyite revivals, of the religious societies, and of the general taste for church-building,—we have not only kept pace with, but actually outstripped, our Protestant competitors.

Still, this does not blot out, nor even diminish, the terrible significancy of the fact that, on the 30th March, 1851, the number of Catholic church-attendances was but 383,630, of which number only 252,783 belong to the morning services. We cannot, for any practical purpose, take the number of individual Catholics who attend church on Sunday to be larger than the number of those who comply with the obligation of the day by hearing Mass. And what is the result? That out of a population of 1,500,000, only one in six hears Mass upon a Sunday. The average number of persons in a family, according to the census of 1851, is less than five; so that if we were to suppose that in no instance had more than two members of one family attended Mass, we should have 175,000 Catholic families, not one member of which had assisted at the adorable Sacrifice. And yet this statement is below the truth! But, grievous and appalling as is such a state of things, at least we are in a position to account for it. We know the cause, and we discern the remedy. Not vice, not indifference, not neglect, not unbelief, keeps these thousands from participation in the Sacred Rite, or deprives them of the Word of God from the mouth of the preacher.

If they perish, they perish because there are none to give them bread. If they abstain from church, they abstain because they have no church to go to, or none that would hold them if they went. From the returns before us, and according to the extract given above, it appears that, whereas the attendance of the six great Protestant sects varies, in its proportion to the number of available sittings, from 24 to 50 per cent, Catholics occupy 135 per cent of their available sittings at their morning services. Whatever be thought of the great and rapid increase in the number of our churches and our clergy (and there has been during the last few years an increase of 28 and 44 per cent respectively), it is quite certain that the number of both may be doubled and tripled before the wants of our existing population can be adequately supplied. These things, however, are in the hands of God. If He has made the harvest great, it is from His grace that we must hope for labourers to reap it. It must be our part, while on the one hand we shrink from no exertions to acquit ourselves of the responsibility imposed upon us, to remember that He is jealous of His glory, and will not share it with another. It would be sad, indeed, if we should ever become puffed up with vain complacency at the increase of our numbers, or ever make the working of Providence upon the nation's heart the subject of a stupid personal triumph in the progress of our own opinions.

We shall have more to say on this subject on a future occasion. At present we would only exhort our readers to look back on what has been achieved, with the hope that God will finish what He has begun; and manfully gird themselves to the task of providing for the appalling spiritual destitution of our poor, cheered by the remembrance that they are in the hands of Him who "had compassion on the multitudes, lest being sent away fasting, they should perish by the road."

Short Notices.

THEOLOGY, PHILOSOPHY, &c.

Memoirs of the Life and Writings of John Pye Smith, D.D., F.R.S., F.G.S., late Theological Tutor of the Old College, Homerton. By John Medway. (Jackson and Walford.) Dr. Smith held for half a century a foremost place among the Independent Protestant Dissenters; and by his writings in the *Eclectic Review* and elsewhere he attracted a good deal of attention from members of other sects. He was

deeply engaged in the Unitarian controversy with Belsham ; in another controversy concerning the extent of the inspiration of Scripture ; and in the very laudable attempt to reconcile modern science with Revelation,—on which subject his book on scriptural geology is at present the most popular in England, and furnishes the groundwork of almost all the minor abstracts on the same question. In spite of his fame, a Catholic will find his theology utterly inconsistent with itself and contemptible ; a result almost necessary, indeed, when a man disregards the accumulated thought of ages, and sets up against it a theory of yesterday, which, if not woven out of his own brain, is simply the opinion of a few individuals as fallible as himself. Some of the results of Dr. Smith's investigations are curious: *e. g.* "The Song of Solomon is a constructive eulogy upon monogamy !" Pp. 70 to 83 of the book are taken up with the Doctor's inaugural address in assuming his functions as tutor at Homerton ; in which, single-handed, he promises to lead his pupils, in the course of four years, through every branch of learning,—classical, scientific, and imaginative ;—it might have furnished Dr. Newman with an amusing illustration of the intellectual bazaar, for his lectures on University education. Some of his private memoranda contain, to our minds, much cant ; as where the denouncer of human merit says of his examination of conscience, "I trust I did impartially and simply put the important queries to my conscience ; and I bless the Lord for the comfortable answers He enabled me to draw" (p. 28). There are several letters ; in one of which he naïvely advises a young minister to make his confession of faith a "happy junction of firm conviction and modest humility," and to "avoid the appearance of seeming to think himself *fixed* and infallible." We suppose that Dr. Smith was about the first Protestant honest enough to recommend wavering in faith as peculiarly beseeeming a minister of religion. In the chapter where the virtues of this new "light" are discussed, we are told that his peculiar graces were three,—"a love of enlightened liberty, a love of all valuable knowledge, and eminent scriptural piety." We presume these are the Homerton substitutes for the theological virtues of faith, hope, and charity.

Mr. M'Corry, of Perth, has recently published three clever pamphlets (Edinburgh, Marsh and Beattie), one of which is of more than ordinary value, and more than temporary interest. *The Jesuit, an historical Sketch of the Rise, Fall, and Restoration of the Society of Jesus*, is hardly all that it promises in its title, so far as the "fall and restoration" are concerned, which it touches on too briefly, though satisfactorily. Of the *rise* of the Society, its principles and its enemies, it gives a lively, pointed, and really masterly *coup d'œil*. It may be unhesitatingly placed in the hands of half-informed Catholics or ill-informed Protestants, who are led away by the vulgar declamations on the wickedness of Jesuits. Any person who keeps a catalogue of good books and pamphlets for distribution will do well to add Mr. M'Corry's *Jesuit* to the list.

Of his other two brochures—*Two Letters to Hugh Barclay, Esq.*, and *The Church of Ireland, her Religion and Learning*,—the latter is a good sermon preached last St. Patrick's day ; and the former a clever and amusing rejoinder to an (apparently) very commonplace and silly "Plea for Christian Union" by the said Mr. Barclay, sheriff-substitute of Perthshire. In one short sentence Mr. M'Corry pithily gives the whole history of heresy : "Sects can only eke out their ephemeral existence by warring against the Catholic Church."

The new edition of Andrews's *Critical and Historical Review of*

Fox's Book of Martyrs (London, M. Andrews), which was noticed in our pages as it was coming out in parts, is now completed. The work has been so long well known to the Catholic public, that any lengthened notice of its contents is unnecessary.

Protestantism essentially a Persecuting Religion, by another convert from Anglicanism (York, Browne; London, Little), contains some account of the martyred priests and laity who suffered in England from 1577 to 1681, taken from Dr. Challoner's work; one or two curious archiepiscopal documents illustrating the Protestant ideas on the subject of toleration in the days of James I.; several anecdotes of persecution of converts in the present day, for whose accuracy the writer vouches; and a great deal of other matter which does not seem to us very pertinent to the matter in hand.

The Religion of the Heart; a Manual of Faith and Duty, by Leigh Hunt (London, John Chapman). The new "Church" of Universalists is divided into two parts: at one end are your contemplative men, your humanitarians, who sicken at the death of a fly, reject the Old Testament as the authorisation of massacre, and the New Testament because it threatens hell; while at the other end are its practical men of business, Mazzini, Kossuth, and Louis Blanc, the guillotine, the infernal machine, and the stiletto. Its literary apostles are all gentleness; its apostles militant wear red caps, and appear behind barricades. The author of this book seems to have discovered that among the namby-pamby members of this "Church" there are persons who have a yearning of mind towards devotional practices, and who run some risk, if they follow their bent, of making shipwreck of their "faith." He therefore assures them that they may stay where they are, and yet have all they want; just as Dr. Pusey allows his Romanising friends to invoke any saint they like, provided they will but stop in his fold.

The principles of the book are identical with those of Mr. Maurice and of his school. "God has written his religion in the heart;" therefore the heart is the sole test of revelation. "Doctrines revolting to the heart are not made to endure, however mixed up they may be with lessons the most divine;" hence all laws or dogmas that savour of severity or cruelty are rejected. "As to punishment after death, little can be imagined of it in a book like this, because the heart revolts from it." The prayers that he furnishes to the praying members of his church are curiosities; they are "rather aspirations than petitions, hoping rather than requesting," because it is not certain that the Spirit of the Universe alters his laws at the request of men; the objective use of prayer is uncertain, its subjective utility is sure. Words of praise are never to be used: to *praise* is to *upraise*; and to upraise God is folly or worse. On his principles, we should have thought that prayer also is mere self-deception. The discourses which follow the liturgy develop the author's eclectic system,—half stoical, half epicurean; the last of them gives a list of the members of his Pantheon of heroes, in which we have our Lord blasphemously classed with Confucius, Socrates, Epictetus, and Marcus Antoninus, after the fashion of the Chapel of Heliogabalus.

The Rev. F. Close has undertaken to prove *from Scripture* that the power of Satan is now restrained to purely spiritual operations, so that he cannot work physical miracles. He is ably answered by an anonymous writer in a pamphlet entitled *Satanic Agency and Table Turning* (London, Bosworth). The *principles* of this writer, are, in the main, ours also; his conclusions are not.

MISCELLANEOUS LITERATURE.

The "People's Edition" of Sir Archibald Alison's *History of Europe from the French Revolution to the Restoration of the Bourbons* (Blackwood) will be welcome to a large class of readers, to whom a work in 20 volumes at ten shillings a volume is an unattainable possession. Even at this latter price, and at the original one still higher, this history has passed through eight editions; and we have no doubt that this cheap issue, which will include the whole in 12 volumes at four shillings each, will not be the last. The type is of course small, but it is legible for its size; and the whole is most respectably got up.

Of the merits of Sir Archibald's work it is needless to speak. He is a Tory in politics; he is too much given to interrupt the march of his narrative by disquisitions; and his style lacks variety. Still, it is a book containing an immense amount of information; its author has the true spirit of an historian; his manner is nervous, manly, and earnest; and whatever the effects of his political prepossessions or prejudices, he is free from that odious sham-philosophical *patronising* of all that is best in man's actions, which in writers of Macaulay's school is sometimes mistaken for liberality of mind. Sir Archibald being a Protestant, occasionally utters an opinion which we cannot but regret and condemn; but his Protestantism is not such as to prevent him from heartily admiring the conduct of good Catholics, and from expressing it in the plainest terms. In such passages as the narratives of the first struggles between the French government and the Church, of the execution of Louis XVI., and the war in La Vendée, it is only here and there that he shows that he is a Protestant. Neither does he adopt the offensive cant of the Whig school of historians: when contrasting the effeminacy of modern Italy with the strength of the old Romans and of the present Cisalpine nations, it never occurs to Alison, as it does to many others, to lay it all to the door of the Pope and the Catholic Church. In fact, there are few histories written by Protestants which can with so little hesitation be placed in the hands of the Catholic student. As yet only the first three volumes of the present edition have appeared.

Whilst the name of Dickens is giving circulation to a Child's History of England as inaccurate in fact as it is pernicious in principle, we are glad to see a fifth edition of *Kings of England, a History for Young Children* (London, J. and C. Mozley); whose principles, if they are not Catholic, yet certainly are of a far higher order than those which pervade most Protestant histories. *Landmarks of History: Middle Ages, from the reign of Charlemagne to that of Charles V.*, by the same author and publishers, is far more disfigured by the traditions of Protestantism. It contains also some inaccurate statements of fact: as, that the Manichæan heresy arose in the seventh century; that St. John was cast into boiling oil at the *Lateran* gate, where the church stands in which so many councils have been held, &c. &c. At the same time, the *plan* of the work is admirable, and parts of it are very well executed. The genealogical tables of the sovereigns of each country during that most intricate period are very carefully drawn up, and will be found to contain a useful summary of mediæval history. There is not room for the same faults in the first part of this work—Part I. *From the Earliest Times to the Mahometan Conquest* (J. and C. Mozley),—which is intended to give a general idea of the characteristics and course of the changing empires of classical times, with an especial view

to the better understanding of Scripture history and the growth of the Church. New editions have just appeared of those more scholar-like works of the same class which were edited by the late Rev. T. K. Arnold. The *Handbooks of Geography and History*, by Wilhelm Putz, in three parts, *Ancient, Mediæval, and Modern* (Rivingtons), are truly German. The labour required for such compilations, and the minute accuracy with which they are executed, sufficiently betoken the nation from which they proceed. At the same time, we can scarcely either desire or anticipate for them any very extensive use in our public schools: they are admirable as works of reference, either for a very advanced student or for the use of the schoolmaster; but to learn geography and history from them for the first time would, we think, be intolerable. We can only say of them what Mr. Rose once said of Mosheim's *Ecclesiastical History*, that they are "a careful and laborious conglomeration of facts;" that the author "has actually wedged and driven in one fact after another into his pages till they *bristle* with facts, and the heart and the imagination are alike beaten down and crushed to pieces." Such works are very useful and valuable in their places, but not, in our opinion, good school-books.

If we remember rightly, Father Newman somewhere said in one of his works written before he was a Catholic, that Gibbon was the best ecclesiastical historian of whom Protestant England could boast. Any how his *History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire* is so far an ecclesiastical history, that we are not surprised that "an English Churchman" should have undertaken the labour of preparing a new edition (Bohn's *British Classics*), with carefully-selected notes from the labours of his numerous predecessors. He seems to have brought to his task a very extensive acquaintance with his subject, and to have spared no pains in collecting and sifting materials for the elucidation of all doubtful points and the correction of all errors. With what success he will thread his way through the pitfalls of the fifteenth and sixteenth chapters remains to be proved, the present volume having stopped just short of them. If, however, we may judge from the way in which he has begun his work, we suspect that it will be well continued. We only regret that he should hesitate to exercise a certain discretion as to expurgating some of the original notes of Gibbon himself. There are many which are grossly offensive against decency, without being in any way necessary to explain or illustrate the text; and they should not be allowed to remain in a book which every student of history has occasion to consult. We would also suggest, as a very material improvement in the typography at small cost, that the notes should not run one into another in a continuous line, but that each note should have its own line in the usual manner.

The Foreign Tour of Brown, Jones, and Robinson, by Richard Doyle (Bradbury and Evans), is the funniest and wittiest book we have seen for many a day. The remarkable versatility of fancy and keen eye for the comical which were displayed by Mr. Doyle in *Pips's Diary*, and his other innumerable sketches in *Punch*, are still visible in undiminished vivacity. Here, however, Mr. Doyle proves himself something more than the most amusing of living caricaturists. His farce often rises to the level of genuine comedy. The very characters of the three tourists are pointedly but delicately indicated; and scenes and incidents of travel are introduced into their adventures showing a happy perception of, and a

rare power of rendering, not merely the oddities of the situation, but the genuine spirit of the wandering Englishman in his many phases. The Great Briton—"as he stood contemplating the Rhine-land, wondering if it would be possible to live in that country, and considering (supposing he had one of those castles now) how many thousands a year he could do it with:—the scenery would do; and with English institutions it might be made a good thing of"—is a character worthy of Molière. A page or two further on we have a charming bit of genuine comedy in "the M.P. travelling in search of 'facts,' giving Brown his views, and also the statistics of every thing." Then there is "the English 'Milord' upon the Rhine: how happy he looks! he dislikes the hum of men, and sits all day shut up in his carriage reading the literature of his country," *i. e.* the *Times* and the *Quarterly Review*.

The more farcical scenes are quite as good in their way. We have laughed over them till our sides ached again. There is "the Right of Search" (flea-hunting by candlelight); the railway-station at Cologne, with Jones's portmanteau undergoing the "Ordeal by Touch;" Brown hunted and devoured by mosquitoes at Venice; the same gentleman, who is given to sketching, captured by the Austrians for *taking* the fortifications, and the Austrian detective examining the camp-stool, which he detains as a mysterious-looking and possible infernal machine, with scores besides, are all inimitable. One more, indeed, we must specify,—how "they *do* Cologne Cathedral;" staring, guide-book in hand, at the windows and sculptures, and treading upon the inoffensive German women meekly saying their prayers around them. The sketches are worked up with various degrees of finish. Some are almost outlines, though touched with skill; others are drawn with a degree of care which has given an amount of expressiveness to the countenances of a higher cast than any thing which Mr. Doyle has before done. He clearly has the happy art of elaborating his sketches without loss to their spirit and brilliancy. Altogether, we cannot call to mind anything so good in its way since the days of Hogarth.

A new edition of the *Poetical Works of John Dryden*, vol. i., has just appeared in the annotated edition of the English Poets, edited by Robert Bell (J. W. Parker and Son); and we have to thank the editor not only for the very candid and impartial way in which he has treated the subject of Dryden's conversion to the Catholic faith, but also for the important facts which his diligent researches have now for the first time brought to light with reference to that event. Mr. Macaulay, in his veracious History of England (ii. 199), had said that the poet, "finding that if he continued to call himself a Protestant, his services would be overlooked, declared himself a Papist. The king's parsimony instantly relaxed. Dryden was gratified with a pension of 100*l.* a year, and was employed to defend his new religion both in prose and verse." And further, that "he knew little and cared little about religion;" that "his knowledge both of the Church which he quitted and of the Church which he entered, was of the most superficial kind;" &c. &c. The falsehood of this last statement as to Dryden's religious *knowledge* may be safely left to the dispassionate judgment of all who have read "The Hind and the Panther;" and the verdict of this same self-constituted judge as to Dryden's *caring* nothing about religion will certainly not be acquiesced in by any man of ordinary candour (to say nothing of Christian charity), who has read ever so superficially any collection of the poet's private letters. The first and most important charge, however, it has not hitherto been so easy to disprove. There has always been room for suspicion, in consequence of a supposed connection between Dryden's

conversion and the pension from King James II.; since, as Dr. Johnson so truly and cautiously says, "that conversion will always be suspected that apparently concurs with interest." Mr. Bell, however, has now discovered the original of the exchequer warrants granting this pension, dated May 6, 1684, *i. e.* during the reign of Charles II., and nearly three years before Dryden publicly espoused the doctrines of the Catholic Church. One is not surprised that Protestant writers should have insisted on tracing a connection between the pension and the conversion; and our admiration of Mr. Bell's candour is proportionate, who acknowledges that "the force of the imputation is now very sensibly diminished, if not proved altogether groundless." After all, however, the best proof of the sincerity of a conversion is the subsequent conduct of the convert; and on this head, as Mr. Bell clearly shows, the testimony of Dryden's life is most unequivocal.

Life in Abyssinia; being Notes collected during Three Years' Residence and Travels in that Country, by Mansfield Parkyns, 2 vols. 8vo (London, Murray), is a most amusing book, containing, amid the author's personal adventures, a good deal of information concerning a very interesting people. The author is a "fast" man, fond of a little slang, with great powers of animal enjoyment and endurance, who enters with real gusto into the ways of uncivilised life, and lives as a fashionable young Abyssinian, eating raw beef, and wearing nothing on his head but a pat of butter. As is usual with men of this complexion, he is tolerant in his religion; indeed he gives nothing but praise to the Catholic missionaries in those parts, and nothing but blame to the Protestants. He says nothing new on the corruptions of the Christianity of Abyssinia; but those who at present know nothing whatever about this subject will find his book a very pleasant medium of gaining some knowledge of it.

The Private Letters of Sir James Brooke, K.C.B., Rajah of Sarawak, narrating the Events of his Life from 1838 to the Present Time, edited by J. C. Templer, Esq., 3 vols. (London, Bentley). In spite of his detractors, Rajah Brooke is a great man; and these letters exhibit him in a very interesting point of view. They record his impressions of things as they occurred at the time; written not for the public eye, but for his mother and his most intimate friends. We are astonished at the versatility of his talents; he has a passion for every thing: for theology (such as it is), for geography, botany, zoology, ethnography, and all branches of natural science; as a governor and lawgiver he has always shown himself at least equal to the occasion; and he threatens to cut any body's throat who says he is not a general. We happened to read these volumes after those of Mr. Parkyns mentioned in the last paragraph, and the contrast between the two men struck us much. Mr. Parkyns went out to an uncivilised state, descended to their barbarism, and left them much as he found them. Brooke went out to a nest of savages, and is in course of converting it into a centre of civilisation for the tribes of Borneo. We have been highly interested in these volumes, and are quite disposed to side with the Rajah in his dispute with the humanitarians, both as to facts and principles.

Linny Lockwood, by Catherine Crowe, 2 vols. (Routledge). The strong-minded authoress, Mrs. Crowe, is still a bird of ill-omen, black and croaking, haunting "the night-side of nature." The story is powerful and well-told, but is throughout redolent of villany, debauchery, remorse, and the charnel-house. The purpose of the tale (if it has one) seems to be, as Dr. Pye Smith might have said, to furnish a constructive argument in favour of facilitating divorce.

Memoirs, Journal, and Correspondence of Thomas Moore, edited by Lord John Russell, vol. vi. (London, Longmans; to be completed in eight volumes). This ill-edited book still drags its slow length along, recording the dinners eaten, and the jokes heard or uttered by one of the very smallest men who ever occupied such a space in talking of himself. No man is a better illustration of the chasm that exists between literature and life, and of the fact that the literary whale may be a moral monkey. The present volume contains the Journal during the time when he was writing his *Travels of an Irish Gentleman in search of a Religion*; and it appears that while that book was on the stocks, its author attended indifferently (seldom enough, however) the Catholic chapel and the Protestant church; was deliberately bringing up his children in the religion which he was proving to be false; and firmly intended to fight a duel whenever his honour required it. On one occasion the music at Warwick-Street Chapel drew tears from his eyes: "What," he exclaims, "will not music make one feel and believe?" We are sadly afraid that his Catholicity was no more than a matter of music and poetry; and, as far as appears from the private journal of the author, it would not be unjust to say that his *Travels* were written with as pure an intention of gratifying his own vanity, as his *Little's Poems* or his *Lalla Rookh*. The sardonic editor was doubtless glad of this opportunity of letting us know the true value of Thomas Moore's advocacy of our holy religion.

Mr. Bohn's *Illustrated Library* opens the new year with a very pretty and appropriate volume, a *Pictorial Calendar of the Seasons* (price 5s.) edited by that popular writer, Mary Howitt. The plan of the work is to preface the account of each month with a prettily-illustrated almanac, in which *notabilia* of various kinds are recorded in the usual heterogeneous fashion for the benefit of the rising generation. Then follows all that is to be found about each month in Aikin's well-known *Calendar of Nature*, which is afterwards enlarged upon and copiously illustrated by descriptions taken from all our best writers, both in prose and verse, of the various phenomena of country life during each season. This, indeed, is the essential part of the book, and most charming it is. We could have wished that Mrs. Howitt had confined herself to it, and omitted altogether the antiquarian notices taken from Soane, with which the account of each month is concluded. These are very imperfect in themselves, and somewhat out of harmony with the delightful truth and freshness of the other portions of the volume. We must not omit to mention the illustrations, which are numerous and good, chiefly taken from the familiar scenes of country life. Altogether it is a cheap volume of very pleasant reading.

How many "libraries" Mr. Bohn intends to bring out we are puzzled to imagine. It is clear that his various series must pay, or he would not continue them and add to their number. His newest addition is the first volume of *Bohn's British Classics*, containing *Addison's Works*, with Hurd's notes, and with portrait and illustrations; to be completed in four volumes. The type is excellent, and an improvement on that of some of his other series; the paper very fair, the illustrations good, and the binding as usual, *i. e.* good also.

Passages from the Diary of a late Physician, by Samuel Warren. (Blackwood and Son.) This is a new edition of those well-known papers which first appeared in Blackwood more than a quarter of a century ago, and since that time have been extensively read both in Europe and America. The author is naturally much gratified at a new edition being

now called for, a circumstance at which we ourselves are a little surprised; for the public taste of the present day is certainly much more subdued and chastened than that of five-and-twenty years ago: so that, riveting as were these narratives when we first read them in Blackwood, and often as we have read them with intense interest since, we observe that those who now read them for the first time are generally disappointed in them, as being overstrained and melodramatic. Genius, however, has an enduring life, independent, in the long-run, of the changes of popular taste; and that these thrilling scenes are sketched by genius of no common order all must at once acknowledge.

A popular Account of the ancient Egyptians, by Sir J. Gardner Wilkinson, 2 vols. 500 woodcuts (London, Murray), is an invaluable book for those who wish to have an insight into the private life of the ancient Egyptians, and to comprehend all those knicknacks of 4000 years ago which are preserved in our museums. Here the curious reader may find out all about the Egyptian houses, furniture, food, trades, amusements, art, and mode of embalming. There is very little account of their history or religious opinions, which the author thinks would not interest the class for whom the book is intended. It is, in fact, an abridgement of his great work in five volumes, with corrections derived from fresh discoveries.

Once upon a Time, by Charles Knight, 3 vols. (London, Murray) is a work intended to do the same for the manners and customs of our forefathers as the last book does for those of the Egyptians; it instructs us how John Bull in past ages wore his gown, kindled his fires, roasted his joints, and so on. It is written in the form of tales; the utilitarianism however, somewhat outweighing the imagination, and spoiling the amusement. Nevertheless, to those who like this kind of mixture of the *utile* (?) and the *dulce*, the volumes are commendable for holiday reading.

The Ottoman Empire and its Resources, with an historical sketch of events during the last twenty years, by E. H. Michelson, Phil. D. (London, Simpkin and Marshall), is the best book we know of for such persons as desire to understand the resources of one of the parties in the present conflict. It consists of 133 pages of compressed narrative, followed by 160 pages of statistics; dry, but brief and authoritative.

Norway and its Glaciers visited in 1851, followed by journals of excursions in the high Alps of Dauphiné, Berne, and Savoy, by Professor J. D. Forbes, D.C.L., F.R.S., &c. (Edinburgh, A. and C. Black) Dr. Forbes is a great authority on the influence of glacial action on geological phenomena in the transportation of boulders, the formation of moraines and terraces, &c. Those who take an interest in this question, may consult this work with advantage. As a narrative of travel it is somewhat dry and tedious, as such books by learned professors usually are. It is very expensively got up, and would have been just as valuable if compressed into half the size.

Pine Forests and Hackmatack Clearings; or, Travel, life and adventure in the British North American Colonies, by Lieut.-Col. Sleight, C. (London, Bentley.) Readers may well wonder how the two members of this title can be convertible. The secret is as follows: where Quebec and other Canadian towns now stand, were once pine and larch (hackmatack) forests, now cleared away to make room for men; hence the gallant author thinks himself at liberty to record his experiences at the Quebec hotels under the name of adventures in the forest. The ti

is a mere puff, under false pretences, of an ordinary and rather stupid book of travels.

Revelations of School Life, by Cantab., 2 vols. (London, Hope & Co.) We remember a learned F.S.A., M.R.S.L., &c. &c. telling us that the Protestant translation of the Bible was evidently written by illiterate blockheads, who did not know that it was against the rules of writing to italicise the weak words of a sentence; its *ifs*, and *ands*, and *sos*, and the rest. This criticism is fairly applicable to *Cantab*, who seems as ignorant of the meaning of the variations of type, as he is extravagant in the abundance of his use of them. The matter of the book is an attempt to expose the abuses of usher and schoolboy life, in a fiction which we have found tiresome and dull to the last degree.

The Story of Corfe Castle, and of many who lived there, by the Right Hon. G. Bankes, M.P. (Murray.) A local memorial, written at the request of a local Society for Mutual Improvement, by a man who is the representative of the chief glory of the place, the Lady Bankes who on two separate occasions so gallantly defended the castle against the parliamentary party in the civil wars. The literary execution is good, and the matter interesting.

The Marvels of Science, and their Testimony to Holy Writ, by S. W. Fullom, Esq. (Hurst and Blackett), is a slight catalogue of the chief wonders of the universe, with an explanation of the Mosaic cosmogony after the theory of Dr. Pye Smith; and with very many passages, which are probably considered very fine writing, about woman and other subjects which address themselves to feminine susceptibility.

Stray Leaves in Shady Places, by Mrs. Newton Crossland (Routledge & Co.), appear to us to have been culled from the many-coloured Annuals which blossom about Christmas. Whether this be really the case or not, we are not sufficiently acquainted with the publications in question to know; but the stories are certainly of the same character, and about the same degree of literary merit, as the average run of those which appear in the *Book of Beauty*, and its silken-bound and gilt-edged rivals; that is to say, they are lively and interesting, and written in a clever, pointed style; but their incidents are far-fetched and melo-dramatic, and the characters and conversations sometimes over-coloured. The shorter stories at the end are by far the best in the volume.

Those who are familiar with that beautiful little tale "The Snow-drop," will scarcely need any recommendation of ours to induce them to read another by the same authoress. The very title of *Blind Agnese, or the Little Spouse of the Blessed Sacrament*, by Cecilia Caddell (Dublin, J. Duffy), tells its own tale, which the volume itself does not belie. It is a story breathing a spirit of the most fervent devotion towards the Blessed Sacrament, and calculated to inspire its readers with the same. We scarcely think the story so happy perhaps in its scene and incidents as the Snowdrop (to which, in spirit, it bears the closest resemblance); and we seem to want some little advertisement or preface, or at least some chronological hint in the opening of the tale itself, to warn us that the action belongs to bygone days, not the present. As it is, this only breaks on the reader by degrees, and after his sense of historical truthfulness has been somewhat wounded. On the whole, however, we must give a cordial welcome to this addition to our lending-libraries, prizes for presents for school-children, &c.: we only wish we had more such.

Winifride Jones, or the very Ignorant Girl (Clifton Tales and Narratives, No. V. Burns and Lambert), is an extremely interesting little book, of which the leading idea is to show how the true essence of religion lies in *personal love of Jesus*, and, as a natural accompaniment, a love of Mary also; in fact, *Jesus and Mary* might also have been its second title. The various characters in the book are beautifully drawn, and by a delicate, discriminating hand. Beginning at the lowest end of the scale, we have among the Catholic characters, and omitting the Protestant *paterfamilias*,—who is the quintessence of *respectability*, and whose religion (so to call it) is that of respectability,—one who only wants to avoid hell; another, who wishes to keep clear of sin; a third, who wishes to do her duty and clear her conscience; a fourth, who desires to be holy and to love God, and to feel that she loves Him; and then lastly, in contradistinction to all, or rather as summing all up in the simplicity of one idea, is Winifride Jones, the heroine, whose single wish is to *please Jesus*, and to be like Mary, because she knows that will please Him. The author has done well to exemplify the principle which it is desired to inculcate, in a person who owes nothing to mental culture, and has had but a small amount even of religious instruction.

Among the caterers for the innocent literary entertainment of young people, Routledge and Co. of Farringdon Street, hold a deservedly high place; and among their recent publications we can specially recommend *The Romance of Adventure, or true Tales of Enterprise for the Instruction and Amusement of the Young*, and *Voyage and Venture, or Perils by Sea and Land*. The author of the first of these volumes tells us that "it has been his care not merely to use such materials as were true in point of fact, but rigidly to exclude whatever might prove injurious in its influence on the character of the young;" and the same may truly be said of both volumes.

The "old original" tale of Robinson Crusoe has had many imitators; and among the "domestic" Robinson Crusoes, or histories of *families*, not individuals, we know of none at all equal to Capt. Marryat's *Children of the New Forest* (London, Routledge and Co.) It is a tale of the days of Cromwell and the restoration of King Charles; and its young heroes and heroines are leading a life of solitude, not because they have been wrecked on the shores of some desert island, but by reason of certain social and political causes necessitating their concealment. In addition, therefore, to the ordinary point of interest in such narratives, viz. the watching the inventive genius or the singularly lucky chances which never fail to attend such heroes of fiction, Captain Marryat has secured another fruitful source of adventure in the dangers to which these children of the New Forest are exposed; first, from discovery, or rather recognition by their enemies, then from robbers, &c.; and he has known how to make the most of this advantage. This tale has already reached a fourth edition, and will certainly remain a very popular favourite. We do not like so well *The Little Savage*, by the same author. We see no advantage to be derived from familiarising the young mind with the idea of such a little monster as Master Frank Henneker is at the commencement of the tale. Moreover, his conversion by a "missionary's wife," thrown on the same island, entails upon us a great deal of "preaching," of a very peculiar and to us unpleasant kind. All these volumes of Messrs. Routledge and Co. are very prettily got up, and illustrated with numerous woodcuts by popular artists.

Boys at Home, by C. Adams (Routledge and Co.), is a story rather in the Miss-Edgeworth style; inasmuch as its little heroes have an as-

tonishing aptitude for thatching, bricklaying, and other mechanical arts ; their success in which will perhaps, as was often the case with Miss Edgeworth's stories, excite an unavailing emulation ; these things being in fact less easy, we fear, than here represented. The story before us is not written in the piquant way which made "little Frank" and "Rosamond" so delightful even to those who least sympathised with Miss Edgeworth's turn of thought ; but the moral of the book is far better, inasmuch as these little heroes and heroines say their prayers, which we do not remember was the case with "Frank" and "Rosamond."

The very clever little story of *The Conceited Pig* (London, J. and C. Mozley) has found a worthy illustrator in Harrison Weir ; and is now printed, therefore, in good large type, suitable for the many little people who will be delighted with it.

The *Memorials of the Castle of Edinburgh*, by James Grant (Blackwood), redeem the promise of their title, in an agreeable and unpretending way. The history of the Castle of Edinburgh is the history of the Scottish wars. Once deemed impregnable, and commanding the capital of the kingdom, together with a wide and fertile tract of country, this ancient fortress was a position which conflicting armies keenly disputed ; hence its *Memorials* exhibit a series of highly interesting military adventures, in which some of the principal persons in Scottish history performed an important part. To a Catholic reader, the chief feature of interest about the Castle of Edinburgh is associated with St. Margaret ; for its lofty eminence was the scene of her holy departure from a sorrowful world ; and the little chapel where she probably heard Mass the last day of her life stands within its ramparts. Mr. Grant, though not Catholic, is free from prejudice ; his mention of Catholic subjects is always respectful, and evinces little sympathy with John Knox and the Covenanters. He is a loyal Jacobite, and seems to lament the union of Scotland with England ; subjects on which, of course, we are not bound to agree with him, but which he touches with delicacy and a tender regret which even dissentient criticism must respect.

The *Dublin Review*, No. LXX. (Richardson and Son), contains one or two admirable articles, but is somewhat monotonous in its general character as a whole. The first article, on the "Philosophy of the Rule of Faith," is ably argued and gracefully written ; that on the devotional and theological bearings of Religious Ceremonial also, is well worthy of the closest attention. Dr. Dollinger's work on the newly-discovered Philophosumena of Hippolytus forms the subject of another able article. Wycliffe, Modern Deism, the Emigrant Milesian, and Méri-mée's Demetrius the Impostor, make up the Number.

Among the cheap periodical literature of the day, besides the *Lamp* (London, Dolman), and *Duffy's Fireside Magazine*—which last by the by has some charming specimens of translation (?) from the French, such as "my *liberatrice* hurried me away ;" "I carry the Eternal *Puissance* of heaven and earth," meaning the Blessed Sacrament ; "the sinners found a *refrigeration* of their evils," &c.,—there is a new weekly candidate for public favour "the *Family Mirror*," conducted by Elizabeth M. Stuart (price 2d.). It is full of stories, both in prose and verse, of that degree of literary merit which is usual in such publications, but wholly unobjectionable in its tone and principles ; which certainly is *not* usual. Another, the *Illustrated London Magazine* (monthly), edited by R. Brinsley Knowles (Piper, Stephenson, and Spence), has completed its first volume. The opening story is good, and there are some lively papers called "Sketches in Norway." Altogether the publication is not wanting in talent, and is unobjectionable in matter.

Illustrations of Scripture from Botanical Science, by David Gorrie, (Edinburgh, Blackwood), is a very pretty little book, from which a good deal of knowledge of botany may be gleaned, but quite mistaken in its general principles. Scripture generally uses the language of sense, not that of science; it appeals to the general knowledge of men, not to the refinements of philosophers. To illustrate its imagery by the language of science is quite impossible. No one will be better able to understand such a phrase as "rooted in faith" after learning that botanists consider the root to be the descending axis of a plant, and that it is furnished with organs called spongioles, which absorb dissolved saline matters from the ground. Such a knowledge is not necessary (as Mr. Gorrie maintains) for the interpretation of the imagery of Scripture, any more than a knowledge of brass-founding is necessary for the composer of music for the trumpet or horn. Indeed, we have not much patience with that superficial Bibliolatry which leads men to think the zoology, or botany, or geography of Scripture to be sacred studies, or parts of theology. These sciences are very pleasant and useful in themselves; but why they should be limited to the things referred to in the Bible, or tacked on to it as if they were parts of sacred hermeneutics, we never yet could discover. We do not find fault with the book on any other ground; apart from the faults of its class, it is very well.

The Chemistry of Common Life, by James F. W. Johnston, M.A. Part I. The air we breathe; the water we drink. (Edinburgh, Blackwood), is a useful little description of the chemical ingredients of the atmosphere, and of rain, river, spring, and sea waters. The author traces the adaptations of the atmosphere and the waters to the life of animals and vegetables, in a way that shows he has not the fear of Bacon before his eyes. However, in spite of Bacon, Harvey discovered the circulation of the blood, and Cuvier principles of the restoration of skeletons from a few fragments, from a consideration of final causes. So the present author seems inclined to make the requirements of animals and vegetables the test of the natural composition of the atmosphere, as if it had been formed with especial reference to their wants. We perfectly sympathise with this mode of arguing. We wish that the author had enlarged his plan, and given a sketch of the causes of the meteorological changes of the atmosphere, and of the currents of the ocean; which, though no parts of the chemistry of nature, are yet the manipulations of her laboratory.

Popular British Ornithology, by P. H. Gosse; second edition, 20 plates, coloured, 10s. 6d. (London, Lovell Reeve), is a very nice book to give to young persons who are interested in natural history. The drawings are spirited and good. In the descriptions we have found none of that mawkish religionism which is continually dragging in quotations from the Psalms whenever the wonder is excited, or of that bitter spirit of Protestantism which characterises the "Naturalist's Rambles on the Devonshire Coast," by the same author.

We are glad to augur, from the appearance of five simultaneous parts of Mass music in *The Choir* (Burns and Lambert), that this useful publication is commanding the good sale which it deserves. These parts are, on the whole, fully equal to their predecessors, though all the portions of the Masses they contain are not of equal merit. The Glorias are, as usual, the least satisfactory. Not one Gloria out of a dozen, even by the greatest writers, preserves that variety in unity of idea and expression which is essential to the perfect musical utterance of this sublime hymn. Take, for instance, the "Gloria" by Danzi, in Part IV. As a

clever exercise of passages and modulations, it is well enough; but as a whole, it is a series of fragments, with a respectable fugue at the end. The "Kyrie," by the same author, on the other hand, is melodious in phrase, and musician-like in treatment, with less of that tendency to unmeaning and incessant modulation which is the bane of the present German school, and from which not one of the Masses before us is wholly free. Schubert's "Credo," which follows Danzi's "Gloria," is a mediocre affair, and not worthy of a place in *The Choir*. Of the entire list of pieces now before us, we think the best are the "Credo," "Sanctus," "Benedictus," and "Agnus Dei," of Drobisch, which are excellent; and the "Mass" by Sechter, a very pleasing and acceptable composition. Much of the "Mass" by Schneider is also well worth the attention of every choir. Klein's "Mass" is unequal: the "Kyrie" lacks melody and breadth; the "Gloria" is one of the best in the collection; the "Credo" is laboured; the remainder has more meaning and character, and that of a pleasing and expressive kind. A considerable portion of the whole are arranged by Mr. Richardson of Liverpool, with his accustomed skill; and the hints which he has given for the use of the organ-stops will be welcome to many players. His own "Vidi aquam," which appears in Part IV., is a capital little composition, and totally free from the vice of excessive modulation.

FOREIGN LITERATURE.

F. X. Patritii, S. J., Doctoris Decurialis Coll. Rom. &c., De Evangelii libri tres. Friburgi Brisgovie; Libraria Herderiana. These two bulky quartos, containing about 600 pages a-piece, are worthy of the ancient literary fame of the Society of Jesus; but it tells a sad tale as to the present condition of the Eternal City, that a professor in the Roman college should be obliged to seek a publisher for such a work in a foreign land. The learned author needs no introduction to any ecclesiastical student, but the volumes before us are of a far higher class than those by which he has been hitherto known; and although they will not, of course, be so widely read as his work *De Interpretatione Scripturarum Sacrarum*, yet the study of them must henceforward be considered essential for all those who wish really to make themselves masters of the important subject of which they treat. The whole work is divided into three books. The first is introductory, and discusses several most interesting historical and chronological questions concerning the four Gospels; as, for instance, by whom they were written, when, and in what language, &c. &c.; questions which are solved, not by any display of originality in the invention of some new and startling hypothesis, but by the most solid learning, following the universal traditions of the Church, and receiving with the utmost respect the *dicta* of the early Fathers. Having thus disposed of all introductory matter, our author proceeds in the second book to arrange in parallel columns, and with most admirable clearness, his *harmony* of the Gospels, that is, his idea of the order in which the events of the Gospel narrative severally occurred; placing before the reader, at a mere glance, every variation of detail that can be detected in the four narratives, and justifying by sufficient notes his own method of harmonising them whenever he sees occasion to differ from that which is most generally followed.

Then the third and last book, occupying the whole of the second volume, is entirely exegetic, and, besides a complete exposition of the Gospel history from the beginning to the end, contains upwards of fifty valuable dissertations on questions of chronology, geography, profane history, philology, &c. &c. It is impossible in a short notice to enter on any detailed examination of a work of this kind; the mere enumeration of its contents, however, will be interesting to many of our readers.

A volume entitled *Les Matinées de le Gravière*, being an "Exposition de la Doctrine Catholique à l'usage des jeunes personnes," by M. Alphonse de Milly, has been published by MM. Perisse. A former work by this author, entitled "Reveu analytique et critique des Romains Contemporains," received the very high honour of a letter of approbation from our Holy Father himself; a letter full of paternal affection, and offering itself as a kind of guarantee for the merit of future publications by the same hand. The volume before us has received the sanction of the Bishops of Bayeux and Autun, expressed in the warmest terms; it is much approved, also, by the superior of one of the most distinguished communities of religious women in France. It is written in an easy and familiar style for the benefit of young people, for whom it is intended; being, in fact, dedicated to the author's own daughters. Those engaged in the work of teaching the young may find many useful hints in these pages.

M. L'Abbé Eymat, Priest of the diocese of Bourdeaux, has just published the first volume of a work entitled *Evangile médité et expliqué chaque jour de l'année d'après les écrits des Pères de l'Eglise et des auteurs ascétiques les plus recommandables* (Paris, Perisse), dedicated to his Eminence the Cardinal Archbishop of Bourdeaux, and approved by the Bishop of Beauvais. It contains meditations for the Gospels of the Sundays of Advent, Christmas, and Epiphany. The plan of the work is, that the gospel of the Sunday shall provide the material for each day of the week; and the meditation is followed by an "application," extracted from the writings of one of the Fathers or of some well-reputed ascetic author, such as F. d'Avila, Father Stapleton, Thomas à Kempis, &c. Moreover, care is taken to give, not merely the very words of the writer, but the place in his works where the passage may be found. A prayer, summary, and resolution, terminate each meditation, according to the approved form of such works.

Vie de Sainte Colette, Réformatrice des trois Ordres de Sainte François, en particulier des pauvres Filles de Sainte Claire, par le R. P. Sellier, de la Compagnie de Jésus (Paris, Perisse: price 3 francs), will be an acceptable volume to those of our readers who take an interest in the community of Poor Clares lately established in our own country.

An association of booksellers in Paris, among whose names we find those of Messrs. Gaume and of M. Le Clerc, publisher of the Archbishop of Paris, has recently published three editions of the Roman Breviary, in 4 vols., 12mo, and 18mo, at prices ranging from 12 to 20 francs; and has a fourth edition in the press, in 1 vol. Three Missals have also issued from the same quarter; and a very handsome one in large folio is about to follow. These various editions speak well for the demand, and may be taken as a very significant "sign of the times."

The Rambler.

PART III.

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To Correspondents.

T. Acknowledged with many thanks. As to the second point on which he animadverts, we would beg to call his attention to the *Prælectiones Theologicæ* of Perrone, S. J.; Tract. de Euch. c. 2, de Transubs. § 133; and ibid. § 149. "Nos cum Vasquezio, Veronio, aliisque diximus," &c.

A valuable letter from the Very Rev. Canon Oakeley, on Choirs and Choral Schools, reached us on the 17th inst., and shall appear in our next. We must beg to remind our correspondents that it is absolutely necessary that they should forward their communications as early as possible in the month. As a general rule, it is impossible that any letter received after the middle of the month should be inserted in the following Number, more especially if it be long. We would also impress upon them the necessity of being as *concise* as they can.

We are not able to insert Mr. SMITH's letter, of which we made mention here in our last Number. The only fact in it which requires notice is, that the *Catholic Directory* was right in placing Father Charles Cooke, S.J., in the list of clergy, and ourselves wrong in stating that he was still a theological student at St. Beuno's.

We take this opportunity of announcing that for the future we cannot admit the letters of authors commenting on the reviews we may have given of their works, excepting only in those cases where it can be shown that we have misstated facts, distorted arguments, or imputed false motives. This is the ordinary rule of all well-established periodicals; and the press of matter upon our columns obliges us to enforce it with strictness.

Correspondents who require answers in private are requested to send their complete address, a precaution not always observed.

We cannot undertake to return rejected communications.

All communications must be *postpaid*. Communications respecting *Advertisements* must be addressed to the publishers, Messrs. BURNS and LAMBERT; but communications intended for the Editor himself should be addressed to the care of Mr. MAHER, 101 New Street, Birmingham.

THE RAMBLER.

A Catholic Journal and Review.

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MARCH 1854.

PART III.

SHAMS AND REALITIES.

THERE is a certain sense in which it may be said that a man ought to be ashamed of himself, if he is not wiser than his father and grandfather before him. Of course, we do not mean that he ought to be *better*, or that he ought to *think* himself really wiser. But if he does not *know* more than his father and grandfather knew, he ought to be ashamed of himself; supposing, of course, that his natural capacities are on a par with those of his progenitors. The reason is palpable; he has the advantage of his ancestor's experience as well as of his own. There is no prettier fallacy to tempt one's logical acuteness, than that which lurks under the statement that the times past were the old days, and these present are the new days. They are old in the sense that the people who then lived, if they were now alive, would be a vast deal older than we are; but viewing the statement as referring to the progress of the world, of human society, of man's acquirements as a whole, it is nothing less than an absolute untruth. The world is one hundred years older now than it was in the year 1754, and *it ought to be one hundred years the wiser*.

Whether it *is* so, is another question. On the whole, if we compare this present generation with that which existed a century back, we think that to-day has the advantage in nearly every thing. From coats, wigs, dinners, drainage, postage, travelling, poor-houses, gaols, elections, upwards through the whole range of every thing that concerns the well-being of humanity and the prospects of religion, the middle of the nineteenth century may fairly claim the palm, taking it as a whole. Unhappily, indeed, this progress, in the Protestant and political European world, is accompanied with a degree of conceit altogether unparalleled (we suspect) in the history of

man. Never was there a generation of such unbounded self-complacency. Here and there, of course, are to be found individuals, or knots of thinkers or dreamers, who delight to mourn over their unhappy fate in living in this nineteenth century of the Christian era. *Vixere fortes ante Agamemnona*, they cry; and they are not content with this: there are no Agamemnons now, they believe. With grumbling old Ulysses, they fancy that nobody can do now what people did "once." But these are not the characteristic men of the age. The age is a puffing, boasting, vain-glorious age, which will go down to posterity as an eminently "respectable" age, with its express trains, its daily newspapers, its improved drainage, and its conceit indescribable.

To suppose that we English Catholics are *altogether* exempt from this prevailing epidemic, would be simply affectation. It is true that we are not very deeply affected by it; for this reason, among more praiseworthy causes,—that the age takes care to bestow a sufficient number of hearty kicks and cuffs upon *us*, to cure us of any inordinate belief in the *perfectionnement*, as the French say, of the human species in our own time. Remembering what England once was, and viewing the relics of Catholic splendour and prosperity all around us, either ruined or stolen by our bitter enemies, it is natural enough that we at least should enter a *caveat* against the self-glorification which is dinned into our ears on every side, and rejoice to remember that modesty is a virtue in a nation and in an epoch, as well as in a solitary individual.

Still, we Catholics are not immaculate. Whatever be our views as to the progress of the world without, we are by no means insensible to the advance we have ourselves made as Catholics in this kingdom during the present century, and especially during the last ten or twenty years. Already we begin to glorify ourselves in our statistics; that is, in such statistics as are to be gleaned from lists of clergy and new churches. We compare the numbers of the priesthood, and the splendours of our churches, with the paucity of priests, and poverty of functions and ecclesiastical edifices, at the end of the last century; and straightway our elevation of spirits is extreme; while anti-Catholic journalists catch up the surprising figures, and occasionally reprint them to the horror of all true Protestants, who begin instantly to tremble for the safety of their own firesides. Alas, did they but know that this increase in our clergy and our churches has been far exceeded in proportion by the increase of our necessities, their lamentations would be changed into joy; and Lord Shaftesbury and his troops of proselytisers would feel

themselves "called" to renewed zeal in their attempts to corrupt the faith of our poor and of our children.

Let us, however, be just to ourselves; and before we dwell upon our most urgent wants, let us rapidly touch upon the various points in which, without suspicion of vanity, we may fairly be said to have made a genuine, healthy, and really spiritual advance during the last quarter and half century. We purposely confine our remarks to this more recent period, in reference to extending our review to any more distant date, from a conviction of the difficulty of forming a correct opinion on the really comparative merits of the present day, and those of a hundred years ago. The records we possess of that epoch are scanty in the extreme; of its *inner* life we know but little; and as every age must be judged, not simply by its positive actions, but by its actions in connection with its opportunities, it seems quite impossible to institute any fair comparison between the British Catholics of 1854 and those of 1754. Confining our range, then, to the lifetime of ourselves and our fathers, it cannot be doubted that, on the whole, the Catholic religion has steadily and healthily advanced in these realms. In numbers, indeed, we have gained little or no acquisitions, except so far as the national increase of population has proportionately added to our ranks. In England and Scotland, in places where we now have thousands instead of hundreds, it is Ireland which has supplied the multitudes. The Irish are almost every where; if not in myriads, yet in numbers which, however small, serve to show how deep are the obligations which English Catholicism owes to Ireland for supplying and repairing the groundwork of our now numerous missions. As to conversions, it is doubtful whether they have numerically kept pace with the losses to the Church by death, open apostasy, and the gradual extinction of the faith, especially among the poor, through marriages with Protestants, and the loss of the ordinary means of grace. The convert of rank or distinction is known and remembered, while the poor man's apostasy is scarcely even known. What a fearful list is registered in heaven—and, alas, elsewhere also—of thousands and thousands who, utterly forgotten from the very force of circumstances, have silently disappeared from the family of the Church, and died as heathens; leaving behind them a progeny to grow up in the nameless crowds of English paganism, or to swell the numbers of some one of England's innumerable sects. Every station, too, has supplied its apostates. There is probably not a Catholic family of respectability in the kingdom which cannot name one or more households among its acquaintance, in which the

last half century has not witnessed not merely individual, but household apostasies; or that tacit acquiescence in unbelief, which in another generation brings forth absolute Protestantism. Such a man or woman "ought to be a Catholic," is a saying—odd as the expression is—with which we are all of us but too painfully familiar; and in conjunction with the proofs of the frequent falling from the faith among the forgotten poor, it ought to check all undue exultation among us on the score of our success in fighting the battles of the faith against the hosts of enemies who are drawn up in array on every side around us.

On the increase of our new churches, viewed with reference to our necessities, we postpone our remarks for a few pages. Viewed with reference to their intrinsic merits, and to the general character of the religious functions carried out within their walls, the balance of criticism must surely incline in their favour. If, indeed, we were to judge of the success of our cultivation of the externals of religion by the reports which sometimes appear in our newspapers, boundless would be our satisfaction and surprise. To judge by what appears in print, such an era of art and beauty never dawned before upon this lower sphere. Unhappily, not a little of all this newspaper ecstasy is mere puffery and penny-a-lining. It is one of the misfortunes of the day, that our journals supply nothing worthy the name of fair and intelligent criticism on subjects of ecclesiastical art and splendour. The silliness of the "reports" which are supplied by "correspondents" is become a proverb. One class of these gentry actually give us the rubrics of the Missal or Pontifical, done into indifferent English, by way of a description of ceremonies hitherto totally unknown in this benighted land. We really shall hardly wonder if some day we are treated with the Lord's Prayer and the Apostles' Creed under the heading of "Catholic Intelligence." Mixed up, too, with this novel species of "news," we generally have a sort of scene presented to our vision, embracing, in a kind of glittering fog, names, and titles, and vague raptures about beauty, splendour, munificence; Miss A. the singer, with her "thrilling tones," and Mr. B. the builder, with his unparalleled skill; while not one single notion is to be gained as to the real characteristics of what is thus floridly described; and we rise from the perusal, saying to ourselves that we have read precisely the same thing a hundred times before. As to the new churches themselves and their furniture, we ordinarily have an abstract of the architect's specification presented to us, by way of impressing us with an idea of the wonders that have been accomplished: the fact being,

that this portion of the "report" is often furnished by the architect himself; who, not being willing either to puff or to criticise his own performances, is constrained to put us off with a catalogue of windows and doors, when all we want is to know what his work *looks like* now that it is finished.

Our present purpose, however, is not to discuss the advance of Catholic æstheticism, or to criticise the justness of our claim to be considered as restorers of Christian art. Whatever be our success, whatever our shortcomings, there can be no question that the *importance* of a thorough adaptation of the externals of religion to their invisible and spiritual significance is now recognised to an extent little known to the past generation. Not that we take upon us to blame them for their apparently listless acquiescence in a state of things which, to our more fastidious taste, appears scarcely compatible with a zeal for the glory of God's house. A contrast between the meagreness and poverty of Catholic chapels and functions of fifty years since, with the comparative abundance and grandeur of our churches and ceremonies of to-day, would be most unfair. Our fathers *could not* do what we have done. The iron hand of a cruel government was upon them; and, moreover, the whole subject of ecclesiastical art, treated simply as *art*, was little studied and little understood. The praise which is due to ourselves is, that we have, with whatever errors in judgment, set ourselves in good earnest to express in visible beauty our sense of the unseen glories of grace which dwell in the Church of Jesus Christ. A scarcely-altered meeting-house is no longer regarded as a fit home for the faith of eighteen centuries. We are all coming to hold that Catholicism has its natural language and expression, and that our only effort should be to ascertain how best that language and expression may be realised in the works of Christian art which it is given to us to call into existence. Every year sees a gradual yet rapid advance towards the solution of the great problem, how best the external celebration of Christian worship may be made at once English and Catholic, attractive and reverent, and suited both to the learned few and to the uncultivated many. In this, as in all other human efforts, it were absurd to expect perfection in a day, or a month, or a year. It is enough to check all despondency or excessive discontent, to compare 1854 with 1849, and 1849 with 1844, and 1844 again with another five or ten years previous; and to note how marked has been the improvement, and how prolific is the soil, of the English Catholic mind when fairly cultured.

Take, next, the momentously important subject of Catholic literature. Here we have little cause for self-gratulation.

The creation of an *English* Catholic literature has as yet been scarcely commenced. From dogmatic theology down to fiction, children's books, and penny periodicals, we can hardly be said to have begun the great work with that spontaneous, vigorous flow which characterises the literary undertakings of a community fully prepared to take the place assigned to it by Divine Providence in its age and nation. A few isolated books, most of them of really intrinsic value, and some of them of rare excellence, are all that the English Catholic press has to boast of during the present generation. Alban Butler's, Challoner's, and Milner's writings belong to a state of things now gone by, in fact, almost more than in date. They have taken their place among English Catholic classics. The good solid *substance* which is their distinguishing feature will insure them a popularity and a practical usefulness, perhaps far longer than their learned and pious authors could have hoped for. Butler's *Saints' Lives*, in particular, with all their defects of omission, with all their occasional (apparent at least) fear of Protestant censures, with all their heaviness of style and formality of treatment, contain an amount of information, and in some instances a lucid exposition of difficult matters, which will command them a place in every Catholic library for many a year to come. With Lingard the new generation of Catholic writers may be considered as commencing, though there are peculiarities, and, in our judgment, errors, in Lingard's ideas, with which the prevailing spirit of English Catholicism has now but little sympathy. Reckoning, however, from Lingard's works down to Dalgairns's book on Jansenism—our last work of any pretensions to originality and excellence—a couple of shelves will more than contain all the genuine productions of the English Catholic mind which stand any chance of being remembered by posterity, or which have exerted any living influence on the age which has given them birth. How soon our intellectual strength may be such as to enable us to do for our English fellow-Catholics and our Protestant countrymen what the French Church is doing with so astonishing a power and fertility for France, it is impossible to foresee. We confess that our anticipations of any thing very remarkable in the way of speedy improvement are not particularly sanguine. Too many of us know so little, that we do not yet perceive how little is our all. At the same time, it were futile to deny that there is increasing among us a deep, genuine, and healthy sense of the momentous importance of a sound and vigorous Catholic literature; while there are various indications of latent powers, and honest, self-denying zeal, which, if not sufficient to warrant any confident expectations, are amply abundant to enliven us with a well-grounded *hope*.

As to the innumerable republications, translations, and compilations which have been brought out by Catholic publishers for some years past, they are for the most part the mere results of commercial speculation and business-like energy. For ourselves, we think there are already a great deal too many of them. Many of them were totally unworthy of republication at all, from their mediocrity of character; and of those which are translations, the majority are—to use the plain but true phrase—as versions from a foreign language, detestable; frequently disguising and perverting the sentiments of the originals, and clothing the whole in a caricature of ungrammatical and un-English phraseology which proves that the translators knew neither their own language nor that which they have attempted to interpret. As to appearance, including printing, paper, binding, and illustrations, every respectable Catholic is so thoroughly ashamed of five out of every six of the cheaper class of our publications, that on this head little need be said. If we take up a Catholic book, the chances are two to one that in the first half-dozen pages we see some misprint or other typographical defect; that the letter-press is so small that nobody above forty years of age can read it with comfort, the paper of the commonest species, the “engravings” ludicrous, the stitching and the binding the manifest work of fifth-rate workmen or boys, and the whole thing so utterly disreputable, that we should search in vain among the books of any other class, or any Protestant sect in the country, for a series of books so little creditable to all parties concerned in their production. Of course, there are exceptions to the rule, and striking exceptions too; but they *are* the exceptions; and being such, cannot be accepted as characteristic specimens of the Catholic press of to-day. This state of things cannot, of course, be instantaneously put an end to, even by the most munificent pecuniary liberality. Money alone will not create authors and books. Time alone, with an advance in our general habits of study and thought, can form a class of men capable at once of appreciating and supplying the real necessities of their time. Still, money will do something; nay, much. As things now are, or have been, there is a benumbing chill in the Catholic literary atmosphere, which paralyses every writer or publisher who would bring out any thing more than a reprint, a bad translation, or a mere prayer-book. The apathy of those amongst us who have money, more or less, is a mountain in every author’s path. Were not the fact too well known to our readers, we should hardly venture to assert that the number of Catholic gentry, or persons in tolerably easy circumstances, who are literally *callous* to the claims of Ca-

tholic authorship, is melancholy in the extreme. Hundreds and hundreds of persons grumble at, and lament over, and criticise the present state of Catholic literature, while it never occurs to them that if individual Catholics will not frequently buy books simply to encourage the cause, and not because they personally want to read them, there is no hope of a better condition of things. A gentleman who can afford it, *ought* to buy all new Catholic publications of tolerable merit. Where the clergy can do so, no doubt the same obligation rests on them; but our clergy are poor, while out of their poverty they do *far more* in proportion for the support of Catholic literature, than do our aristocracy and men of substance. Of our wealthier laity, some, undoubtedly, are bright examples in this as in every other virtue, moral, intellectual, and social, which adorns the perfect Christian gentleman; but, unhappily, their example is not yet as universally appreciated and followed as it ought to be. Let us, however, be just; every year witnesses a change for the better; and we trust, nay, we are persuaded, that a few more years will see the higher ranks of our Catholic laity no longer behind their Protestant fellow-countrymen of similar degree, in the encouragement of every thing that leads to the Christian cultivation of the intelligence.

Our Catholic literature has, further, laboured under another disadvantage, which, though to a superficial observer it may seem no disadvantage at all, undoubtedly operates very injuriously upon our world of letters. An unfortunate notion has prevailed amongst those whose duty it has been to criticise new Catholic publications, that every Catholic book is to be *puffed*, unless it contains some outrageously glaring offence against morals or doctrine; or unless it espouses a different side from that which the critic himself upholds on any one of those subjects on which the English and Irish Catholics are divided in opinion. This mistaken tenderness arises sometimes from sheer cowardice, but very often from a desire to deal tenderly with Catholic authors and publishers, the former of whom are generally actuated by the best motives, even when their contributions to our literature are most worthless; and the latter of whom have so many difficulties to contend with, in the ordinary course of business, that they think they are entitled to a *lift* from every Catholic reviewer for religion's sake; and also, no doubt, in return for the advertisements of their books.

Now, we are as far as possible from saying that, as things now are, it is not better for the reviewer to err on the side of leniency than on that of severity. But at the same time, it is

obvious, that to manufacture laudatory reviews on these grounds is to reduce the whole office of criticism to a solemn and impudent farce. Readers complain that they are taken in by critics; and say with justice, that until criticism is at the least *honest*, it must be sheer humbug, and must really do more harm than good. Excessive thin-skinnedness, we are reminded, is an undeniable symptom of mediocrity and shallowness. Strong men do not mind a hard blow now and then; and even if a bookseller turns sulky, or an author gets into a passion, these misfortunes can be got over; and meanwhile the cause advances; writers will learn to take more pains, publishers will learn at once prudence and commercial boldness; and both classes, when they produce any thing of real merit, will be rewarded by a sale from purchasers who now make it a rule to pay as little regard to Catholic reviews as to "Catholic Intelligence."

Nearly akin to the subject of literature is that of education. Of the progress of education in our middle and upper classes, there can be little doubt that it is both general and real; it is when we turn to a branch of the subject which is, perhaps, of even more importance at the present juncture, viz. the education of the poor, that we witness a condition of affairs in which the "shams and realities" of the day assume their most striking proportions. That our minds are more alive to the vital character of the whole question than they were a few years ago cannot for an instant be questioned; nor will any candid person, whatever his views may be, deny that a very considerable amount of solid and valuable instruction, and what is far more, of education, is now enjoyed by the crowds of our poor Catholics in Great Britain. On the Irish aspect of the question we do not propose at present to touch; though we cannot forbear remarking that, under the influence of that spirit which emanates from the Archbishop of Dublin, and which has already done so much in so short a time and with so little show, there is every prospect that the peculiar difficulties which have hitherto beset the progress of popular education in Ireland will rapidly disappear, and that the well-known intelligence and acuteness which characterises the Irish peasantry will be cultured with that thoroughly Catholic training which will make it a blessing to a long-suffering people, whether the British government are concerned in it or no.

We wish we could think that no worse perils encompassed the path of popular education in England than those which beset it in Ireland. Though we have little sympathy with those who would altogether reject government aid, and who look with unmixed aversion upon the system of government

inspection which is now the necessary accompaniment of that aid, we confess that, in an age which, like the present, is all abroad on the true principles of popular education, the system of inspection is fraught with danger of most serious character. Were it the unanimous belief of the English people that no education is worth any thing which does not directly tend to make the poor *happier* and *better*, we should have little fear. But as it is, one gigantic system of imposture is overspreading the land. Under the guise of instruction, millions who labour with their hands are being crammed with information, much of which is mere word-knowledge, and still more of which can exert no possible beneficial influence on their future lives; the memory is loaded, and a superficial "sharpness" is acquired, while an undue regard for barren knowledge is fostered, and thoughtfulness, humility, imaginative power, and all the other and nobler powers of the soul are comparatively neglected. To these considerations add the facts, first, that all government rewards (*which are, in truth, nearly the only rewards awaiting the successful student*) are necessarily given to secular proficiency; and secondly, that *no* examination by a chance visitor *can* be a fair test of real proficiency and merit; and we see at once what a frightful engine for ruin the entire plan of inspection *may* become, and what zealous and persevering efforts ought to be made on the part of good Catholics to neutralise the injurious effects of that government aid which unhappily we cannot do without. We are far from saying that such evils *have* resulted, but that they *may* result; and they will result, not from any man's misdoing, but from the natural action of a system which necessarily rewards quickness, memory, coolness, and secular information; while the genuine tests of the praiseworthy Catholic scholar, viz. diligence, solidity, simplicity, accuracy, and depth of thought and religious information, are almost entirely unrecognised and unrewarded. Much of this mischief may, no doubt, be corrected by the personal qualifications of the inspector of schools, whose office we look upon as one of the most important and most difficult which can be confided to an English Catholic. It was, therefore, with much gratification that we saw that when an additional Catholic inspector was recently appointed, the work was committed to one who, in his capacity as secretary to our Poor School Committee, had proved at once his qualifications as a man of energy and practical habits, and his devotion, not merely to the *education*, but to the *Catholic* education of our almost innumerable poor. The substitution, however, of the reality of a Catholic, for the sham of a government education, is a work which no inspectors alone can accomplish. The duty

rests with the managers and masters of schools. Without their enlightened and cordial co-operation, an inspector can do little or nothing. All such, therefore, we venture earnestly to remind, that no education is deserving the name which does not directly tend to fit a child for the occupations and demands of his future life, both on earth and in heaven.

From schools for the poor we naturally turn to the aspect and condition of the general body of the English Catholic laity of all ranks. Here, in some respects, the change which has taken place for the better is more marked than in almost any other of the tests by which the growing power of any branch of the Church is to be ascertained. Of course, we refer only to those points which are fairly matters for public observation. The first thing that always struck an observer with respect to the condition of the English Catholic laity, was its extreme numerical inequalities in the various gradations of rank and position which go to make up a complete social body. The tyranny of three centuries had wrought its natural results upon us. We had become a congeries of fragments, rather than a united society, with all its necessary members. That which constitutes the chief *strength* of a community was grievously wanting to us. Our poor were (and still to a great extent are) the very poor; our tradesmen were for the most part of the smaller, least active, least influential, and least business-like sort; we had a tolerably large share of men of title or large wealth, while what may be called the professional class was singularly scarce amongst us. This last, indeed, was our most grievous, but through the action of the penal laws, most unavoidable deficiency; for it is with this class that the power and influence of every religious section of the nation chiefly resides. These are the men who form the minds of their fellow-countrymen; both of those above them in wealth and rank; and those below them either in intelligence or riches, or in both. Above the mercantile class (that is above the *ordinary* run of mercantile men) in culture, polish, tastes, and capacity for literary and political affairs; compelled by the want of ample private fortunes to use their brains, and turn their powers to active account; equal in refinement and education to the noblest in the land, while those whom fortune has gifted with hereditary wealth have no stimulus to spur them on to energetic action,—this is the class in the social fabric which sways the destiny of an age; represents with respectability and vigour the religious or political community to which it belongs; is found in the senate, the court of justice, the public meeting, the regiment, the ship of war, and the learned society; writes in books, newspapers, reviews; takes

the lead in public and private controversy; and in every way proves itself the thinking and moving *power* in the secular state. When, moreover, this class is nearly wanting in any community or nation, there is no natural bond between the highest and the lowest ranks. The noble and the landed gentry have no link to bind them to the tradesman and the labourer. They sit apart in the elevation of their social position and the superiority of their personal acquirements, scarcely recognising in their shopkeepers and servants men of the same opinions and interests, scarcely even of the same human nature as themselves.

That we English Catholics have suffered much from this anomalous state of affairs, is too evident; but that a striking and rapid revolution is now in progress, is equally evident. Both from the members of old Catholic families, partly by the increased intellectual activity of the younger branches of the wealthy and the noble, and partly by the natural rise in the scale of many of the middle ranks, and also by a large infusion of converts from the most cultivated and powerful of the ranks of Protestantism, the corporate frame of English Catholicism is being rapidly knit together into a healthy manhood; while it is notorious that in every rank a large proportion of the converts are from the very best social representatives of the class from which they come. It may suit the convenience of Protestants to pretend that converts are nearly all women or fools; but they who know the facts of the case are well aware that it is far from being the truth.

Without pretending, too, to institute any personal comparison between the Catholic aristocracy and gentry of to-day with their fathers and grandfathers, we cannot forbear calling attention to the remarkable improvement in courage and Catholic *profession* which the last few years have witnessed amongst us. As to pretending that all our higher class are immaculate, that we have none who are any thing but an honour to the Catholic name, that there are not still many among us who prefer peace with the world to suffering for the Cross, even to the extent of a newspaper attack; it would be absurd to claim any such faultless Catholicism for them, both as a body and individually. Nevertheless, those who remember the days of the old Cisalpine Club, or even the days of the Reform Bill, can be nothing less than astonished to trace the signs which every year supplies of a growing Catholic *spirit* in the representatives of our hereditary Catholicism. Where the bold were once the few, they are now the many. Men who dared not, or who would not, avow themselves the spiritual subjects of a foreign prince, are now cage

to disclaim the faintest imputation on their loyalty to the Pope. The spirit of slavish Gallicanism, or of any other form of Anti-papal nationalism, is no longer powerful in the Catholic press. Whenever it does appear, it is with timidity and apologetic assertions of the purity of its motives, and the orthodoxy of its sentiments. As a *power* amongst us, it is gone. We apprehend that since the Reformation, such a document as the Catholic protest against the Ecclesiastical Titles' Bill has not emanated from the body of the English laity, for spirit and for numerical importance of signatures. Five-and-twenty years ago, who would have stirred among us to sympathise openly with a persecuted foreign prelate like the Archbishop of Freiburg? Our ruling maxim used to be, to keep well with the British Government; to look for favours from the Whigs; and of all things in the world, to let no mortal man suspect that we thought the Pope of Rome a greater personage than the Sovereign of England.

In pecuniary liberality, again, we seem to be certainly on the advance. This, of course, is a difficult point on which to form an opinion; as it is not easy to learn what any man gives, and what good reasons he may have for not giving. If certain charities, or other old channels of Catholic bountifulness, are not now so freely supported as formerly, the cause is to be found in the vast increase of such charities and channels in all parts of the country, which rightly have an especial claim upon persons locally connected with them. On the whole, however, we cannot but think that Catholic liberality has kept pace with Catholic courage; and that every year witnesses a fresh step in the march. Yet, what a list might be made of Catholics of substance, whose gifts to religion bear no sort of proportion to their *apparent* means, or to the splendour of their mode of life! Some, nay many, are generous and self-denying to the last degree; but it is a universal complaint amongst those who are most conversant with the subject, that there are *many* to whom it never seems to occur that "property has its duties as well as its rights;" and that a very small amount of self-sacrifice for the necessities of others would work an amount of good which they little anticipate. Again, however, let us be just to all parties. Many things have taken place which have tended to check the munificence of those whom God has intrusted with large wealth. The system of general begging—necessary as it has been, and even may still sometimes be—has had the natural effect of worrying those who are often appealed to by strangers, and who know nothing of the manner in which their gifts are in the end applied. Large sums of money have notoriously been

injudiciously spent, so that scarcely any lasting good has been the result. We have been grievously deficient in business-like habits, in punctuality, in prudence, in avoiding debts, in the publishing of accounts, and in all those other details of action which cannot be neglected without chilling the warmth of charity in those who would be disposed to give. From penny periodicals upwards, a host of ill-considered plans have been one after another presented to the Catholic public, of which many *could not* have succeeded; many have failed from want of common sense in their carrying out, many have only partially succeeded, through the indiscretion of their promoters; and only a few have completely realised the hopes with which they were undertaken. The money we have thrown away, the expectations we have disappointed, the energies we have paralysed, and the charity we have chilled, would have been enough to have ruined any cause but that of the Catholic religion. No wonder, therefore, that much of our charitable enterprise and liberality still lies dormant, and awaits the touch of that Ithuriel's spear, which will awake it to life and action.

Without being disheartened, therefore, because we have not done more, and without undue exultation because we have done so much, we venture now to beg of every intelligent Catholic who has money, health, leisure, or energies at his disposal, to contemplate our true position; and to try to form a just estimate of the relative titles to his help which are presented by the various claims for aid which he hears on every side.

The *one* great feature of our present circumstances in England is the enormous number of our poor in proportion to the means of grace and instruction which we have provided for them. They have far outstripped the advances which we have made in church-building, in school-founding, and in an enlarged supply of clergy and religious bodies. The contrast between the proportion of our clergy to their flocks seventy years ago, and the proportion between pastors and people to-day, is so astonishing, so absolutely portentous, that we fear even to state the difference. True, we have built colleges, we have established schools, we have rebuilt old chapels and raised handsome new churches, we have multiplied choirs, high Masses, vestments, and ceremonies, we have issued tens and hundreds of thousands of cheap publications, the list of our clergy annually increases, and religious orders are freely scattered over the country; but all this is *little*, so long as it remains far below the necessities of the times; and it is still less when much that has been done

tends to hide the wounds in our body politic rather than to heal them.

It has pleased Almighty God—and let not us who are Englishmen dare to wish that it were otherwise,—it has pleased Almighty God to bring over an army of destitute poor Catholics to our shores. We were not prepared for them. It cannot be said that it was our duty to be prepared for them, for we could not search into futurity. But surely it is our duty to strain every nerve to save them from misery, and sin, and hopeless apostasy, now that they are here. Whether it was the fault of English legislation or no, that they were forced to fly from their native Ireland, and whether or no we English Catholics are in any way responsible for the misconduct of our English Protestant fellow-countrymen, our duty *now* is the same. For many generations we were called to suffer: at present, the sufferings of most English Catholics, except the poor, are more nominal than real; but with the time of prosperity our Blessed Lord comes to us *Himself*, in the person of His poor. He told us, eighteen hundred years ago, that the poor should always be in the Church; and in this our season of rest from persecution, lest we should forget *Him* in the multiplication of our means of grace, and in the splendours of our renewed freedom, He vouchsafes His presence in the persons of those whom He designed to be His especial representatives as long as the world shall endure.

Without pretending, therefore, to lay down any rules unfitted for general use, or unbecoming as proceeding from such a source as ourselves, we cannot forbear urging upon every true-hearted Catholic this one palpable truth: that the supply of adequate spiritual and corporal aids for our innumerable poor is an object which ought not to be lost sight of for a single moment, whatever be our other efforts for the advance of religion. Every man's first duty is his own salvation; but next to this, surely it is not too much to allege that it should be to aid, according to his circumstances, those who are most in need, and who cannot help themselves.

Nor do we put forth any thing so extravagant, as the notion that every body's gifts and labours ought to take one and the same direction. The natural tastes and characters of men and women are various; they cannot all see things in the same light; they cannot all regard one particular duty as paramount over others. To attempt to force the purer feelings of every Christian heart into one channel, however broad it be, would be to defeat our object; just as it would be ridiculous to strain the daily life of average Christians

living in the world to the high standard of devotion which is the actual duty of a professed religious. It is futile to tell people that nothing ought to be done till this one particular thing, which we ourselves may happen to have in hand, is done. There are innumerable outlets for Christian charity, and innumerable paths for the zealous labourer to tread, not one of which can be safely neglected, or which it would be right to decry. When, then, we speak of the condition of the Catholic poor in our great cities as *the* question of our times, we do not mean to cast the faintest slur on those who really cannot bring themselves to feel the same interest in it as we *see* that it deserves. Doubtless there is a certain sense in which different persons may be said to have different vocations for serving God and their fellow-creatures; and every man should seek to follow out such a calling with zeal and single-mindedness. One of us feels called to support the cause of Catholic literature; another that of Christian architecture; another's labours are devoted to vestments, decorations, or to the multiplication of pictures and images; another loves seminaries and colleges; another finds himself at home in political labours. All these things are good and to be loved, and those who cultivate them are to be honoured. But nevertheless, as every age has its own peculiar advantages and opportunities, so also it has its own snares; and it will be no disparagement to any one good work of any kind, if we urge that a day of sudden prosperity necessarily brings with it a temptation to overrate the advantages of what may be called spiritual luxuries, and to forget those terrible realities of sin and sorrow which are not forced upon our own daily personal observation. It is the same with persons who are converts from Protestantism, with its meagre and barren ceremonies, its dry devotions, its stiff formalities of thought and language, and its abhorrence of images, pictures, incense, beads, and medals. Those who leave that desert land, and enter the garden of Eden, are at times tempted to inhale too fondly the sweet odours that breathe in every gale, to linger too lazily over the flowers that court their gaze, and to wander hither and thither without settled purpose, from fountain to bower, from winding stream to dewy glade; forgetting that in *this* Eden there are rocks, and briars, and thorns, and weary pilgrims fainting by the way.

Hence a certain tendency to lavish labour and funds on objects in themselves innocent and praiseworthy; but which, in any large abundance, are scarcely appropriate to an era of struggle and poverty. Hence an excessive attachment to the adornment of the externals of religion, which in every

age is reprobated by saints and spiritual writers as pernicious to the soul; and which is doubly hurtful when it robs the poor, who are so dear to the Divine Heart of Jesus, of that assistance which would otherwise be theirs.] Hence a too general idea among us that the chief want of our time is the erection of magnificent churches; and that the "model" church will be that which is the most superb, and has cost (of course judiciously laid out) the largest sum of money. To those who *cannot* direct their energies and charities except in some such immediate association with their personal interests, we have little to say. If a man or woman must ride a hobby, it is much better that it should be a Christian horse than a Pagan horse. It is far better to spend thousands in adding to the beauties of the house of God, or in the decorations of private oratories, than in house-building, or on the turf, or in jewels for the person, or gold and silver for the dinner-table, even though the day in which we live is a time of overwhelming spiritual and temporal necessities.

Yet there are many noble-hearted persons amongst us whose sole object is to do that which is *most* needed. Whatever their private likings, whatever the gratification they would personally feel in this or that mode of expending the money which they give to religion, one absorbing desire reigns paramount over all. Every other species of enjoyment they gladly postpone till better times; and if such times never come during their mortal lives, what then? Is not *every* joy to be found in heaven? What is the most transcendent display of material beauty with which the Church can clothe herself here, in comparison with the effulgence of glory which will dazzle the soul when it enters the New Jerusalem? Surely we can wait in peace till then, if it pleases Divine Providence to cast our lot in a generation whose duty it is to struggle against poverty and opposition. It has been said that life is short, and *therefore* we must be quick in reviving the æsthetic splendours of other days, lest we die without seeing them. Surely this is not the spirit in which the Church bids us work. Life is short, and therefore let us be content with our lot, whatever it be; seeking to know that particular work which God has called us to accomplish, and doing it with a single and unselfish eye; and enjoying in anticipation only the restoration of an epoch of temporal magnificence, to be beheld by our children as the result of our labours.

Let us, then, fix our eyes on the condition of our own poor in the large towns of England, Scotland, and Wales. When we *can* convert Protestants, by all means let us strive.

to do it. But when a free choice is granted us, when neither local claims nor personal interests guide us in any other path of action, does not every principle of Christian charity, truth, and justice, direct us first to those who are Catholics already, but whom the world and the devil are struggling to seize for their own? Is it a zeal for Christ, or a spirit of proselytism, which animates our hearts? Do we want souls, or do we want to increase our party in the state? Do we desire a reward in heaven, or the *éclat* of an accession of "distinguished converts?" If we indeed desire the conversion of England from pure Christian motives, we can only desire it in the order of God's providence and grace; and is it not a mockery to forget our own brothers and children for the alien and the stranger? Have we not cause to fear that one reason why we have as yet done so little in converting Protestants, is our neglect of those who are Catholics already; and who, for no fault of their own, are plunged in the bitterest suffering which can try the patience and tempt the faith of the soul of man? What is the use of praying for the conversion of peers, and bishops, and lawyers, and merchants, when we are forgetting our first *duties* to our fellow-Christians? When Almighty God gives a man a work to do, what right has he to shut his eyes to that work, and gaze away into the distance at some glorious prospect, and content himself with praying for its supernatural approach, while the work which ought to be done *to-day* is half neglected or altogether forgotten? We may rest assured that the golden maxim of the spiritual life holds good in the work of the conversion of England, as well as in our secret daily trials; we are to do the will of God to-day, this hour, this moment, and leave the future to Him. When fresh temptations come, fresh grace will come also. When our sorrows are multiplied, so also will be our strength and consolations. And thus, when we have done our duty in London, Liverpool, Manchester, Glasgow, and the many other places where the Irish and English Catholic poor are known only to the few,—who learn their numbers and their miseries only to recognise the impossibility of aiding them,—thus, when the work of to-day is done, we may hope to see the veil begin to drop from the eyes of English Protestants, while their hearts are touched with a fire that nothing *now* can kindle in them.

We entreat our readers not to take all this for the exaggerations of rhetoric, or the extravagances of persons who wish to make out a case. If they could see the facts with their own eyes, they would learn that no language can paint the dark and awful realities as they exist at this hour. Let any

one who wishes to ascertain the truth select some priest with whose zeal for the poor they are well acquainted, and who has sufficient opportunities for learning the state of our populous towns. Let him inquire how they live, and who teaches their children; where they go to Mass, who hears their confessions, who relieves them in sickness, who consoles their death-beds. Let him ask where they live, where they sleep, where they inhale poison with their every breath. The daily newspapers tell a tale which indicates a condition of things too dreadful to contemplate. Read the police-reports, and observe what a frightful proportion there is of Irish names and Irish-born Catholics, now degraded to the lowest state of brutality, so that one sickens to read of the ferocious crimes of which they are incessantly guilty. Or ask those who are familiar with sins of lost women in our cities. Is it possible that of those miserable unfortunates, hundreds and thousands were born and nurtured in Catholic Ireland, one of the most chaste kingdoms on the face of the globe? Why are these things so? These people were not so at home. Their fathers and mothers were never such. They have fallen to the lowest depths, because when the hand of God smote their homes they fled here, and we have had no work for them to do, no lodgings fit for Christian beings to house them, no friends to take them by the hand, no schools for their children, no churches for them to assemble in, and no priests to be the guardians of their souls. The staff of our clergy, and the accommodation of our churches and schools, is utterly inadequate to their necessities; and these necessities are not one whit diminishing as years go by; they are even increasing, and daily growing more disastrous and appalling in their consequences. A series of statements which have recently appeared in the Catholic journals from the pen of the Rev. John Kyne, of Clerkenwell, has opened many eyes to some few facts in the condition of our poor. No man in England knows the poor better than Mr. Kyne, and we apprehend that no man is more loved by them than he is. The facts he has given have astonished many of us, and struck us with horror; but his pictures are only illustrations of a social state which prevails to an extent absolutely awful, and which is tending to become a normal state every day that it is suffered to continue unchecked.*

What avails it, then, to boast of our acquisitions, to wonder why Protestants are bigoted and unreasonable, to rear a few splendid fabrics, to expend thousands and tens of thousands in the adornment of religion for our own personal de-

* A short statement from Mr. Kyne among our Advertisements gives a few facts to which we beg particular attention.

light, while those who are *first* in the sight of our common Saviour are *last* in our eyes? Is this a day for boasting, for æsthetic luxuries, for the calm repose of a Catholic era, when the poor are huddled together in garrets and cellars unfit for swine to herd in, when their little ones are forced to hunt for garbage in the streets to hold soul and body together, when they never can enter a school, or hear Mass, or go to confession, from Easter to Easter; when the neglect of these duties leads the men to the gin-shop, the penny gaff, the police-court, the gaol, and the gallows, and, in conjunction with actual starvation, drives the pure-minded girls of Ireland on to the midnight pavement, into the den of infamy, where the miseries of bodily suffering and the agonies of a revolting conscience prepare them, not for repentance, *for there are none to guide them*, but for the undying worm and the unquenchable fire?

Surely, when the wealthy English Catholic has satisfied the claims, the actual necessities of his own neighbourhood and personal ties, his first duty is to provide *many* churches, *many* schools, *many* clergy, and *many* schoolmasters for the Catholic poor. We *must* remember that this is still a missionary age. The establishment of the hierarchy has only substituted missionary bishops for missionary vicars-apostolic. It is not yet time to sit down and take our ease. There is an inroad to make into the ranks of sin and misery in the very fold of Christ itself. We want buildings of moderate size, such as can be served by a couple of active priests, simple, though ecclesiastical in their structure, planted in the very midst of our poor population. We must go to these children of poverty, and find them out; and not leave them to come to us. They are timid, scared, puzzled by English ways, English manners, English coldness, and English severity. They are ashamed of their misery, their rags, their ignorance, of their very words and pronunciation. They have their faults, their infirmities, and, too soon after their arrival, their terrible sins. But they are our brothers in Christ; they have the faith; they have often a faith, a simplicity, a purity, a devotedness, a cordiality of soul, which shame us who have every aid and appliance to devotion, and who are annoyed by their weaknesses, and provoked by their defects.

Many things are wanted before all is done that ought to be done for our poor; but the first thing, we apprehend, ought to be the planting churches and clergy in the hearts of the neighbourhoods where they are thronging in multitudes. Without the presence and daily ministrations of a priest, it is almost impossible to retain that hold upon the poor in their

seasons of peril, which, when once lost, it is so difficult to regain. The attachment of the Irish to the Catholic clergy is extreme, even to a proverb. It amounts at times almost to a superstition; but whether a superstition or no, it may be employed to such happy results, that it were the worst of follies to neglect to turn it to good account.

Nor can we, who are in better worldly circumstances, easily estimate the blessing which a church is to the poor. It is every thing to them. We have our comfortable homes, our warm firesides, our well-lighted tables, our regular meals, our silent chambers when we need repose of mind or of body, the society of our friends when we are disposed to dullness, books to amuse and instruct us, newspapers and periodicals to tell us how the world goes, places of recreation of all sorts when we want gaiety, aids to devotion in the shape of manuals, oratories, pictures, and images,—till we become positively spiritual epicures; we possess every thing, in fact, which can amuse and comfort the mind in its course through the trials of this life. But the poor man has no home, no solitude, no innocent amusements, no books, no friendly society, no rest from the terrible thought—how to live from day to day; the bodily senses, which, in our case, are the channels by which a thousand luxuries are conveyed to the mind, are with him so many channels of distress and suffering. Foul odours, hideous sights, miserable food, sounds of complaint, of anguish, and of sin, the damp floor, and the crowded mattress or heap of straw,—these are his daily and nightly companions, which make his life one ceaseless struggle and sorrow.

To him, therefore, the humblest building which looks like a church, and is free from the pestilential sights, sounds, and smells which afflict him in his "home," is like a paradise on earth. He comes not to criticise, but to enjoy; not to be wearied, but to rest. The simplest pictures, the commonest images, the most unpretending singing, the plainest sermons,—so that all be genuine, hearty, Catholic, and freely accessible,—are to him like glimpses of another world. He turns his weary steps there for an hour's repose, for a few moments' change from the sights of sin and distress which meet him in the world outside; he feels, as he kneels before Jesus crucified, the true nature and blessedness of that cross which he has to carry so wearily; he looks at the fair face of Mary, and is comforted at the thought of that tender-hearted Mother, who remembers him when all friends on earth are failing. He can struggle on now with a better heart; he can pass the gin-palace without entering; he can abstain from the crimes

of his neighbours and companions, for the sake of that heaven which his church pictures to his eyes; he is more open to the words of his priest than to those of the tempter; after all, he is conscious that he is not quite forgotten among men.

While, then, we do not presume to find any fault with those modes of doing good, which persons in various circumstances and of various personal inclinations find most congenial to their minds, we do not hesitate to suggest to those who have no such preferences, the paramount importance of meeting the necessities of the day in some such ways as are here described. To every Catholic who has a sovereign, or a twenty-pound note, or a thousand pounds, or any sum, however large, to bestow, and whose only wish is to turn it to the *best* account, we would say, find out some place where it will be applied for the immediate supply of the great want of the hour. There are many such places, though they do not make so much noise in the newspapers, or beg so importunately as other spots with far weaker claims. We have already mentioned Mr. Kyne's letters on behalf of the Catholic poor. *He* is now building a church and schools in one of the most necessitous and crowded parts of London; and he has called them very appropriately the church and schools of the Holy Family. They are rapidly advancing to completion, and will cost a sum astonishingly low, not much more than 2,000*l.*; so that here, at any rate, there will be no needless outlay. May we hope that our feeble words will bring Mr. Kyne some substantial aid to his laborious task; undertaken, let us add, in addition to toils for the poor which would frighten men with a less undaunted and devoted spirit!

But the metropolis and our other huge cities are not the *only* places where such aid is needed. There are localities in the country which in some respects it is almost more necessary to aid, because they are less known; their only Catholic inhabitants being a multitude of the extreme poor. We name one as an instance, whose circumstances have almost accidentally come to our knowledge,—the Mission of Wednesday. This is one of those places where the sky of heaven is ever murky by day, and black at night; the earth below little better than a heap of ashes, lightened night and day together with the fires of never-extinguished furnaces. An immense population, nearly 40,000 in number, crowds the soil; nearly all are poor; and of these, amongst the poorest of the poor, there are not less than 3000 Catholics, chiefly labourers from the rudest parts of Connaught. Eighteen months ago a Mission was established among them, to save their souls from the overpowering evil influences with which

they were surrounded. Since that time as many as *three hundred adult* Irish have—not *returned* to their duties, but made their *first* communion; and thirty English converts have been received. Last August nearly two hundred persons were confirmed, of whom *one hundred and fifty* were *adult* Irish from Connaught. There remain two hundred Catholic adults unconfirmed, the births among the Catholics are about one *per diem*; while every day more Irish, unconfessed, unconfirmed, and uncommunicated, are crowding in, with English poor applying for instruction. Mr. Montgomery, the priest whom Almighty God has blessed with these results, has given up every thing of his own towards the establishment of the Mission; devoting to it the whole of his private fortune, which produced him 80*l.* a-year: in Ireland he has collected 350*l.*, in England 450*l.*; and of those who have thus helped him, *by far the greater number are English and Irish priests*. In answer to an inquiry we lately made, he says: “I have at this moment just one shilling and tenpence in my possession.” He owes hundreds of pounds, incurred under the pressure of demands which few or none could have resisted, with all their horror of debt; but the money was borrowed for the barest necessities of a Catholic Mission. Of course, he is fettered by the want of a larger church, of a second school-room (into which the present chapel might be converted), and a convent of nuns.

Surely such a work as this needs no puffing, no raffles to tempt those who must be cheated into liberality, no dinners, at which the bottle and the subscription-list go the round of the company together, no fancy-fairs or fancy-balls, at which young ladies are permitted the flirtations which the papas and mamas would not tolerate any where but at a *charity* fair or a *charity* ball. Let us trust that this bare statement of facts will procure from some of those who are intrusted with the possession of large incomes, such ready contributions as will not only relieve the zealous priest we have spoken of from the wearing pressure of debt, but enable him to extend to others the blessings which God has made him the instrument of already communicating to so many of our poor fellow-Christians.*

* As Mr. Montgomery's name is altogether omitted from the List of Clergy in one of our veracious Directories (the *Metropolitan and Provincial*), it may be as well to add that his address is “The Reverend George Montgomery, Wednesbury, Staffordshire.” We also beg our readers' attention to an appeal from the Rev. Messrs. Oakeley & Dolan, which appears among our advertisements, and which we regret reached us too late for more than this brief notice. Its claims, however, need no recommendation; their urgency is extreme.

THE TURKS AND THE CHRISTIANS IN ALBANIA.

BY AN EYE-WITNESS.*

WE have lately returned from a tour of some duration in Albania, a province of European Turkey extending along the coast of the Adriatic, opposite the shores of southern Italy, from the Austrian province of Dalmatia, and the confines of Montenegro, to the borders of Greece below Corfu,—a country of which Gibbon remarked, that “though within sight of the shores of Italy, it was less known than the interior of America.” Its inhabitants, lying between the Slaves and the Greeks, are a distinct race, speaking a peculiar language of their own, which the late Cardinal Mezzofanti pronounced to have no resemblance to any other European tongue. They are celebrated both for beauty of feature and for picturesqueness of costume; and in the fifteenth century won a high renown for the bravery with which, under their Castriott princes, they so long resisted the whole strength of the Ottoman empire, then at its zenith. At the present time they make superior soldiers, and exhibit also a great disposition for commercial speculation; in which they embark with great eagerness whenever they can procure a capital, however small,—no easy matter under Turkish rule.

About two-thirds of the Albanians remain Catholics, and their country is still divided into its seven ancient bishoprics; their spiritual wants being supplied—as far as the persecuting spirit of the Mahometan government permits—by means of missionary bishops and priests, chiefly of the order of St. Francis, sent by the Propaganda, and residing in the country under the protection of Austria. We say *so far as Turkish rule permits*; for the Turk is essentially a persecutor of Christians; and besides treating them as slaves, making them pay a degrading tribute, not admitting their evidence in courts of justice, &c., he has hitherto allowed no building worthy to be called a church to be erected for the purposes of Christian worship, even in any of the principal towns. At Antivari, a place of some thousand inhabitants, no Christian is allowed to live within the walls; and at Skutari, the residence of the Pasha, or governor of the district, and containing perhaps

* It is due to the writer of the following article to state that he is at this moment, and has been for some time past, resident in Gorizia; so that any coincidences which may be detected between his views and those advocated in the *Lectures on the History of the Turks*, recently published by the author of *Loss and Gain*, are fortuitous, or rather are the result of original observation, and are in fact, the testimony of an independent witness.

8,000 souls, the great majority of whom are Christians, the only place for Christian worship is a very small room, or chapel, scarcely large enough to cover more than the altar and the ministering priest, within the bishop's own garden, wherein the poor people assemble in large numbers on a Sunday morning, exposed to all the vicissitudes of the weather. The remaining one-third of the population are Mahometans, at least by profession; with a few Greeks, however, chiefly on the Montenegrine and Dalmatian borders.

The country is romantically beautiful, and well merits to be visited by travellers of enterprise. The highly-coloured mountains, the extensive lake of Skutari, studded with islets overgrown with wild fruit-trees, the green cliffs of the sea-coast, crowned here and there with the ruins of an old town and its fortresses, or a strong convent, left just as when they were blown up by the Turks 400 years ago, the rich though uncultivated plains overspread with pomegranates, myrtles, and arbutus, the fine wooded hills abounding in game,* the melancholy khan or han, for the reception of travellers, on the sea-shore or by the way-side, the ruined roads of the middle ages, and the picturesque costume of the Albanians themselves,—every thing is calculated to excite interest and admiration. On the other hand, here, as in other parts of Turkey, there are no inns; and the state of the roads, *where they exist*, is, it must be confessed, truly uninviting. From the frontier to Antivari we found our way along narrow by-paths—such tracks as the peasantry must needs make even in the wildest countries, to go to their fields and cottages, but here the best that are to be met with,—along the beds of torrents or the wild sea-coast; not unfrequently having to wade through a river-course up to the horses' girths, or flounder through a sea of mud in the meadows, nearly as deep. Even between Antivari and Skutari, *i. e.* from what *should be* the sea-port to a kind of metropolis of many thousand inhabitants, more or less engaged in habits of commerce, the rough and narrow *pavé*, which might have been made in the days of Skanderbeg, is only just passable on horseback, and scarcely that without frequently dismounting. Sometimes it is broken up and swept away for many hundred yards together; sometimes it is overgrown with trees of considerable antiquity; and over the steeper hills it often changes into a rough flight of steps—a striking contrast to the well-repaired military roads of the Austrian province of Dalmatia; which country, nevertheless, in the general state of its improvement, would be considered sufficiently behind most other parts of Europe. The truth

* The pheasant is found wild in the southern parts of Albania.

is, the Turks never repair any thing ; and their government is in this respect as in others, a ruinous system for the prosperity of the country. In their towns even the old fortifications raised perhaps by the Venetians and Castriotts, remain just as they were, notwithstanding the many periods during the occupation when they have had occasion to apprehend the assault of enemies. A few dismounted cannon lie about the dingy battlements; and here and there may be seen some ragged sentinels, with a motley attempt at European uniform. The generality of the soldiers are dressed in national costume which implies, at least, a sufficient abundance of arms, though of a quaint fashion little suited to modern warfare ; for the national costume of Albania is no exception to the general rule, viz. that it is according to the fashions of ages long since past. Indeed, the way in which in Albania every thing remains to-day as it was centuries ago, is most striking ; at Antivari, not only are there the old Venetian fortifications but we were assured by others who knew it well (for to enter ourselves, even the bey in command, or local governor, could give no permission, no Christian being allowed to pass the gates) that the streets, the churches turned into mosques, remain the same, and the very names of the families are Venetian, their unhappy ancestors having become renegades at the time of the Turkish conquest, to escape expulsion or perhaps death. It is said that if the Turkish authorities are asked why they never repair, they answer, "To what purpose? we are strangers; we come from afar, and we are here to-day but who knows if we shall be here to-morrow?"

The moral state of the country is quite in keeping with the condition of its buildings and its roads. The traveller who is recommended to the Turkish authorities has indeed nothing to fear from brigandage. Amongst the native inhabitants there used to be plenty of it in the neighbourhood of the Montenegrines before the spring of 1853; but since then and the change of government in that principality from Vladika to a prince recognised by Austria and Russia, this has been put a stop to; though English travellers were generally respected even at the worst of times, whether in Albania or Montenegro itself. The more southern parts of the country, however, bear a worse character. But it is amongst the natives themselves that we must look for exhibitions of violence. We have already mentioned that the Albanians wear arms as a part of their national costume; and they are by no means worn merely for ornament. One day, whilst we were sitting, about mid-day, in a rude sort of cook's-shop in the bazaar of Skutari, where, towards the usual dinner-hour

few fried fish and some brandy were to be procured, an officer came from the bey of the market-place to arrest a shopkeeper hard by for assaulting a boy who had been selling oranges near his booth, to the injury, as the owner of the booth considered, of his own business. The officer, who was unattended, desired the man to follow him before the bey; whereupon the shopkeeper coolly drew out one of his pistols, and challenged the officer, if he wished to take him, to come and fight in the open fields hard by; whither he immediately betook himself, leaving the offended dignitary to return and report progress to the bey!

In fact, for the poor there is literally no justice; it is all bought and sold. The pashas and beys pay high prices for their respective governments, receiving no pay themselves except what they get from the people; from whom, therefore, they exact the most they can in the way of bribes and similar impositions, in order, first to indemnify, and then, to enrich themselves. A governor of Antivari, for instance, who had been twice deposed by means of certain influences at Constantinople, told a friend of ours that it cost him the equivalent of 1,200*l.* sterling to get himself reinstated. It is no wonder then that all justice comes to be venal, or at least is made as far as possible a means of gain. Is a murder committed?—and there are plenty—the bey's officers go and seize the murderer's moveable property, which is confiscated to their master; and making a bonfire of his house, they leave the culprit to escape into the woods, or wherever he pleases.

In default of law and its due administration, the shocking practice of revenge is not unnaturally regarded as a duty; even amongst the Christian inhabitants this spirit is far from being extinct. The last words uttered by a dying Albanian to his son or next of kin, are commonly "*Vendicate me*;" and the injunction is only too faithfully obeyed by the descendant, as soon as he finds an opportunity of killing any member of the family who did the injury; and then *they* in their turn feel bound by the same savage antichristian custom. It is perhaps only what must be expected amongst a brave, energetic people, with arms in their hands, subjected for ages to a semi-barbarian rule; with no education, no schools, no churches, and no sort of effectual administration of public justice.

All who profess themselves Christians are, of course, required to pay tribute; which, however small the nominal sum, is yet enough, with other inflictions and in so poor a country, to tempt numbers to feign themselves Mahometans in order to escape it. In an instance which shall be presently mentioned, this sum amounted annually to 35 piastres, not more than six

shillings of our money ; nevertheless this sum is a very heavy burden to a peasantry who have literally no money and no means of procuring any. The Turks are also active proselytisers, and extremely liberal in their promises of good things both here and hereafter, to the wretched inhabitants of the country, if they only will embrace Islamism ; but no sooner have they succeeded in persuading them really to abjure Christ, than they leave them in the same state of poverty that they were in before. Yet the poverty of the country cannot justly be attributed to the want of industry, certainly not to the want of an enterprising spirit amongst the Christian population ; for many of them go even as far as from the neighbourhood of Antivari and other distant towns to Constantinople, in search of service in that great mart of commerce ; and if they are fortunate enough to obtain it, they sometimes return home after many years with their little savings, hoping to enjoy themselves in their native country.

But nothing is more characteristic of the state of the country and the slavery of the Christians to their Mahometan lords than the treatment of their women. Every one knows the tendency of the Mahometan law in this respect is just the reverse of the Christian ; that while the latter elevates the weaker sex, giving them equal privileges, and making them the intellectual companions of their male relatives, the former degrades them to the condition of slaves. Now, in Albania you never see a woman in the company of men ; and when you meet them alone, on the road or in the field, you will observe for the poorer women are not veiled—that they bear the impress of their degradation on their very foreheads. They never raise their eyes from the ground, but, even when spoken to, reply with a sullen, downcast, and half-averted face. *Mai dan gli occhj*, said our guide who spoke Italian, as we passed on of whom we had had occasion to inquire the way. It is true indeed, that in Albania there is but little polygamy amongst the Turkish inhabitants. Whether their poverty be the cause or whatever else, so it is. They make up for it, however, two ways. First, by divorces. In the marriage-contract, the more wealthy Turk is careful to specify the share which he is to refund of the marriage-portion in case he sends away his wife ; which he never fails to do for very trifling faults, and often for none at all. When we were in the country, an instance of this had recently occurred in the case of a bey of one of the second-rate towns, conspicuous for his affability and friendliness to strangers. He had been married some nine or ten years to his wife, who was the mother of his eldest son, a fine boy, of whom he appeared to be both proud and fond.

One day he sent the mother a bill of divorce without even the shadow of a pretext. The lady happened to be acquainted with the wife of the neighbouring Austrian consul, who had long resided there, and for whom, as a person of much merit, the bey used to express great esteem. His divorced wife, therefore, had recourse to this friend in her distress, and begged her to intercede with her husband. She did so; but the answer she received from the barbarian was characteristic: "To please you, madam," he said, "I will take another wife; but nothing shall ever induce me to have *her* again." Indeed, when the charms of personal beauty are passed away, what bond of union remains? The women have no pursuits in common with their husbands, and are quite without education. Even the Turkish gentleman of rank can often scarcely read or write; and a Turkish lady despises all those graceful occupations which we regard as well nigh essential to the sex.

The second means adopted by the Turks of Albania in order to mitigate the inconveniences of monogamy, is the practice of concubinage. Too often, it is to be feared, Christian fathers are (we may say) *compelled* to give up their daughters for this purpose;* and, what is yet more horrible, in order to avoid the expense and trouble of bringing up the children, the fruits of this illicit intercourse, they are commonly destroyed, before or after birth, and buried secretly for fear of the "revenge." We were assured by a missionary living in Albania, that to drown these unfortunate infants (of course, unbaptised) is a common practice, instances of which had often come to his own knowledge; and that, where other means have not been at hand, the Turkish father has himself killed his own child in the presence, and torn from the bosom of, the wretched mother! Nevertheless, there is no redress for these crying evils. The judge is venal,—perhaps is himself the offender. The rajah or Christian subject of the sultan is a slave, and cannot help himself; his oath is of no avail. A poor man in the neighbourhood of the missionary just mentioned, was obliged to give up his ox to the bey, merely because the bey had taken a fancy to it. Had he refused, he would have been cast into prison,—a dungeon below the bey's own house, so foul, that another Christian who had been confined there for arrears of tribute which he was utterly unable to pay, declared that he could scarcely drink the coffee which they brought to him, before the rats and mice, which "leaped on him from the walls and ceiling," dashed it from his very hands.

* Cases of this sort in Bosnia have been constantly reported by the correspondents of the South Austrian press, and they are generally believed to be genuine.

As regards converts to Christianity, it is well known that their lives are forfeited; and if they are not always actually beheaded (as was the case at Adrianople, lately mentioned in the papers), their escape is an irregularity, and contrary to the Turkish law. We will mention, in illustration of this statement, the history of two Albanians who were regarded in this light at Skutari. The history was told us by the English consul, in the presence of the Catholic bishop, and was afterwards confirmed by the Austrian consul. First, however, it is necessary to explain, that owing to the pressure of heavy exactions on the poverty of the Albanians, there are at the present day, as there have always been, a number of "occult Christians," as they are called,—*i. e.* individuals or families who secretly believe the Christian faith, and procure the sacrament of baptism for their children; but who in public wear the dress, and observe many of the practices, of the followers of Mahomet. Some of these families are said to have continued this disguise ever since the days of Skanderbeg. It was to a family of this kind that the hero of our narrative belonged,—a peasant named George Craini, of the diocese of Zadrima, and his niece Antonia Craini, an orphan, whom he had brought up as his own daughter. At the time we speak of, she was about eighteen years old, and engaged to be married to one of the Miriditi. These Miriditi also occupy a peculiar position in the province. Albania has never been thoroughly subdued by the Turks, but, as in the case of the Montenegrini which came before the public a year or two ago, there are tribes amongst them, dwelling in parts more or less difficult of access, and enjoying therefore a certain degree of freedom. Of this number are the Miriditi, a Christian tribe inhabiting the neighbourhood of Alessio, and living under their own chieftain. They pay tribute collectively, but admit no Mahometan authority resident amongst them.

Some ten or twelve years before the circumstances we are going to relate (while Antonia, therefore, was still a child) George Craini, then living in the pashalik of Skutari, was persuaded by the bishop to profess himself and his niece Christians, because occult Christianity is, of course, contrary to Catholic morality. To escape the severity of the law against converts (in which light he would necessarily be regarded by the Turks), he not only paid the usual annual tribute of thirty-five piastres, but also, through the aid of the bishop he made gifts, as hush-money, to the amount of 500 piastres. This hush-money went directly to Kiaja Bey Mustapha, the pasha's lieutenant, not without the connivance and participation of the pasha himself. Matters went on very quietly til

Some time towards the end of 1851, when these facts came to the knowledge of certain of the principal Turks of Skutari, who were also zealous Mahometans. These persons represented it to Osman Pasha, and threatened, unless he carried out the law of the Koran against the Crainis, to publish it, and disgrace his government. Upon this, Osman Pasha, to save his lieutenant and his own credit, seized both uncle and niece; and on their refusal to abjure Christianity, he put them in irons and under confinement. George Craini was thrown into the prisons of the castle; Antonia was given to the zingari, or gipsies, to whose charge it is usual at Skutari to commit female prisoners. The uncle remained in confinement about three months, during which time he was tortured,—that is, he was scourged and put in the *tumbuk*, a wooden machine, in which the sufferer is fastened down by the extremities, neck, arms, and ankles, and a weight placed on his chest to impede respiration. Under these trials the man's courage failed, and he again ostensibly abjured the faith, and pretended to be a Mahometan; but his sincerity being suspected, he was sent into exile to Lessandrovo, an island in the lake of Skutari near the Montenegrine border, on which there is a fortress. Here, having seized one day the arms of a guard and an empty boat, he escaped into Montenegro, and was thus enabled to reach Cattaro, whence he was ultimately passed on to the territory of the Miriditi, where he remained in safety.

In the meanwhile Antonia was kept in irons at Skutari; and failing in an attempt to escape through the means provided by her friends, she remained fourteen months in gaol. During this time she was subjected to repeated examinations and solicitations to renounce Christianity, especially in the harem, and before the wife of Osman Pasha; where all means were had recourse to, short of actual bodily torture, which in her case does not appear to have been applied. She was, however, repeatedly threatened both with torture and with death itself if she continued obstinate, and the instruments of execution were displayed before her. However, she continued firm to the end; and at length, at the intercession of the seraskier (Omer Pasha) on his return from Montenegro in the spring of 1853, she was delivered up to the captain of the Miriditi, and restored to her uncle. During her captivity, the Christians of most influence at Skutari tried every means to procure her liberation, on the plea that she at least had always, even from childhood, been an avowed Christian. The bishop petitioned the pasha; the consuls memorialised him, and made notes of the transaction to their respective ministers at Constantinople; but in vain. The pasha put them off with promises from day

to day and from week to week; but nothing was done until the return of Omer Pasha, as above related.

This case, which may be relied on as authentic, is particularly interesting, not only as throwing light on the state of Albania, but also of the other Turkish provinces; for similar histories are rife in Bosnia and other parts of Turkey, where there are not the same means of verifying the facts. Indeed, Bosnia is in a yet more barbarous state than Albania; and if such things as these could happen in a town where there are resident (besides a Catholic bishop) two vice-consuls,—recently increased to three by the accession of another in behalf of France,—what must it be for Christians in more remote places, far from all such hopes of protection! There is, in truth, a hatred on the part of Turks as such, to Christians as such, of which in England there is but a very imperfect apprehension, but of which in Albania we received many proofs, not only from natives, but also from foreign Christians, merchants, missionaries, and consuls, who have been many years settled in the country. For instance, an Albanian gentleman, a Trieste merchant, named Salvare, who was residing with his family at Durazzo his native place, was shot about a year ago as he was going to hear Mass on Sunday. The Turk took deliberate aim at him, and killed him on the spot. The murderer escaped, as usual, and got off by ship to Egypt; nevertheless, the family of his victim knew him well; and we were assured by one of themselves that the only conceivable motive for the deed was a fanatical hatred of Christianity.

What we have said may suffice to give some faint idea of the wretched state of a Mahometan province. After 400 years the national character of the Turk is unchanged; he is still what he was, “proud, lazy, insolent, false, and fanatical; the greatest enemy Christianity and civilisation ever had.” If there appears to be in modern days any mitigation of this hostility, any infusion of a more liberal spirit, any tendency to improvement, it is because the spirit of Islamism, which animated their conquests and has hitherto sustained their empire, is well nigh extinguished. But as long as that empire lasts on its present basis, as long as that spirit survives, so long will it evidence its presence in cruelty and licentiousness in persecution and barbarism. It is to no purpose to remind us of the great steps Turkey has made during late years in civilisation; or that certain generally well-informed travellers return to England charmed with Turkish good manners, and the respect they have met with as strangers, and the freedom they have seen under the Mahometan system, from certain glaring iniquities which are to be found in the great cities of

Europe called by courtesy Christian. A few Turks of influence, distinguished by their wealth and talents and position (it may be, renegade Christians), ministers of state perhaps, or generals, men who have travelled and seen the world, are, in fact, disbelievers in the Koran; and, caring very little for any religion at all, simply aim at making their country what they have learnt to admire elsewhere in respect of civilisation. But the common Turk remains the same. His laws and his ideas of government are founded on the Koran; and they will be altered when the Koran is abolished, and not sooner. The very name of Turk is no longer a distinction of race; it is applied, in these provinces at least, to express a professor of the Mahometan religion; for, in fact, the great majority of those who are so called are sprung from Christian families; *e.g.* the inhabitants of Antivari, as we have said, bear Venetian names. Osman Pasha, the governor of Skutari, is sprung from one of the oldest Bosnian families. George Castriott himself was carried to Constantinople, and educated as a Turk in the religion of the false Prophet; and his descendants might have become a thoroughly *Turkish* family, had he not made his escape, as his history duly records. In a word, whatever may be the origin of the *name*, it is the *spirit* of the Mahometan religion which now-a-days makes a Turk. The principle of a Turkish government, therefore, will always be the same, so long as the government continues; as hostile to Christianity, and as adverse to social improvement, in the nineteenth century, as it was in the fifteenth; and, in truth, incapable of change; for if it could change, it would cease to be Turkish; that term, whatever it once was, is now no longer, like Saxon, or German, or Celt, the emblem of a *race*, for whose improvement we may hope, and whose genius may be cultivated, but it is the badge of a religious persuasion.

That the religion to which it belongs is not without its portion of truth, or the system by which it has prevailed over so large a part of the earth's surface without its degree of civilisation, will not be questioned by any one who knows aught of the history of Mahometanism, or who has been ever so little amongst the Turks. What traveller has failed to be struck with the grave politeness of their manners, the sobriety and decorum of their habits, the good breeding of their upper classes in society, the good faith of the poorer classes in performing their contracts? Were he pasha, or aga, or bey,—wherever we came, we were received with the same courteous attention. Our host made us sit beside him, he ordered us coffee, he presented us with the usual pipe; if he were poor, and had no second to offer, it was *his own* pipe; he asked us

kindly our business and the object of our journey, and then set about to forward our wishes. The traveller has no need to fear the least rudeness (how different from the Slave-Greeks and Montenegrines, although neither are the latter wanting in substantial kindness and hospitality); no mistakes in speaking a new language, no striking difference of manners or singularity (in their eyes) of English costume, will induce the host or his uncouth-looking attendants so far to forget themselves as even to smile at the new-comer. Their demeanour is marked throughout by a respectful gravity and friendliness towards their guests. These may be small things in themselves, yet surely they bear witness to the presence of a system remarkably corrective of the roughnesses of human nature in its original unameliorated state. Still more striking is the quiet, orderly state of a Turkish town at night. No haunts of ill-fame contaminate its precincts; no sounds of drunken revelry disturb the streets; no theatres for exciting and dangerous spectacles; no doubtful representations lead astray their youth either in politics or morals. After nightfall the streets are empty; each family has retired to its own abode; and if any one appears in the public ways, it is a solitary person with a light, perhaps going to seek the doctor, or on some other errand of necessity and charity. A solemn stillness reigns, which is broken only by the guard going round to see that all is safe, and to remove, if haply they should fall in with such any disorderly person, or even the idle wanderer who ventures to roam abroad at such an hour without an ostensible object. Again, it is impossible to travel in Turkey without being reminded of the religion of its inhabitants. The first bridge you cross, after you have passed the frontier, will have its Arabic inscription, signifying that some one built it as a work of benevolence, and for the good of his soul. You will not reach a single city without passing through its burial-ground, the stones marking distinctly whether there is laid beneath them a man or a woman, a priest or a layman; together with a verse from the Koran, or some appropriate inscription. Three times a day, at sunrise, at noon, and at sunset, the Muezzin, a kind of priest, appears on the lofty gallery of the minaret to make his accustomed detour, and utter his monotonous and melancholy call to prayer.

In a word, there is with the Turks both a certain amount of religion, and a certain degree of civilisation. But, unhappily, that religion is grounded on principles diametrically opposed to the principles of Christianity, and animated by a spirit bitterly hostile to it. And no wonder; since, had the Gospel of Christ never been preached, the Koran could never

have been invented; had Christianity not gone before, Mahometanism could never have followed, occupying the position it has done in history. It has not the nature of a new false religion, so much as of a heresy. It does not abolish Holy Scripture, but supersedes it by means of its own false interpretation, and its pretended "appendix" of Revelation; and therefore, like all heresies, it will be to the end what it was from the first, the fierce relentless enemy of the Church. And so also of their civilisation; it extends only to a certain point, and there it stops; and all further improvement is forbidden. It admits of no spirit of progress. Whatever appearances of change in this respect we may have heard of in latter years, come from without,—they are no spontaneous growth from within. They remain as foreign excrescences, which have come from accidental sources; and the very fact of their introduction shows the weakness of the old state of things; which, having had its day, is now ready to pass away. This is the reason why one hears Turkey spoken of on all sides and so frequently as a corpse; it *is* a corpse, or nearly one, because its animating spirit is dead, or dying. The whole fabric is tottering and ready to fall. Its days are numbered. This at least is the common testimony of all who have had the best opportunities of knowing intimately its real state. The re-fanned embers of its old fanaticism,—evinced in the persecution of Christians in this remote province, or an attempt at a popular outbreak in that,—do but serve to excite its enemies, and render its destruction more sure. Whether it be sustained yet a little while, at its last gasp, by the jealousy of the great Western nations, till at length it dies a natural death; or whether as it came with the sword, so it perish with the sword, and die in the throes of mortal conflict, thus much appears to us to be certain, that this great, persecuting, anti-christian power will very soon, as far as regards Europe, be numbered with the things that have been and are not.

Reviews.

MISS STRICKLAND'S LIFE OF MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

Lives of the Queens of Scotland, and English Princesses connected with the Royal Succession of Great Britain. Vol. IV.

By Miss Agnes Strickland. Blackwood and Sons.

THE life of Mary Queen of Scots has formed the subject of so many works already, that it might almost seem as if there

were no room for any other. The diligent researches of Miss Strickland, however, suffice to show that much yet remains to be gathered from the inedited State Papers, and other mss. of the period, to throw light upon the troubled events of that tragical history. The present volume contains many highly important particulars which have been thus rescued from oblivion, and which often serve to correct the errors or wilful falsehoods of earlier biographers. It would be but a tedious task to enumerate the several instances in which she has triumphantly exposed and refuted the misrepresentations of Knox, Buchanan, and Spottiswoode, among ancient writers, or of Mignet and Dargaud among men of our own day: her evidence, however, being in almost all cases derived from official and authoritative documents, we think no unprejudiced person can refuse to acknowledge the superior truthfulness of her narrative.

There is one point, indeed, in which it is still to our eyes deficient; and that is, in the portraiture of Mary's interior life as a Christian. To Catholics, it is not enough that Mary should be shown to be innocent of all those foul crimes that the craft of designing politicians or the malignity of sectarians would fain have laid to her charge; we desire to be introduced to a more intimate knowledge of her character and actions as "an unpersuaded princess," as Secretary Lethington calls her *i.e.* as a faithful and devoted adherent to the ancient faith. But on this head the notices scattered up and down in Miss Strickland's volume are very scanty; more scanty than the minuteness of some of the records which she consulted could have rendered at all necessary. We have only observed one or two passages in the whole of this volume bearing on this very interesting subject which are at all worth extracting. The first records an act of devotion, such as many a mother in Catholic countries still delights to perform, but which Miss Strickland rashly condemns as superstitious:

"Among the few acts of superstition that can be recorded of Mary may be noticed that, at the birth of her son, she made a vow to send his weight in wax to the Nôtre Dame of Clery,* to make Novena there for his well-being. She promised also to provide that a Mass should be sung in the church of Clery every day for a year accompanied by a daily donation of 'treize-trezains' to thirteen poor persons who attended divine service in the morning. The harassing and exciting events which followed the birth of her child caused Mary to forget this vow, until it recurred to her memory in lon

* Clery is situated between Blois and Orleans, both residences with which Mary was familiar in her youth.

years after, during the solitary hours of her imprisonment at Sheffield castle, when she wrote to her ambassador to have it fulfilled."

Another passage occurs in the scene of Darnley's reconciliation with his injured sovereign and wife, after the tragedy of Riccio's murder. Darnley, irritated at the deference paid to his inveterate enemy the Earl of Moray, and the contemptuous indifference with which he himself was treated, sought the chamber of Mary as his only refuge from those mocking fiends with whom he had so unnaturally conspired against her. His conscience seems to have been smitten with some feeling of remorse for what he had done; and certainly he was terrified at the prospect of still more atrocious designs, to which he apprehended he might be rendered an accomplice. Under these circumstances, Mary made one last powerful appeal to his better feelings; and for the moment

"Her tears and pathetic eloquence prevailed: Darnley threw himself at her feet, and in an agony of remorse besought her to forgive his crime, and restore him to her love; offering at the same time to do any thing she desired. To Mary's honour it is recorded, that her first injunction was dictated by her anxiety for the weal of his immortal soul, stained with the deadly guilt of murder. She knew his life was in no less danger than her own, and therefore begged him 'above all things to endeavour to appease the wrath of God by penitence and prayer, that he might obtain forgiveness where it was most requisite to seek for mercy. As for her own forgiveness, that she most frankly accorded,' she said, turning upon him, as she spoke, her face beaming with tenderness and joy."

It is not every wife who would so freely have imparted her own forgiveness to a husband that had been guilty of outrages like those which Darnley had committed against Mary; but the number is still less, we fear, of those who at such a moment would have given the first place to that higher forgiveness of which he stood in need. This little incident is a token of that sincerity and earnestness in religion which formed the real foundation of Mary's character, and which renders the study of her history so deeply interesting.

Protestant biographers will not pay much attention to these details, nor attach much importance to them, perhaps, when narrated; but for ourselves, they throw a halo round her actions and sufferings, and impart an interest to her whole life, which the brightest genius, the most amiable temper, or the most undeserved sufferings, would fail to command, if unaccompanied by this higher and more precious gift. We cannot forget what Benedict XIV. has said concerning this queen, "that nothing, perhaps, is wanting to prove her death to be a true martyrdom" (*nihil fortasse deest ex iis quæ pro vero marty-*

rio sunt necessaria. De Can. SS. lib. iii. c. 13, n. 10). Every biography, therefore, which takes a lower view of her life and character, is to a certain extent necessarily unsatisfactory; and although a faithful chronicle of all her words and actions must needs furnish the *data* upon which even the highest estimate of her character must be formed—if it be consistent with truth,—yet it will scarcely ever happen that such a chronicle shall be written. The materials for the life of Mary are so unusually abundant as almost to prove a source of embarrassment to one who writes for this railway-reading generation. Something must be omitted; selection and abbreviation are absolutely indispensable; and here the taste of the author cannot fail to run counter to that of some of her readers. Miss Strickland has manifestly the most sincere desire to do full justice to her much-injured heroine; and she has therefore brought into the boldest relief all those points in her character which would most excite the admiration of the English public. But, in doing this, she has unconsciously represented some of them in a light which will strike the Catholic readers as distorted and unjust. To take an example, let us look at the way in which she speaks of the wonderful toleration exhibited by Mary. Even before she came to Scotland, when Throckmorton the English ambassador waited on her in Paris, for the purpose of delivering a compliment in the name of his royal mistress on her recovery from a late illness, some conversation passed between them, in which she laid down very clearly the principles by which she desired to be guided in this very important question.

“ ‘You know there is much ado in my realm about matters of religion; and though there be a greater number of the contrary religion to me than I would there were, yet there is no reason that subjects should give a law to their sovereign, and specially in matters of religion; which, I fear, my subjects shall take in hand. . . . I will be plain with you: the religion which I profess I hold to be the most acceptable to God; nor do I know, nor desire to know, any other. Constancy becometh all folks well, none better than princes, and such as have rule over realms; and specially in matters of religion. I have been brought up,’ added she, ‘in this religion, and who might credit me in any thing if I should show myself light in this case? And though I be young, and not well learned, yet I have heard this matter oft disputed by my uncle, my Lord Cardinal, with some that thought they could say somewhat in the matter; and I found no great reason therein to change my opinion.’ ‘Madam,’ said Throckmorton, ‘if you judge well in that matter, you must be conversant in the Scriptures, which are the touchstone to try the right from the wrong. Peradventure,’ added he, ‘you are so partially affected to your uncle’s arguments, that you could not indit-

ferently consider the other party's; yet this I assure you, madam, your uncle, my Lord Cardinal, in conference with me about these matters, hath confessed that there be great errors come into the Church, and great disorders in the ministers and clergy, insomuch that he desired and wished there might be a reformation of the one and the other.' 'I have often heard him say the like,' rejoined Mary, who, from Throckmorton's own showing, conducted herself with equal frankness and good humour during the whole of this deeply interesting conversation. She listened with great courtesy to all he chose to say on subjects of a very exciting nature, and bore his plain speaking with unruffled sweetness. 'I trust,' continued Throckmorton, 'that God will inspire all you that be princes, that there may be some good order taken in this matter, so as there may be one unity of religion through all Christendom.' 'God grant,' responded the young Queen fervently. 'But, for my part,' added she, 'you may perceive that I am none of those that will change my religion every year; and, as I told you in the beginning, I mean to constrain none of my subjects, but could wish that they were all as I am: and I trust they shall have no support to constrain me.' However widely we may differ from Mary's creed," observes Miss Strickland, "it is impossible to impugn the liberality of her sentiments, which were fully borne out by her conduct; for, to her honour be it said, *she was the only sovereign in that age against whom no instance of persecution can be recorded.*"

On her arrival in Scotland, she proceeded to act in strict accordance with this enunciation of her principles. She chose a cabinet which, with one exception, was exclusively Protestant; and the majority of her council also belonged to the same religion; whilst in her own private chapel the holy sacrifice was offered according to the ancient rites. Her subjects, however, did not observe the same moderation towards their sovereign. On one of the first Sundays, "the Earl of Argyll and the Lord James so disturbed the quire, that both priests and clerks left their places with broken heads and bloody ears. It was a sport alone for some that were there to behold it," observes Randolph, in relating this outrage to his friend Cecil. "Others there were," he continues, in allusion to the young queen and her ladies, "that shed a tear or two, and made no more of the matter;" that is to say, no steps were taken to bring the offenders to justice. A few weeks later, the provost, Douglas of Kilspindie, and his brethren in office,

"Attempted a most despotic and illegal act of persecution against some of their fellow-subjects, by issuing a proclamation imperatively enjoining 'all Papists,' whom they designated by the offensive appellation of idolaters, and classed with the most depraved offenders against the moral law, to depart the town, under

the penalties of being set on the market-cross for six hours, subjected to all the insults and indignities which the rabble might think proper to inflict, carted round the town, and burned on both cheeks; and for the third offence to be punished with death.

"If the fair cheeks of the Papist Queen blanched not with alarm at the pain and disfigurement with which, in common with those of the obstinate adherents to her proscribed faith, they were threatened by her barbarous provost and baillies, it was haply because they tingled with indignation at the insulting manner in which she found herself classed with the vilest of criminals. Instead, however, of taking up the matter as a personal grievance, by insisting, like Esther, that she was included in this sweeping denunciation against the people of her own denomination, she treated it as an infringement of the liberties of the realm, and addressed her royal letter to the town-council complaining of this oppressive and illegal edict. She must, even if she had been a member of the reformed congregation, have done the same, as a duty incumbent upon a just ruler of the people committed to her charge. Her remonstrance produced no other effects than a reiteration of the same proclamation, couched, if possible, in still grosser and more offensive language. Mary responded to this act of contumely by an order to the town council to supersede those magistrates by electing others. The town council, on this indication of the spirit of her forefathers on the part of their youthful sovereign in her teens, yielded obedience to her mandate. Mary then issued her royal proclamation, granting permission 'to all good and faithful subjects to repair to or leave Edinburgh according to their pleasure or convenience.' 'And so,' says Knox, 'got the devil freedom again, whereas before he durst not have been seen by daylight upon the common streets.'"

These and other instances of Mary's "toleration" are recorded by Miss Strickland, with the very laudable desire of creating a favourable impression of her heroine on the minds of her Protestant readers; and we ourselves are as much delighted with them as they can be. But then, we desiderate some more intimate knowledge of other features in her character, which may enable us to *qualify* this toleration, and assign it to its true motive;—and here Miss Strickland is silent. Toleration is not one of the cardinal virtues; it takes its colouring and its value from the fountain whence it springs; it may be nothing more than an absolute indifference to the interests of religion, and proceed from a denial of all dogmatic truth. In such cases we cannot recognise it as a moral excellence; and we think Miss Strickland has not been sufficiently careful to guard against such an interpretation being put upon the toleration of Mary. In order in some measure to supply this deficiency, which cannot fail to strike every Catholic reader, we will insert here two letters bearing upon the sub-

ject, to which Miss Strickland nowhere alludes. The one is addressed to Pope Paul IV., and the other to her uncle, the Cardinal of Lorraine; and both are dated on the 30th January, 1563 :

"Most Holy Father," she says, addressing the Pope, "our mind has always been so to direct our desires, thoughts, and labours, that some means might be offered us by heaven whereby we could bring back to the true fold our wretched people, whom, with the deepest grief, we have found strayed from the right way, and deluded by vain opinions and condemned errors. The extreme iniquity of the time has greatly distressed us, and has not yet suffered us to do our duty in what concerned the sacred council [of Trent, which was then sitting], though we particularly desired it. We pray your Holiness not to think that this has been neglected from any fault of ours, for we have tried every thing in order to send prelates from our kingdom. We had hoped that so good and holy a proceeding would serve to the edification of our subjects; that at length they might, in a worthy manner, have acknowledged the holy Catholic Church with that obedience in which we wish to live and die your most devoted daughter. For this desired end we will spare no means in our power, *not even life itself.*"

The tenour of her second letter is as follows :

"My kinsman,—An opportunity offering, I would not be wanting in my duty to preserve your favour and friendship towards me. Together with these letters to you I send others to our Holy Father, which I beg of you to cause to be transmitted to him with all due reverence. In these I profess and affirm that I will live and die in the ancient obedience to the Catholic and Roman Church: I repute it to be the only Church, and its Pontiff chief shepherd; whom I supplicate to acknowledge me as his devoted daughter. I pray you to bear me witness, as far as you can, that the many miserable errors in which the greater part of my kingdom is immersed grieve me much; and yet I am condemned to be a spectator of the same. Believe me that I should be most happy could any remedy be found for these evils, even should it be with the sacrifice of my life; for I have determined rather to forfeit that than to change this my faith, or to give ear in any respect to these heresies. You may be certain that I will listen to you; and I earnestly entreat, that if I have in any way been less intent on religion than was fitting, you will excuse me, for you know my good-will better than any other."

We have no doubt that these letters are no mere diplomatic documents, declaring sentiments which were thought to be becoming in a person in Mary's situation, but rather the genuine expressions of her own simple and religious heart, really describing what she felt; and when we remember the inflammatory language, on the one hand, which was being used against her at that time in the Protestant pulpits, where she was compared to Jezabel, Sisara, and other notorious objects of divine wrath

and vengeance, and the persuasions of many Catholic nobles, on the other hand, who sought to frighten her into adopting a different line of conduct,—we cannot sufficiently admire her firmness and moderation in still continuing to legislate on her own enlightened plans. It must have been a severe trial to an earnest and good Catholic, in the circumstances under which she found herself, to listen to the complaints of her Catholic subjects, protesting against her policy as injurious to the interests of the Church, when there was not one amongst them more really devoted to those interests, and more ready to make all possible sacrifices for their promotion. Indeed, it is very instructive, in this regard, to compare the language and conduct of Mary with that of some other Catholics who figure in the same history. Mary, the really devout and uncompromising Catholic in her own practice, was a perfect model of toleration in her behaviour towards others. Darnley, on the other hand, who, as Miss Strickland expresses it, “occasionally made his Popish principles bend to his political interests;” who, on the solemn occasion of his marriage, retired from church with the Protestant lords before the Mass was begun; and who, both before and after his marriage, did not scruple to attend the preachings of John Knox;—afterwards, when he thought himself sufficiently powerful no longer to be under the necessity of concealing his real creed, “inhibited this same John Knox from preaching, rated the lords for not going with him to Mass, tossed the psalm-book into the fire, and swore he would have a Mass in St. Giles’s.” It would take us away from our present subject to show that this was no strange phenomenon, but an ordinary rule, characterising the whole history of what is called religious persecution on the part of professing Catholics; but we cannot take our leave of this subject without contrasting this truthful picture of Mary’s toleration with the picture given us by Mr. Sharon Turner, who says that “every Protestant of England had the dismaying *certainty* before him, from Mary’s fixed attachment to her religion, from her determination to uphold it, her repeated pledges, and the Romish conviction,—that if she should gain the English throne, she would renew her namesake’s career of violent persecution and bloodshed against all who should reject the Papal system!”

We have pointed out what we consider to be a defect in Miss Strickland’s narrative; a defect which it is impossible perhaps that any Protestant should altogether avoid in writing the life of a Catholic. At the same time, we are bound to add that the impression which this biography leaves on the mind, both as to Mary’s character and abilities, is in every way

far more true and satisfactory than that which is left by any other Protestant historian we know of. The period of her history comprised in this volume is from the second year of her widowhood, or the first year after her entrance into Scotland, to the year after her unhappy marriage with Darnley; a period full of extraordinary trials and difficulties, but throughout the whole of which she behaved with consummate skill, prudence, and virtue. A young widow of eighteen, returning "from the polished and admiring court of France, to assume the reins of empire in a realm impoverished by foreign invasions and convulsed with internal strife," she showed no ordinary abilities as well as goodness, in the exertions which she made to conciliate the affections of all parties; and the degree of success which attended these efforts was certainly far more to be attributed to the temperate and maternal tone of her own personal disposition, than to the virtue or talents of her prime ministers. No sooner had she taken possession of the government of her own realm, than she devoted her attention to the relief of all who were in misery and oppressed. "Never was any sovereign," says Miss Strickland, "so little burdensome to her people, or more attentive to their general weal." Two almoners were chosen for the distribution of her personal charities to objects of distress; a portion of her private income was devoted to the education of young children; an advocate was appointed to plead the causes of the poor, and to defend them from the oppression of the powerful; and in order that their causes might be disposed of with greater expedition, she "ordered three days a-week for their attendance, and augmented the judges' salaries, sitting herself often for more equity." Nothing was too trifling for her notice that promised to benefit the humbler classes of her subjects. Having observed, for instance, during her progress through Lorraine, that the condition of the peasantry was much better in those districts where the women and children were occupied in making straw-hats, than where this domestic manufacture was unknown, she engaged a company of these Lorraine straw-plaiters to return with her to her own country, in order to instruct her countrywomen in the same simple but profitable art. We are not surprised, therefore, to learn, on the authority of the French ambassador, that from the first moment of her landing, "she quickly won the hearts of the people by the graciousness and sweetness of her deportment;" and that this popularity was no mere caprice of the moment—excited by the touching interest of the circumstances under which the young and beautiful widow came to take possession of her throne—is clear from many incidents in the later history of her life.

English intrigues, however, and the fanaticism of John Knox, were only too powerful in blasting all the happy fruits that might reasonably have been expected from this rare combination of gifts and circumstances. But for these elements of discord, skilfully handled by subtle and unscrupulous politicians, not even the ill-assorted marriage with Darnley would have sufficed to dim the glories of Mary's reign. Her domestic happiness, indeed, must under all circumstances necessarily have been embittered by her union with one in every way so unworthy of her; but the good government of her people would scarcely have been interrupted but for the causes we have mentioned; since the facts recorded in this volume abundantly show that, though Mary had, from a natural sense of propriety, desired to associate her husband with herself in the management of political affairs, yet, when he showed himself utterly incapacitated for such a responsibility, she did not hesitate to continue to bear it alone and with undiminished ability. Indeed, nothing has struck us more forcibly in this new biography of Queen Mary, than the very high order of talent displayed in her diplomatic intercourse with the English and other courts. Some of her correspondence with Queen Elizabeth, and conversations with her iniquitous ambassador, Randolph, are perfect masterpieces of Christian politics. With a council, the majority of whom were the bribed tools of the English sovereign; with ministers, seeking for the most part nothing but the advancement of their own interests; surrounded by spies and traitors; it is truly wonderful that Mary should have been able to guide her course so successfully as she did: and it is quite refreshing to turn from the hypocritical dispatches of Randolph, and the perjured lies of Elizabeth, to some of the open-hearted, sincere, and manly declarations of the Scottish Queen. We are sorry that our limits will not allow us to quote, either from her letters or speeches, instances of what we refer to; neither can we find room, as we had intended, for Miss Strickland's narrative of the murder of Riccio, and her comments upon it. We must content ourselves with saying, that the narrative is far more detailed and accurate than any that has yet been published; and that it will not be the fault of the narrator, if it does not materially impair that *Protestant tradition* of Mary's character, which blind fanaticism and political falsehood have so long and so industriously propagated.

ON THE STUDY OF WORDS.

Lectures by R. C. Trench, B.D., &c. &c. J. W. Parker.

"CAN you devise any means to prevent the spread of the Roman Catholic religion," said the Orange Recorder to the Protestant Bishop of London; and in so speaking he represented one half of his co-religionists at the present day, and obliged the prelate he addressed—doubtless much against his will—to represent the other half. Why should not this oft-repeated query, which it is found so difficult to answer, receive the honour due to what is so highly characteristic of the times, and be commemorated by a medal, with a half-length figure of the recorder on the one side, and the silent bishop on the other: the robes belonging to the episcopal office in the Establishment being made too ample to allow of an inscription, while a countenance indicative of astonishment at the impropriety of such a question in public, and of perplexity as to what were the fitting answer, might yet further explain its absence?

This, however, is but by the way. We are not ourselves anxious so much to preserve a record of what is passing around us, as to point out its true character, and to help, and if possible even to force, people to understand it. As Catholics, we have such confidence in Him who fights for us, that we can at almost any moment become bystanders of the contest in which we are engaged; and like the Israelites of old, turn round upon our pursuers, not to strike, but to contemplate them struggling helplessly in the waters that are coming over them, and which must ere long cast them up dead upon the sea-shore. Nevertheless, when we see those whom we have looked up to with respect both for their characters and abilities,—have esteemed as neighbours, and, but for their want of sympathy with us in the highest of all concerns, we should have added as friends,—when we see such persons adopting a mode of resisting the advance of Catholicity, which it is quite incomprehensible to us that they should not see to be stamped with the devil's own mark—as what can only be fitly used by his agents, and in his cause—we *must* cry out.

But we are writing what will be mere enigmas to many of our readers: let us hasten to explain ourselves.

Mr. Richard Chenevix Trench is a gentleman, as few require to be told, of considerable powers of mind and scholarly attainments; favourably known to the public by works both in poetry and prose. He occupies no mean position in the Establishment, for he is beneficed in the Diocese of Win-

chester, Examining Chaplain to the Bishop of Oxford, and Professor of Divinity in King's College, London; and is withal highly amiable and respectable in private life. There are about him, therefore, all those accompaniments of station and character which we naturally regard as guarantees for general propriety and rectitude, most especially in all that is printed and published with the author's name. Being such an one, he sought permission to deliver lectures to the Training School for Masters at Winchester, and, of course, very easily obtained it. The subject chosen by him was ably treated, and the lectures were soon afterwards published. As they appeared just at that strange time when an English Parliament laboured for a whole session on the production of an act which did nothing but register and notify to all whom it might concern, with super-excellent success, something which the Pope had recently done, it was not unnatural they should contain some evidences that this was the case. We did not for some time know what they were, not having chanced to meet with the book till very lately. When we did, we found it in its "fourth edition, revised:" a notice that prevents our considering its contents to be any where the mere temporary ebullitions of Protestant feeling, much as we could have wished to do so; but obliges us to regard them as expressions of views and teaching which their author has fully considered, and by which he is resolutely determined to abide.

The following is the first passage to which we would draw attention:

"Doubtless you will ever seek to cherish in your scholars, to keep lively in yourselves, that spirit and temper which attach a special value and interest to all having to do with the land of our birth—that land which the Providence of God has assigned as the sphere of our life's work and of theirs. Our schools are called 'national;' and if we would have them such more than in name, we must neglect nothing that will assist us in fostering a national spirit in them. I know not whether this is sufficiently considered among us; yet certainly we cannot have church schools worthy the name, and least of all in England, unless they are truly national as well. It is the anti-national character," [let this be particularly observed] "of the Romish system . . . which mainly revolts Englishmen, as we have lately very plainly seen; and if their sense of this should ever grow weak, their protest against that system would soon lose nearly all of its energy and strength."

The words we have omitted are these: "Though I do not in the least separate this from its anti-scriptural, but rather regard the two as most intimately cohering with one another." They only serve to distract the attention of the reader, and prevent his observing the remarkable admission contained in

he sentence; they also require to be noticed by themselves on their own account.

The author's argument, then, seems to run thus: "I take for granted that you are men of national predilection, and will be anxious to cherish such feelings in both yourselves and your scholars. Observe, then, that as masters of schools called National, you will be bound to consider this a duty which you must endeavour to perform by all the means in your power. And don't fail to remark that our Church schools are National also in name. See that you make them so in reality. This is the best means I can devise for preventing the spread of the Catholic religion. The antipathy of Englishmen to Catholicism at the present day rests more on the persuasion that it is anti-national than on any thing else; so that on your extending and perpetuating that persuasion depends our security against the inroads of that religion. And for my own part, I can most conscientiously recommend this course to you, since I hold that the anti-national and anti-scriptural are so near akin, that what is one can hardly but be the other also." We are not aware of any injustice done to Mr. Trench in thus putting his argument into words, less choice doubtless than his own, but which appear to us to convey his meaning more truly, because they express distinctly what he very naturally wished to keep in the background, and only imply. We believe, then, that we may now deliberately charge him with nationalism; the setting up, that is, the national verdict as of authority in matters of religion,—the regarding the *vox populi* as being to such a degree the *vox Dei*, that he can recommend it to the instructors of youth as their rule of faith. It is really lamentable to think that any one so much to be respected can adopt a view so pre-eminently unchristian. How can he, as a Protestant, be so indifferent to what we find in Scripture respecting it? Nothing there is more plain than that our Lord, in introducing the new dispensation, rejected the assistance of a hitherto favoured nation that was expecting and longing to be used for the purpose, and that He did this in the most marked manner. He died, we know, for our redemption. This was the cause why He permitted Himself to be put to death, but not the cause why His enemies sought his death. He died a holocaust for the world, but also a martyr; like other martyrs, bearing witness to some great truth of His religion. And which of them all appeared in the eyes of the Infallible Judge to be that for which it would be most instructive for us that He should die? The chief-priests and the Pharisees held a council, to consider what should be done respecting Him, and

said: "If we let Him thus alone, all men will believe on Him, and the Romans will come and take away both our place and nation." And the high-priest said that it was expedient for the people that He should die. "Then from that day forth they took counsel together how to put Him to death." And when He was before the Roman governor, and "Pilate sought to release Him, the Jews cried out, saying, If thou let this man go, thou art not Cæsar's friend, whosoever maketh himself a king speaketh against Cæsar. When Pilate therefore heard that saying, he hesitated no longer, but brought Jesus forth, and sat down in the judgment-seat." Thus, our Lord was apprehended as anti-Jewish, and condemned as anti-Roman. He might have died so as to testify to the value of any other principle in the religion He bequeathed us, but He chose to be the proto-martyr of those amongst His followers—and they have been many—who laid down their lives, as being anti-national. And yet a Christian, and one who accounts himself a minister of the Gospel, can desire men to "keep lively in themselves," "cherish" in others, "neglect nothing that will assist them in fostering a national spirit" with reference to religion! Would that He who alone can do it, would open his eyes to perceive whose tools he is recommending, and whose work alone it is probable will be done by them.

But while we feel it no disgrace, but rather a thrilling pleasure, to be called anti-national in this sense—for so called they our Lord and His disciples, and the martyrs generally of the first three centuries—we must not be supposed to admit for a moment that Catholicity is really in itself anti-national. Society, with its various and varying systems of government, is an ordinance of God, as well as the Church; and the one cannot be essentially contradictory of the other. The Church is simply un-national. And it becomes, and is denounced as more than this, only when the state, in ignorance or contempt of its divine rights, interferes to thwart it in its own domain, or to absorb it into the political system, as one amongst many other human institutions. Were it really anti-national, the facts of past history would be far other than they are. We should find in that case that as it received nations within its pale, instead of adapting itself with the wonderful pliancy it has to whatever existed amongst them, using its influence only to weed from them what was vicious and destructive, and its intellect and its learning more fully to establish and develop their institutions,—it would either have dislocated and broken them up into a sort of Arcadian barbarism, or, changing sceptres into crosiers, and surmounting them with a mitre or a hat,

made Rome the centre of a great civil as well as ecclesiastical empire. But we know that it has not done this: though itself the greatest of all governmental powers, possessing a world-wide dominion and indestructible vitality, it has not striven to supplant the civil power, but to uphold it. So far indeed is it removed from natural antagonism to the authorities of a country,—so much is it inclined to conserve what is, to help or oblige all over whom it has influence to make the best of what exists,—that if it is chargeable with being the cause of civil mischief at all, it is so much more in this direction than in the opposite. How many monarchs of an effete dynasty have succeeded one another with trembling hands and idiots' heads, and the quiet, legal orderliness of their subjects remained undisturbed, simply because those subjects were Catholic, and the Church was an ever-present, all-pervading Deity, as it were, to preserve it! Under what a series of national and persecuting indignities, long drawn out, changeful yet ever the same, has not Ireland persevered under English rule, and for no other reason but because she was Catholic; for though revolution be possible in a Catholic population, it is less probable than in any other.

But we have not space to say more on this subject. We must turn to some of the other passages in the book that require notice. We have drawn attention to this first—though it occurs near the end,—because there is something about the others which, till this was met with, we in vain endeavoured to account for consistently with the supposition that our author would not knowingly do what was wrong,—a supposition which we cannot bear to abandon. Nationality is not to be confounded with patriotism; which is the forgetting self in the remembrance of those around you, whereas nationality is an expansion of self, and a taking up into it of those around you. And he who rejects that which comes to him with the professions and claims of “the truth,” because it is anti-national, is exactly on a par (morally) with him who does so because he perceives it to condemn himself. And when, unhappily, he has possessed himself with the idea that nationalism is but an acquiescence in God's providence, and has enthroned it in his Protestant mind as scriptural, it leads him under a stern necessity to treat Catholicity with the same towering scorn and reckless injustice which it receives from those who hate it from its protesting against their personal vices.

But pp. 10, 11 afford an instance of what we mean.

“Where a perversion of the moral sense has found place, words preserve oftentimes a record of this perversion. We have a signal example of this—even as it is a notable evidence of the manner

in which moral contagion, spreading from heart and manners, invades the popular language in the use, or rather misuse, of the word 'religion'—during all the ages of Papal domination in Europe. Probably many of you are aware that in those times a 'religious person' did not mean any one who felt and allowed the bonds that bound him to God and his fellow-men, but one who had taken peculiar vows upon him, a member of one of the monkish orders; a 'religious' house did not mean, nor does it now mean in the Church of Rome, a Christian household ordered in the face of God, but a house in which these persons were gathered together according to the rule of some man, Benedict, or Dominic, or some other. A 'religion' meant not a service of God, but an order of monkery; and taking the monastic vows was termed going into a 'religion'. Now what an awful light does this one word, so used, throw on the entire state of mind and habits of thought in those ages! That this was 'religion,' and nothing else was deserving of the name! And religion was a title which might not be given to parents and children, husbands and wives, men and women fulfilling faithfully and holily in the world the several duties of their stations, but only to those who had devised self-chosen service for themselves."

Of course, one who is Professor of Divinity in King's College, London, and Examining Chaplain to the Bishop of Oxford, is as well aware as ourselves that Christians, "during the ages of Papal domination," had a religion binding them in love and duty to God and their fellow-men, besides that of the "religious" in "religious houses;" that the sense attached to the word "religion" did not exclude the idea of a service of God, but did essentially include it; and that the word was, and is, used by Catholics, as he describes, not to signify that the persons and houses thus denominated *and they alone* are religious, but because all Catholics being as such, in obligation at least, religious, these are so by a more solemn offering up and devotion of themselves to God. To suppose otherwise would be to do a grievous injustice to the author himself, to the learned body of which he is a professor, and the distinguished prelate whose chaplain he is. He knows all this well; but the Catholics are anti-national, and "we must neglect nothing that will assist us in fostering a national spirit." This preposterous nationalism so blinds him, that he thinks he cannot be wrong in doing to Catholics what (we are sure) he would be amongst the first to denounce as most flagrantly dishonest and unjust if done to any others.

It may be worth observing, before passing on, that Protestants retain the Catholic idea in their use of this word to a much greater extent than Mr. Trench seems to suppose. Five and twenty years ago, if not at the present day, "not to be religious" did not mean "to be without religion;" and many

amongst the lower classes may be heard now to avow unhesitatingly that they are of "no religion;" and then go on to explain that they never joined any, but read their Bibles at home, and went to hear sometimes one preacher and sometimes another, just where they could get good. Of course, the Catholic is no accidental use, and still less a misuse of the word. It is its Christian use, that which necessarily results from our having a revelation in which there is so much which men cannot receive, except those to whom it is given. Mr. Trench's use is the natural, the classical, and—would that he would consider it—the heathen.

The passage last quoted is immediately followed by another, which we must extract; and it shall be the last with which we will trouble our readers.

"In like manner that 'lewd,' which meant at one time no more than 'lay,' or unlearned,—the 'lewd' people, the lay people,—should come to signify the sinful, the vicious, is not a little worthy of note. How forcibly we are reminded here of that saying of the Pharisees of old: 'This people which knoweth not the law is cursed;' how much of their spirit must have been at work before the word could have acquired this secondary meaning!"

But when was it that this secondary meaning made its appearance? We could scarcely believe our eyes when, on turning to Richardson, which is Mr. Trench's great authority in these matters, we found that it came in at the time of that blessed Reformation, when even Protestant historians are forced to confess that the English fell into a state of most general and fearful depravity. Previously Chaucer could say:

"Ya blessed be alway a lewed man,
That nought but only his beleve can."

Neither "lay" nor "lewd" were terms conveying an idea in any way disrespectful to the minds of our Catholic ancestors. Still, of course the want of learning implied by them was not felt to be a title to respect. Though not a fault, it was a misfortune; a disadvantage that made the talker a babbler. And thus we find in the same writer:

"Thou makest me
So weary of thy veray lewednesse,
That al so wisely God my soul blesse,
Min ere aken of thy drafty (worthless) speche."

This is the only instance given by Richardson of the word being used in a necessarily disparaging sense before the era we have mentioned. Afterwards, it speedily attained its present meaning; and there seems to have been some chance of 'lay' having it too; for Milton speaks of "an unprincipled, unedify'd, and laie-rabble." And Gay says:

“ These indiscretions give a handle
To lewd lay tongues to give us scandal.”

Who, then, have been the haughty Pharisees? the olden Catholic clergy, or the Reformers and their successors? It is sad to remark, too, that not only do the examples in Richardson prove what we have said, but he pointedly remarks, that the present use of the word is ‘modern.’ He, indeed, with others, derives the word from an Anglo-Saxon, that means to mislead, or beguile; which, he thinks (not very wisely), makes it nearly equivalent to wicked. But the passages he gives us do not show us the word once used in that sense; and this is a fully sufficient answer to the unsupported supposition. ‘Lewd’ having been supposed by the Protestant lexicographer to be derived from a root that answers (be it remembered) to its modern sense, and to that only; and ‘lay’ or ‘lewd’ found to have been anciently used indifferently,—‘lay’ has been thought to have also come from the same root as ‘lewed’; and thus the clergy, we are desired to conclude, looked on all who were not of their order, as beguiled, misled people, and gave them a name that signified this. If, however, we reverse this process—and there is no etymological reason why we should not—and examine ‘lay’ first, and argue from ‘lay’ to ‘lewd,’ we arrive at a very different conclusion. A ‘layman’ is a man who sings ‘lays,’ a word signifying in old times not only the metrical ballad, but also whistling, and every kind of low humming sound that had tune in it. Evidently, therefore, our ancestors had observed that great distinction between the learned and the unlearned, that the latter whistled as he went for want of thought, hummed some tune, or sang a strain of some ballad, while the former “solitude in silence, seldom less alone than when alone,” did not speak unless he thought he could do so to good purpose; and hence they gave the latter a name descriptive of this peculiarity. ‘Lewd,’ used in the same sense as ‘lay,’ is doubtless of like origin; and with all due deference to those who are learned in Anglo-Saxon and its kindred dialects, we would hazard the conjecture that if a draughtsman be one who draws, a lewd man may have been one who sang lays. This view of the matter is consistent with what we know was the character of the old Catholic clergy, and also with the remains of their literature that have come down to us.

Meanwhile we are forgetting Mr. Trench. There are other passages in his work painfully exemplifying the arrogance and virulence with which he regards every thing connected with us. Accustomed as we are to the display of a great deal of this on all sides of us, we are sorry to say that

is, all its circumstances considered, much exceeds that of most. It is intense, violent, unreasoning, unscrupulous; it is Orange. And yet Mr. Trench is really all that we said of him at first, and we dare say much more; but being a Nationalist, and feeling himself called on to "devise some means for preventing the spread of the Roman Catholic religion," he is made to forget what is due to himself, to his station, and to us. What a sacrifice to make for the furtherance of the unhallowed cause! What demon has required it of him? "And taking his eldest son that should have reigned in his stead, he offered him for a burnt-offering upon the wall; and there was great indignation throughout Israel; and they straightway departed from him, and returned into their own land."

OUR PICTURE IN THE CENSUS.

Census of Great Britain, 1851. Religious Worship in England and Wales. Report and Tables presented to both Houses of Parliament, by Command of her Majesty. 1853.

So we have been numbered. We have been told long ago by a great public instructor, that we are a nation habitually addicted to arithmetic; and now the Registrar-General and his merry men, and that king of men, Mr. Horace Mann, have gone into figures for us in our decennial census to a most gratifying extent. It is something to be an arithmetical nation; but to be arithmetic itself is more than the most ardent Cockers could have thought of. We have become figures. We have been pounded into fractions. Our numerators have been Mr. Horace Mann and the 30,610 lesser men all over the country, who have been employed in obtaining the "exact and faithful picture of the religious state of England and Wales." And the denominators have been no less than five-and-thirty "Christian Churches," according to the Registrar's-office definition (for we suppose that a definition does exist there) of a Christian Church, besides isolated bodies, which have obstinately, and contrary to all sound arithmetic, refused to have any denominator, although compulsorily enjoying a numerator. We have been squared and cubed, and have had all manner of roots extracted out of us; most of them very bitter. We have been put into pews and sittings, and we Catholics have been specially put into standings. And having been worked backwards and forwards, no doubt to the content of the popular religious heart, we offer to astonished Christendom such a spectacle of religious figures, analysis, and

synthesis, as must realise the wildest hopes of the office and the nation. We must actually be giving food to an unknown number of calculating boys. The religious worship "Supplement" is also a supplement to all "Tutors' Assistants;" and every Mr. Feeder, B.A., must have begun the duties of this new year with a new store of examples, and a liveliness of arithmetical *pose plastique* which will terminate the lives of many little Pauls. In short, as a supplement to the great blue book of British life and death, has been issued a brown book about religious worship in England and Wales. And this has been condensed (also officially) into a pale green book, published by Routledge at a shilling, for universal consumption. We utterly reject to-day all consideration of the blue book, and are going to addict ourselves once more to the brown and the green.

But before entering upon the theology of the office of the Registrar-General, we beg to submit to the numerators, and to all non-Catholic denominators and denominations (except, as we suppose we *must* except on this point, the schismatic Greek Church), the following scriptural difficulty; for a difficulty we think it *ought* to be to them. Have these gentlemen and societies sufficiently considered the 24th chapter of what is called in their Bibles the Second Book of Samuel?

"And the anger of the Lord was again kindled against Israel, and stirred up David among them, saying: 'Go number Israel and Juda. And the king said to Joab, the general of his army: Go through all the tribes of Israel from Dan to Bersabee, and number ye the people, that I may know the number of them. And Joab said to the king . . . what meaneth my lord the king by this kind of thing? But the king's words prevailed . . . and Joab gave up the sum of the number of the people to the king. But David's heart struck him after the people were numbered: and David said to the Lord, I have sinned very much in what I have done: but I pray Thee, O Lord, to take away the iniquity of Thy servant, because I have done exceeding foolishly. . . . And the Lord sent a pestilence upon Israel, from the morning unto the time appointed: and there died of the people from Dan to Bersabee seventy thousand men."

According to the usual handling of Holy Scripture by Protestant expounders, we should be glad to hear a *religious theory* of the census of England and Wales. There was one thing that David did *not* do. He made no inquiry into the religious worship of the Jebusites. And in his census there is no allusion whatever to any denominational or connexional arrangements. The case of Core, Dathan, and Abiron was not forgotten in a nation which lived under the immediate influence of the presence of God. And probably the terrific

particularity with which that awful scene is related in the Book of Numbers, had quenched all desire for a census of religious worship, severed from the only worship which God had instituted. David sinned grievously in the sight of God ; but he did not do this. He slew them. This was his first business on capturing Sion. We are not drawing any inference ; we only mention these circumstances, recorded in the Old Testament, as things worthy of Protestant attention. But this is a digression.

Mr. Horace Mann has authenticated, in his own person and calling, the statement of Pope. He, Mr. Horace Mann, has actually become "the proper study of mankind." His figures, as they bear upon us, are (no doubt undesignedly) utterly fallacious ; and we protest against them. They are, however, conclusive against all who furnished them, and do not protest against them ; and so of his statements generally. And it must be admitted that this gentleman has never been drawn away from his luxurious riot in figures, to give any direct intimation of any peculiarities of belief prevalent in the office whose servant he has been. Father Newman has described, as only Father Newman can, the prejudiced man. It is now our delightful lot to have discovered a man who is the precise opposite of that character. He describes himself as "indulging a hope that his remarks are free from bias ;" "that he has been describing fairly the opinions of others, but not presuming to express his own." It is the ambition of many persons to veil from their hearers or readers the knowledge of what sort of minister they sit under. Mr. Horace Mann has gone a step further ; he has veiled this usual formula. But we assure him that we perfectly understand him ; and we freely own that we remain in most complete ignorance of the nature of the minister, if any, under whom he has elected to sit. We pronounce him to be pre-eminently "the unprejudiced man."

In what follows, then, we propose briefly to tell those readers of the *Rambler* who have not plunged into the brown or the pale green book—or having done so, may like to hear a little more of them—something about the several denominations in England and Wales, and something about the Catholic Church ; and then, recollecting that divine authority which tells us that by their fruits we shall know them, we will give, on Protestant authority, a specimen of what has come upon England since she has been given over to those societies which, in the theology of the office, are described as "Christian Churches."

Contrary to the usual practice of dramatic entertainments, we shall produce the ludicrous and absurd—in short, the great original farce of England—first. Mr. Mann, the real epic successor of ἄναξ ἀνδρῶν of Homer, will see that we are using him according to the constitutional rights of the republic of letters. He has given us his epic: we have from his immortal pen an English and Welsh Iliad: he has sung, as no one else has sung, the fatal rage:

Οὐλομένην, ἣ μυρ' Ἀχαιοὶς ἄλγε' ἔθηκε.

—we dread to quote the next line, and will not. And we, finding such a composition ready to our hands, are going to give a dramatic life to it. He will, we are sure, at once hail us as allies; and in his next Iliad he may perhaps catalogue us with a little more attention to our leaders and our localities, as well as our numbers: he must not forget his model in the Homeric census in Iliad B.

We look upon the publication of this census of religious worship as the first great official enunciation of unbelief. Of course it does not profess to be this; for the expression “religious worship,” absurd as it is, means to say, if it means any thing, that the worshippers believe something. Nevertheless, we maintain that the book is, as we have said, a great expression of unbelief; and it is the first of this character that has ever appeared in England. Our separated Anglican brethren may refer indeed to numberless instances of individual unbelief, and to a pretty prevalent latitudinarianism throughout the country for a very long period past,—a latitudinarianism which has been gradually and steadily widening ever since the time of the Reformation. Elizabeth, who unchained the devil, smarted under him, and could not repress him. Her successor, in spite of the Savoy conference, and the new version of the Bible, and in spite of burning a couple of heretics, in a generous rivalry with the great occidental star who had preceded him,

“*Sol occubuit, nox nulla secuta est,*”

was utterly beaten, and died in good time for himself. Charles I., Laud, and Strafford, and most of the Protestant bishops, fought hard against their enemy; but it was too much for them, and we all know the result. After eight-and-twenty years of restoration and bitter contests, the turbulent spirit triumphed; and Dutch William set his heel upon all the false ideas of the supernatural in Protestant establishments. And so we arrive, by a most natural and inevitable process, at the snug paragraphs which describe the Protestant Establishment, which is the leading member of a good division according to money. It is the one “endowed” Protestant Church; the leading ideas

of the Report being "endowed" and "unendowed." "The Revolution," says this last and greatest authority, "settled the Established Church upon its present basis." It certainly did; moreover, it produced men who, if they could have had their way, would have reformed out of the Protestant Prayer-book the poor remains of what had been pillaged from Catholic devotions, and would have anticipated the present spirit of the age. But although these men failed in their purpose, they nevertheless communicated their spirit to their Establishment, and produced those wonders of unbelief in regard to the most sacred objects of Christian faith, the wonder of which is now beginning to be swallowed up in their universal prevalence. Many of our readers will recollect that stern and affecting preface which the great Butler, the profoundest thinker on religion whom English Protestantism has produced, put before his work on the *Analogy of Religion*, a work which leads directly and logically to the embracing of the Catholic religion, although that brilliant mind did not, in writing at least, carry his fine argument to its just conclusion; there are those who think that in his last days he, in his own person, *did* accept it. However, be this as it may, Butler actually thought it necessary in that preface to warn the infidel nation in which he lived, that there might after all be something in Christianity; and we may be allowed to give a very striking instance of the necessity and appositeness of this warning. There was in the last century a man named Conyers Middleton. He was a man of mark; he was public librarian at Cambridge. He held more than one benefice, and died a beneficed minister of the established religion; though not, we are told—without exciting wonder on our part—a very constant attendant on the services of that religion. He went to Rome, and wrote a foolish, impudent, and lying "Letter from Rome, showing an exact conformity between Popery and Paganism," a work which has been the pattern and inspiration of subsequent libellers, such as Hobart Seymour, for example, who refers to him. Now Middleton's account of that awful history which we find in Genesis, commonly known as the fall of man, is as follows:

"I will grant it" (the account of the Fall) "to come from Moses, and that *Moses was commissioned by God to write it*; yet this makes no difference in the case, because the matter of the whole story, *whether it be inspired or not*, is absolutely inconsistent with the character of an historical narration, and must ever convince all who consider it without prejudice, that it is wholly fabulous or allegorical, and that Moses' commission was accommodated on this occasion, as it is allowed to have been on many others, to the prevailing taste and customs of the nations around him. . . . Thus,

the plantation of a Paradise for the habitation of men; the tree of life, and the tree of the knowledge of good and evil in the midst of it; the expulsion of Adam out of it after his fall; the cherubim and flaming sword, placed as a guard to it; God coming down to walk in it, in the cool of the day; Adam hiding himself among the trees from the sight of God; the discourse of the serpent, and the curse pronounced upon him by God, and upon the ground itself; must all be considered as a mere eastern fable, from which no other lesson or doctrine can be inferred than what I have already intimated. . . . This, I say, is the whole which we can *rationaly* collect from the Mosaic account of the fall; but, *to draw divine and literal prophecies out of a mere fable*, and to treat it as the support of all religion in the antediluvian world, and the foundation of all the prophetic evidence which the Christian religion has, is more likely to weaken than confirm the authority of Christianity; and deserves rather to be ranked among the dreams of visionaries and enthusiasts, than considered as the suggestion of sober sense and reason.”*

We put it to any moderate-minded man, whether Christianity could be expected to survive such statements as these; whether, in fact, there is any, the slightest, claim upon us to exercise the courtesy of considering a religion and a nation Christian, which could maintain to the last as one of its benefited ministers such a man as this, and receive with approbation, and purchase a handsome octavo edition of his works, on the title-page of which he is described as the Reverend and Learned Conyers Middleton? Did he and his fellow-Protestants, then, expect that persons would accept his statement, that Moses was commissioned by God to write a lie; and yet at the same time believe that there was any truth whatever in man's ever having fallen from innocence into sin? Or, that there ever arose a necessity for an atonement, and the victorious cross of Christ? No: he expected no such thing. The warning which Butler had given several years before, was at once needed and useless. Middleton and his readers, the polite infidels of George the Second's court—that court of which Lord Hervey, with posthumous benevolence, has made us masters—and the rural parsons, “much bemus'd in beer,” were all united in treating with the utmost indifference, if not with contempt, the sacred mysteries of Revelation, until the Methodists came to the rescue, and insisted upon maintaining *some* belief in Jesus.

In 1772, things had naturally got a little further. We will quote now from an essay entitled “Church Parties,” which has been lately reprinted from the *Edinburgh Review* for last October, and which (a subsequent newspaper squabble

* Vol. v. pp. 230, 231, ed. 1755, London.

has informed us) is written by Mr. Conybeare, son of the Dean of Llandaff; so we quote from a writer of some authority, we suppose, on such subjects.

"In the last century," says Mr. Conybeare, "the *comprehensive Christianity* (!) of Tillotson and Burnet degenerated into the worldliness of the Sadducean Hoadley.* And the unbelieving petitioners of the Feathers' Tavern represented the opinions of many hundreds of their brethren, whose scepticism was manifested, not by public protests, but by silent neglect of their duties, and selfish devotion to their interests." Mr. Conybeare adds this note—

"In 1772, 250 clergymen presented this Feathers' Tavern Petition to Parliament. Its prayer was that the petitioners might be 'relieved' from subscription to the Thirty-nine Articles, 'and restored to their rights, as Protestants, of interpreting Scripture for themselves, without being bound by any human explications thereof.' The whole petition, which is too long to quote here, is the most naïve avowal of dishonesty on record, and leaves the modern advocates of a 'non-natural sense' far behind. Paley, in the pamphlet which he published in defence of these petitioners, acknowledges that they 'continue in the Church, without being able to reconcile to their belief every proposition imposed upon them by subscription;' and speaks of them as 'impatient under the yoke' (*Paley's Collected Works*, p. 362). This pamphlet was published anonymously at the time; and it is said that, when Paley was himself urged to sign the petition, on the ground that he 'was bound in conscience' to do so, he replied that he 'was too poor to keep a conscience.'"

And in another note, on the same page, he gives this further information:

"Hoadley defends (in his *Reasonableness of Conformity*) the practice of signing the Articles without believing them. Hume's correspondence contains his reply to a young clergyman who had confessed his disbelief in Christianity, and asked the philosopher's advice. Hume recommends him 'to adhere to the ecclesiastical profession, in which he may have so good a patron, for civil employments for men of letters can scarcely be found. It is putting too great a respect on the vulgar, and on their superstitions, to pique oneself on sincerity with regard to them. The ecclesiastical profession only adds a little more to the innocent dissimulation, without which it is impossible to pass through the world.' (*Burton's Hume*, vol. ii. p. 187.) Scott's *Force of Truth* is a remarkable autobiography of a man who was ordained on the same principles."†

By infamies like those now recited on Protestant evidence

* The Catholic will recollect what the Sadducees taught, but may need to be told that Hoadley was Protestant Bishop of Bangor and Sarum and Winton.

† Catholics may require to have it mentioned that this Scott is the man who wrote a ponderous "Commentary" on the Bible, and is now known among the Evangelicals as "the Commentator."

alone, the sacred sanction of religious belief was not indeed lost, but was brought to actual derision. And hence grew up every variety of error and misbelief. Christendom saw, and saw without surprise—and Christendom will now see, but scarcely without some surprise in foreign countries, we think—the termination of one era of infidelity in another; under the influence of which last all variations of misbelief actually obtain a public recognition, by state authority, as “Christian Churches.” The Report before us takes up latitudinarianism as it finds it in 1851; and bestows, as far as it can bestow, the name of “Christian Church” upon every one of the broken cisterns set up in England to mock the thirst of those who have missed their way to the only fountain of living water. The names of these Christian Churches, of those at least which are Protestant, are, the Church of England; Presbyterians; Independents; Baptists,—Baptists General, New Connexion, Particular, Seventh Day, Scotch Baptists, and Baptists undefined; Society of Friends; Unitarians; Moravians; Wesleyan Methodists, six sorts; Calvinistic Methodists, two sorts; Sandemanians; New Church; Brethren; Catholic and Apostolic Church—that is to say, the followers of the late Mr. Irving, who decline (it seems) to be called Protestants; Latter-day Saints, or Mormons; Isolated Congregations, “without the formal coalescence which is requisite to constitute a sect;” and seven sorts of foreign “Churches;” besides the Jews, who are described as being “a nation and a church at once,” a definition which we think it probable that St. Paul would not have sanctioned. But this is a drop in the ocean of heresy which is surging around us. We propose to say a few words about the principal of these Churches, and will begin with the Established “Church,” which, even on Protestant grounds, it would be utterly ridiculous, after this census, to describe as “the Church of England.” Of course, it never was supposed to be so by ourselves; but we should think that even its friends, if candid-minded persons, could scarcely venture to speak of it as such for the future.

The Report gives us a summary of the history of what *was* the Church of England; viz. the Church in this country previous to the pretended Reformation. We are informed that “Christianity, when introduced among the Saxons, at once assumed an organised character;” and that this character “was of course, accordant with the episcopal model to which the missionaries were themselves attached.” We wonder where these missionaries came from. Did they come from any one of the Protestant “Christian Churches” here enumerated? Did they profess Presbyterianism, or Independency, or Anabaptism, or

any such thing? We think it would have been candid, to say the least, to have added, in a work destined for universal circulation, that these missionaries came from *ultra montes*, as Christianity itself did, and that their sender was a Pope. We learn from the Venerable Bede,* whose authority we lean to even under the affliction of the silence of Mr. Horace Mann, that King Lucius sent to *Rome*, between the years 177 and 181, a request that he might be admitted within the pale of Christianity. Pope Eleutherius immediately began a "Papal Aggression"—the first—and sent missionaries, who succeeded with the Britons better than their successors do with Protestants. There was no platform-oratory; no shabby Picts or Scots set themselves up against Popery and Prelacy. The thing was done here as elsewhere; and our British forefathers acknowledged their Master in heaven by submission to His Vicar on earth. So, again, when the Saxon invasion rendered another Papal aggression necessary, Pope Gregory dispatched, in 596, from the monastery on the Cœlian Hill, so well-known and so dear to Englishmen, our St. Austin, who established Christianity once more, as it remained, with the exception of poor Cranmer's time, till the death of Cardinal Pole, the last successor of St. Augustine. So, also, it would have been candid to mention that the division of this country into dioceses was effected by the authority and under the direction of the Holy See; and that by the same authority the character of some dioceses was altered from time to time; for example, Lichfield was made an archbishopric by Pope Adrian in the year 787, and again reduced to a bishopric by Pope Leo in the year 799. But, as far as the Report is concerned, these missionaries, of whom it speaks as being "attached to the episcopal model," might have sprung up, like the stones of Deucalion and Pyrrha, without knowing how they got here, or how they became attached to the episcopal model, or who gave them episcopacy.

However, deficient as the Report is in its account of the Church of England before the Reformation, it gives us plenty of statistics as to the established religion now. We find that it possesses "14,077 existing churches, chapels, and other buildings;" and this number of buildings—far the greater number of which, it must be recollected, are Catholic buildings merely held by the burglarious tenure of "Reformation" spoliation—give an amount of what is called "accommodation" in the proportion of one church to every 1296 persons. But this is the old territorial idea, and gives no just impression of the number of persons who actually enter those churches.

* Dr. Lingard, *Anglo-Saxon Church*, vol. i. p. 2, et seq.

And in justice to the Report, it must be admitted that no concealment is attempted on this point. It speaks with equal distinctness also concerning the revenues of the Establishment, which it describes as probably being, in 1851, considerably upwards of five millions per annum. And here the question instantly rises in the mind, not only of a Catholic, but of every fair and justice-loving Protestant, Whence do these revenues come?

The Report gives the distribution of the revenues in 1831, when they were much less than they are supposed to be now, as follows :

	£.
Bishops	181,631
Deans and Chapters	360,095
Parochial Clergy	3,251,159
Church Rates	500,000
Total	<hr/> £4,292,885

Now we are aware that, by the same parliament which instituted Protestant bishops and can unmake them again, the revenues of some of the sees which have attracted public attention by their vastness, and by the manner in which they were disposed of, have been curtailed and re-arranged. But yet, after all, the Report informs us that the aggregate amount of revenue in 1851 exceeded that of 1831 by nearly, if not quite, a million. This is comfortable, even if we withdraw the 500,000*l.* of church-rates, as the country will now no doubt do, year by year, in consequence of the final decision of the Braintree case in the House of Lords.

As the established religion is the only one of the "Christian Churches" in this country possessing a state endowment, before going on to say a few words about the statistics of the others, we will add a little to the Report in the shape of a supplement to the revenue-part, compiled from Protestant sources; and we will then give what can hardly be called a supplement to the Report on the Established Church; for in the Report there is no vestige of the topic: nevertheless, it is an important one; we mean, the subdivisions of the Established "Church" itself; the omission of which we will, to some extent, supply from the same sources.

Our friend, the Protestant occupant of the see of Durham, whose name will go down to posterity, for good or evil, as the provoker and cause of what has been called from him "the Durham Letter," has come out since that date in the character of a most able financier. It appears, from a leading article on the Marquis of Blandford's bill in the *Times* in April 1853, which professes to gain its details from a parlia-

mentary paper (No. 400 of the Session 1851), that the Bishop was entitled to 8000*l.* a-year, and no more. No more! The *Times* then goes on thus:

“ Well, in July of the year 1836 the bishop transmitted certain accounts to the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, and said [we give his own words], ‘ I do not send these documents with a view of obtaining any increase to the sums which the Commissioners, after due deliberation, have assigned to the bishopric of Durham, but that they may consider and direct what deductions are in reason to be made from the gross sums received, so that a fair average of 8000*l.* per annum shall remain, as they propose.’ Confessedly and avowedly then, it was the bishop’s sole object in 1836 to bargain for and secure this clear income, though among the data furnished for that purpose figure some charges for outgoings theretofore customary in the see, of the following most unapostolical character :

PARK, MANORS, AND MOORS.

	£.	s.	d.
Auckland park and gamekeeper	101	0	0
Merrington gamekeeper	58	6	6
Two permanent watchers at Auckland	78	0	0
Weredale gamekeeper	80	0	0
Two permanent watchers on the moors	80	0	0
Additional watchers during the grouse season	172	15	0
Sundry extra expenses attending this department	40	0	0
The chapel at Auckland Castle	15	0	0
The gardens, lawns, grass-walks	490	19	2
Total	1116	0	8

“ Only 15*l.* worth of bread to all this intolerable quantity of sack !”

Our friend the *Times* thus at last falls out with our other friend, Dr. Malby. Alas! there is a class of society, the interior falling out of which portends, it is said, the recovering of honest men’s goods; but we must not allow our hopes to get the better of our conviction of present realities. The See of Durham, suppressed and destined to pillage by Edward VI. and his robber-crew, was refounded and rescued from destruction by Queen Mary, and is thus doubly a Catholic foundation. In 1836, the man who was to be made the stalking-horse of Lord John Russell’s incendiary letter, was paying 1101*l.* 0*s.* 8*d.* for game-keeping and grouse-watching, and gardens, lawns, and grass-walks; and for the service of his chapel at Auckland, 15*l.* “ Fifteen pounds’ worth,” as the *Times* says, thinking of Shakespeare and Falstaff, “ of bread.” Yes, let a Catholic imagine what would be the relative expenses of the chapel of a true bishop of Dunelm, and his gardens, lawns, grass-walks, and game. Wine, wax, incense, altar-breads; decorations constantly fresh; splendid vestments, such as become the ser-

vice of God, constantly renewed; doles to the poor never-ending while there were any to receive: these things, would swell the chapel-items to a considerably larger figure, and would probably be met more than half-way by a diminution in those for gardens, lawns, grass-walks, and game. But our friends have not concluded their quarrel. It appears, from the same authority, that the customary out-goings for the permanent watchers on the moors, and the additional watchers during the grouse-season, and the 490*l.* 19*s.* 2*d.* for the gardens, &c. were *disallowed* by the ecclesiastical commissioners, who had now been put in possession of power over Dr. Maltby and his revenues. "Possibly," says the *Times*, "they thought that such night-watchings were more fit for the dignity of a count palatine than a successor of the Apostles, and that 80*l.* a-year would be more episcopally bestowed upon one curate than upon a couple of gamekeepers." In short, he was to have his 8000*l.* a-year, and pay over the surplus revenues of the see to the commissioners. Nevertheless, the *Times*, after going into figures a good deal as to Dr. Maltby's finance, says that they have been thus circumstantial, because it is

"indispensable that we (*The Times*) should produce the most unassailable proofs in charging one of the highest and most highly-paid dignitaries of the Establishment, with knowingly, wilfully, and perseveringly taking and keeping more than what the legislature assigned for him, and *more than what the rules of morality and honour would allow to him*. The amount of this excess, according to the bishop's own returns of his net receipts, we recently stated to be 74,000*l.*, and the bishop is silent under the accusation. . . . Can he deny that his conscience has been the feeble and unresisting captive of his purse, that his love of money has openly triumphed over principle, and his selfishness prevailed over the claims upon him as a Christian minister, and his obligations as an English prelate? If not, the more is the pity, the degradation, and the shame; and we can only hope that the system which has produced such results may soon be annihilated for ever." *Et tu, Brute!*

Our readers will not consider us as exceeding the bounds of charity, if we give our cordial assent to this excellent hope. Our space will not allow us to go into the details of an earlier proceeding of Dr. Maltby, giving an earnest of the great financial skill, which the higher elevation of Durham has matured and perfected; but the curious reader may find it in a leading article of the *Times*, on the 3d of August, 1853. We pass on to another specimen, which will be interesting to our numerous readers in Manchester. They know their beautiful collegiate church (we will not allow ourselves to call it a cathedral). It was founded in its present state (that is to say,

as a collegiate church) in the year 1421, by Thomas Lord de la Warre, in order that Divine office, might be daily celebrated in it for the health of the souls of King Henry V., the Bishop of Coventry and Lichfield, and Thomas Lord de la Warre, living and dead, and for the health of the souls of their progenitors and all the faithful departed. This church, after many vicissitudes, has lately been made a Protestant bishopric, and the warden and fellows have been turned into a dean and canons. These gentlemen, in the midst of such a place as Manchester, have refused to work; but have simultaneously continued to receive a very large annual revenue. The *Times* of December 22d, 1853, after giving an account of the foundation, in which it incidentally appears that Thomas Lord de la Warre built the church "at a further cost of some 60,000*l.* of present currency, and not obtained from the improved management or misrepresented value of church estates, nor intercepted from any common fund, but derived entirely from his own private revenues," goes on to furnish the following delightful account of the present usurping occupants of Thomas Lord de la Warre's bountiful and pious foundations:

"We have only to add, that the property of this body is now rated at some 34,000*l.* a year; that the dean and canons, the successors of the warden and fellows, have claimed an exemption from the cure of souls of the 450,000 parishioners, insisting that it belongs to two persons whom they call vicars, and to whom they were annually paying 17*l.* 10*s.* each, while their advocate was describing the people of Manchester as unrivalled in the art of cutting down, clipping, and economising; and that in the observations of the chapter on a petition against this state of things, it was asserted that by an original charter the warden had a cure of souls, *not of the parishioners*, but of the rest of the collegiates. . . . And lastly, that while the dean and canons were enjoying the parochial revenues, and repudiating the parish duties, its working clergy were receiving an annual average of 70*l.* or 80*l.* each, and some of them labouring for less than the men of low cunning but unrivalled clipping paid their packers and porters, their cotton-spinners, their mechanics, and their artisans. In short, the Church system at Manchester, *as in other cathedral cities*, was simply this, that those clergymen who received the largest pay had the smallest labour, and those who got the least pay did the most work."

What should we do without the *Times*? It abuses us, but we can afford to bear the abuse. And an hour with Dr. Maltby, bishop, and with the canons, occupants of the church of Thomas Lord de la Warre, and other such intervals of truth-telling (and we are bound to admit that they are many), make us al-

most forget the bitterness of Durham letters, and our weekly share of the less truthful hours of Printing-House Square. We could fill our pages with the history of similar cases, narrated by this journal on the same unimpeachable evidence ; but we must close this part of our case, our humble Supplement to the Report before us, as far as it treats of the revenues of the Establishment. Durham, Manchester, and every cathedral in England, or rather, every foundation that once was such, must one day or other in the person of its occupants—in this world, or the next, or in both—give an account of the hateful malversations which excite the contempt and indignation of even non-participating Protestants, but to the eyes of Christendom are beyond Protestant imagination revolting and loathsome.

We now go on to supply the omission of which we have already spoken. The Established "Church" is presented in the Report in the attitude in which it is viewed by its master and tyrant, the State ; it is represented, by a fiction which has ceased to be harmless, if it ever was so, as one united body. There are men called bishops, others called priests, others called deacons. They have sees, and benefices, and dignities. And the Lazarus of a curacy may hope, in virtue of some unseen destiny, or the blessing which by rare mistake occasionally distinguishes modest merit, to arrive at that Protestant elevation of purple and fine linen, which, as we have just seen, calls forth such brilliant feats of finance. But it has been long, very long, well-known that, in fact, the Established "Church" is no more than an aggregation of sects, tied together by the loose wisp of thirty-nine contradictory Articles, and the golden rivets of "the upwards of 5,000,000*l.* a-year." We have already referred to that generally able essay called *Church Parties*, which has created so considerable an amount of sensation among these aggregated, but really dissenting, sections of the Establishment. We shall now have recourse to it again, to describe, upon very respectable Protestant authority, and without any additions of our own, the existing state of those antagonistic sects which we will not say compose, but divide, the Established "Church." A year or two ago—we forget the exact date, but it was some time during the heat of the Gorham dilemma—we were, we candidly admit, surprised for once at finding, in a leading article in the *Times*, a large party in the Established "Church" described as "*the Broad Church*." We thought this simply one of the passing platitudes that are occasionally engendered under the midnight-oil of Printing-House Square. It appears, however, that the division is actively adopted ; and we find the term prominently

put forward in this essay as representing what the author evidently considers the preferable part of the Establishment. The state of things brought to light by this pamphlet is certainly most extraordinary. The census presents to us a body of open and avowed divisions, called "Christian Churches," and the Establishment as one of these. But now it turns out, on Mr. Conybeare's showing, that the Establishment itself is subdivided exactly as follows :

High Church	{	Anglican . . .	3500
		Tractarian . . .	1000
		"High and Dry" . . .	2500
Low Church	{	Evangelical . . .	3300
		Recordite . . .	2500
		"Low and Slow" . . .	700
Broad Church	{	Theoretical . . .	1000
		Anti-theoretical . . .	2500

and about 1000 peasant clergy in the mountain districts, who must be classed apart.

Eight sects, besides the "peasant clergy," who, we suppose, have no souls and no opinions! Except upon some such supposition, their occurrence, as enumerated here, is no better as a logical division, than if we were to divide the human race into men, women, and Protestant bishops of Durham. We shall be more logical and charitable ; and we shall consider the "peasant clergy" to be at least in the possession of their own souls, and to be distributed with rigorous impartiality among the eight organised sects. Of the proceedings of these sects we say nothing at present, for we must pass on to the names of other sects which the Registrar has given us ; and these too we must dispatch with somewhat irreverent haste.

The Wesleyan Methodists of the original connexion appear to possess the largest amount of sittings, viz. 1,447,580 ; and the largest number of meeting-houses, viz. 6579. The Independents come next ; and the isolated congregations, reckoned up together, come next. It is scarcely worth while to spend type and paper upon enumerating the "accommodation" of any more of them,—

Men' cruciet cimex Pantilius?—

But the King of men has evidently been placed in a very tender difficulty. After describing in all his tables with prolix accuracy, and a glibness and redundancy of wording perfectly suffocating, the various Protestant churches, at the foot of the last column in his tabular plans comes this heading, "OTHER CHRISTIAN CHURCHES." He will excuse us for pointing out that this is rather taking his readers at a disadvantage ; for, whereas the first column merely said Protestant churches, this introduces the reader, by implication, to an assent that Pro-

testant churches are Christian. We think it would have been more manly to have faced the difficulty, by at once saying Protestant Christian Churches. But this by the way. Among these "*other Christian Churches*," we discover, first, the Catholic Church, which is described, somewhat loosely and ungrammatically, as "Roman Catholics." In the same division are two, with which our readers are very likely quite unacquainted. They are German Catholics, and the Catholic and Apostolic Church, which we mentioned before as an institution of the late Mr. Edward Irving, a preacher of the Scotch Kirk some five-and-twenty years ago. He was, we have understood, much beloved in private life; and being, we suppose, sick of the incurable dulness and stupidity of the Scotch Kirk, and also persuaded that he had "a mission," originated this new sect, which has accumulated upon itself the ardent hatred of its brother Protestants. Now, although these good people—Iringites, as we must persist in calling them—are quite as much Protestants as any of the rest in their separation from the Catholic Church, yet the title "Catholic and Apostolic Church" was too much for our great numerator; and he obviously felt that to put any thing—for example, the great Westminster sewer—under the head of Protestant Churches, if it only described itself as "the Catholic and Apostolic Church," would puzzle weak brethren. So they accordingly figure among the "*other Christian Churches*." It is due to them to say that, with the exception of the conduct of Mr. Drummond, the speaker of the most offensive speech ever spoken in the House of Commons and also "an apostle" among them, the position of this sect contrasts very favourably with the other developments of private judgment. They have published a prayer-book, pillaged from the Missal and Catholic sources, and also, we believe, from the original deposit of pillage, the Anglican Prayer-book; and as far as we have had time to examine it, their prayer-book is a very superior thing to that put together for the Establishment. They also deserve to be mentioned with respect for the reverence which they show to sacred ideas and sacred places.

The other difficulty of our numerator appeared in the shape of people calling themselves "German Catholics." These are the followers of John Ronge, the priest excommunicated nine years ago by the Bishop of Treves. This gentleman published a profession of faith, which was given in the *Silesian Gazette*, and republished in the *Times* on the 21st February, 1845. It contains the following programme of belief:

"He throws off his 'allegiance to the Bishop of Rome and his whole establishment. The basis and the contents of the Christian

belief are the Bible. The free investigation and interpretation is not to be restrained by external authority.' He 'recognises only two Sacraments as instituted by Christ, Baptism and the Lord's Supper. Auricular confession is rejected.' He rejects 'invocation of Saints,' and what he calls 'adoration of relics and images,' 'the remission of sins by the priests,' and 'all pilgrimages.' He also rejects 'all commands of fasting.' "

He was hailed as a second Luther by the anti-Catholic papers of the time; but in England, at least, has declined to aggregate himself to Lutheranism, and possesses, it appears, one "place of worship." Surely our numerator has done him an injustice. Can any thing be more "sound" and Protestant than the statements which we have culled from his profession? But we suppose the weaker brethren in England were again the cause of John Ronge's association appearing as *another Christian Church*. There is one noticeable circumstance about the Rongeites, which it would be unfair in us to pass over. They are the only sect reported in the census, who on Census-Sunday exceeded the Catholics in the amount of their attendance in proportion to their sittings. The Catholics at Mass on that day—and we cannot repeat too often that, in the Christian Church, this is the only obligatory public service—were 135·8 in attendance to every hundred sittings or other accommodation. This is far beyond the morning attendance of any sect in the list except the Rongeites. The "German Protestant Reformers" come next, and their morning-attendance is 60 per cent. The Established Church is only 47·8. The Rongeites are 166·7. Thus, as the Report observes, "far more is got out of" our churches than out of any corresponding number of chapels belonging to any other religious body, with the single exception just noticed. As compared with the use made of the churches of the Establishment, the use made of ours is nearly treble; and this, if we take into account the attendance on *Sundays* only. But we beg to suggest, if Mr. H. Mann should live, as we truly hope he may, to enjoy the triumphs of another census—if in 1861 he still survives to chronicle fresh additions to the number of "Christian churches"—that instead of a Census-Sunday, he should give us a Census-*Week*, and tell us how his "Christian churches" have managed matters for seven days. But to return to the Rongeites. The attendance of this single congregation we presume to be the result of recollecting what they once had. Ronge was described, at the time when he set up his religion, as giving some small travestie of "a service" at *an altar*; and we presume that his followers in London have continued their morning-attendance at their worship,

because when they were Catholics it had been obligatory on their consciences to go to Mass. It must also be recollected, that in giving their attendance the benefit of a comparison with ours, we are comparing a single congregation, and that a small one, with the multitude of vast outlying and scattered congregations throughout England and Wales. No doubt, if the attendance at any single Catholic church in any town were taken and compared with the attendance of this single Rongeite meeting, the Catholic attendance would be found to exceed it.

Without enumerating their accommodation, and, of course, without pretending to guess their tenets, we will just recite the names of those isolated congregations who are described in the Report as "a great crowd refusing to acknowledge connexion with any particular sect." And we think it quite necessary to assure our readers that we are not joking, and that the names which we are now going to set down are copied literally and *verbatim*, and exactly as they stand in the Report.

"Independents and Baptists, 61 congregations; Independents, Baptists, and Wesleyans, 2 congregations; Independents and Wesleyans, 3 congregations; Independents and Calvinistic Methodists, 1 congregation; Independents and Primitive Methodists, 1 congregation; Baptists and Wesleyans, 2 congregations; Baptists, Wesleyans and Moravians, 1 congregation; Presbyterians and Particular Baptists, 1 congregation; Mixed (constituent sects not stated), 54 congregations; Wesleyan Christian Union, 1 congregation; Neutral, 1 congregation.

"Calvinists, 81 congregations; Calvinists (supralapsarians), 1 congregation; Huntingtonians, 1 congregation; Universalists, 2 congregations; Millenarians, 5 congregations; Predestinarians, 1 congregation; Trinitarian Predestinarians, 1 congregation.

"Christians, 96 congregations; Christian Association, 8 congregations; Orthodox Christians, 1 congregation; New Christians, 1 congregation; Christ's Disciples, 3 congregations; Primitive Christians, 1 congregation; New Testament Christians, 2 congregations; Original Christians, 1 congregation; United Christians, 1 congregation; Gospel Pilgrims, 2 congregations; Free Gospel Christians, 14 congregations; Believers, 1 congregation; Non-Sectarian, 7 congregations; No particular Denomination, 7 congregations; Evangelists, 4 congregations; Gospel Refugees, 1 congregation; Freethinking Christians, 2 congregations.

"Protestant Christians, 3 congregations; Evangelical Protestants, 1 congregation; Protestant Free Church, 1 congregation; Trinitarians, 1 congregation; Protestant Dissenters, 24 congregations; Dissenters, 6 congregations; Evangelical Dissenters, 3 congregations; Episcopalian Seceders, 1 congregation.

"Free Church, 8 congregations; Teetotalers, 1 congregation; Doubtful, 43 congregations; Benevolent Methodists, 1 congrega-

ion; General, 2 congregations; Israelites, 1 congregation; Christian Israelites, 3 congregations; Stephenites, 1 congregation; Ingamites, 9 congregations; Temperance Wesleyans, 1 congregation; Temperance Christians, 1 congregation; Freethinkers, 2 congregations; Rational Progressionists, 1 congregation; Southcottians, 4 congregations."

There are a few outriggers in the shape of "London City Mission," "Railway Mission," and so forth, which are described by the Report as the offspring of the missionary labours of other bodies, and complete the sum-total of the results of that exercise of private judgment and self-reliance which have received the official approbation of the State. Mr. Horace Mann says, "Perhaps in a people like the English, trained to the exercise of private judgment, and inured to self-reliance, absolute agreement on religious subjects never can be realised." We entirely agree with this conclusion. But there was a time when this great nation did possess that absolute agreement which all Christendom still has. And what does the Office mean by '*self-reliance*?' There is an untheological use of the word, which is harmless and honourable. Self-reliance, in relation to things temporal, does wonders. It sends a man into parliament, makes him necessary to a ministry, finds for him energy to face state-difficulties, and gives him place and value in the councils of his sovereign. It leads him to the breach at Badajoz, sends a Nelson round the world after his enemy's fleet, takes him into action in the dead of night, wins Trafalgar or Waterloo. It animates life; and where it fails, all fails. But what is self-reliance in religion? what place has it? what is its aim? what can it do? can it give or explain a Revelation? can it say that the Christian or any religion is true? does it give Divine faith? will it animate the soul in the imminent prospect of eternity? Few spectacles are more appalling than a self-relying dying person. The devil has no greater cheat than to make a man self-relying *then*. But we are always within an instant of death. And if a man may, all his life, have the official Report's self-reliance on his private judgment in choosing his religion, why not when death is clearly at hand? To rely on JESUS, to abandon every idea of self-confidence, to confess our sins, to doubt greatly as to our having any merit,—these are some of the acts, opposite to self-reliance, and destructive of it, which the children of the Catholic Church are trained to practise. And they practise them because they have no original idea of self-reliance. They have thrown themselves into the care of that one divine institution, the Catholic Church, upon which they rely with safety and consolation.

But, Mr. Horace Mann blandly tells us:

“If the preceding sketch has given any adequate idea of the faith and order of the various churches which possess in common the religious area of England, it will probably be seen to what a great extent, amidst so much ostensible confusion and diversity, essential harmony prevails. Especially is this apparent if we limit our regard to Protestant communions, which, indeed, comprise” (*they do not comprise*) “together nineteen-twentieths of our religious population. With respect to these, the differences which outwardly divide are not to be compared with the concordances which secretly, perhaps unconsciously, unite. The former, with but few exceptions, have relation almost wholly to the mere formalities of worship—not to the essential articles of faith.”

That such an enumeration of every shape and variety of heresy should be spoken of in terms like these, that the active exercise of private judgment, in antagonism to the unity of the Church for which Jesus Christ died on Calvary, should be balanced against each other in the hands of Mr. Horace Mann, and should be found of equal weight, exhibits a depth of national religious degradation which other things indeed have told, and which individuals have observed and known, but which has never yet, since the foundation of the Christian Church, been trumpeted forth to the ends of the earth as a possible subject of congratulation. Against this hateful exhibition we, at all events, must enter our protest in common with all the Church of Christ. It was not to institute this most absurd and despicable catalogue of heresies—it was not that souls should be bewildered, captured, deluded, and placed in the most imminent risk of eternal perdition,—that Jesus Christ lived on earth, walked among men, suffered, rose, and ascended into heaven, and instituted His own holy Church, indivisible, and of perpetuity through all days even to the consummation of the world. No: it was not for this. But in spite of these butcheries of the poor sheep for whom the Great Shepherd laid down His life, in spite of their chronicling by registrars, in spite of the applause of an unhappy and infidel people, which outrages God every day with a knowledge and a flagrancy beyond that of paganism,—in spite of these things, there is still in England that one true Church; still, amid all discouragements, trials, and persecutions, continuing to do its work, by bringing thousands of souls to God every year, which will be found registered in books whose verdict will be unimpeachable. And it is with a feeling of great relief that we turn to speak of this Catholic Church. It is—to put the thing in a very low way—like looking at some solemn ancient picture, after having been stunned by the scream-

ings and vexed with the contortions of a street Punch. We have looked with great interest to see what picture of the Catholic Church Mr. Horace Mann would give, "to set before the queen" and parliament. We regret to say that "the whole duty of man" has not been fulfilled in this department. There are great sins of omission. Our numerator quotes from a little book entitled "Catholic Statistics, 1823 to 1853." He therefore had the information before him, and we find it difficult to make excuses for him. Our readers, not familiar with the Report, will be surprised to hear that, in the official description of "Roman Catholics," no mention occurs either of Pope or bishop. Yet it has long been felt by our enemies as a peculiarity and a difficulty of our case, that we possessed both. And a tolerably large share of the Session of 1851 was devoted to considering whether our bishops should be allowed by law to call themselves by their right titles. However, the knot is cut here. We are actually described in a way which must deprive us of all social acerbity in the minds of the frequenters of Exeter Hall and all its dens. We are neither Papal nor Episcopal. But,—O naughty Mr. Mann, when those people find you out, they won't like you any the better for it; it was well meant, no doubt; but would it not have been better to tell the truth at once?—Here, in this very little book from which you quote, you had a pretty little table, more prettily printed than any of your little tables in your Report, containing the name, diocese, date of consecration, and residence of thirteen bishops of this England and Wales, besides the names of two other bishops not now holding sees in this country. And every one of these bishops was made bishop, and was appointed to his diocese, by the Pope. Nay, on the very cover of this little book are the arms of his Eminence Cardinal Wiseman, under a mitre, and supported by two angels. Three other tables in the same book, of all of which you have made use, show the number, not of chapels only, but of churches and chapels, both before the establishment of the hierarchy and since. We think that a fair and honest use of the little book would have increased the historical value of the Report, even if it had failed in satisfying a present and, in our opinion, most unworthy purpose. But all these particulars, and much more, the world knows without the aid of our king of men. Christendom, scouting all impostor-bishops, knows, recognises, and venerates the English Catholic hierarchy. In all ends of the earth its acts are received with respect, and its jurisdiction instantly acknowledged as valid. The decrees of the Synod of Westminster, held at Oscott, have been ratified by the successor of St. Peter, and

are now the provincial canon-law of England. Nay, more, if we are not misinformed, they have been recommended by his Holiness himself to the hierarchy of a neighbouring Catholic country, as an admirable model to be followed. And when that great prelate and prince of the Church, Cardinal Wiseman, returned to the centre of Christendom on a recent visit, he took in his own person to the feet of the Vicar of Jesus Christ, the most complete submission and dependence, in all spiritual matters, of every Catholic in England and Wales. We are not going to tell a twice-told tale. We need not say any thing to our own readers about our dioceses, or churches, or clergy. They know where to find these details; and it would seem the Protestants know where to find them too, only they will not always use them when found. We have only to beg Mr. Horace Mann, or any other Protestant of his or any other views, to go to Southwark, or Nottingham, or Birmingham, or Salford,—we mention these places because there cathedral churches already exist, and are in use,—and if these gentlemen will visit any of these cathedrals at any of the great festivals of the Christian Church, they may there see the Catholic bishop of the diocese celebrating the great act of the Christian religion with all the majestic and religious ceremonial practised by Christendom. They will see a bishop absolutely without any state support; having no manors, none even of those which Ridley surrendered to the pious rapacity of his sovereign lord and master, yet still a bishop. It frequently happens that he has no means of support whatever but the alms of the faithful. Should Birmingham be the place chosen by our numerator and his friends for their holiday ramble, they may see a bishop, who actually has been in prison within the last two years for obligations not contracted by himself; and the whole aggregate of whose property, real and personal, together with that of one of his clergy who shared his imprisonment, reached, and only reached, the sum of two hundred pounds. Probably it would be doubted at Durham whether such a man could really be a bishop at all; whether St. Peter could actually have designed to confer the divine gifts of apostolic succession upon a person possessing something less than two hundred pounds capital—and no manors. Nevertheless, we assure our numerator that he will actually see a bishop, and that that bishop is actually supported, and will continue to be supported, in frugal dignity, by the humble but increasing contributions of those who love his authority and himself. We can only hope, further, that it may be our good fortune to meet this holiday-party in whichever of our cathedral cities they may chance

to be conducting their researches. Our services are already theirs; we hereby tender them; and we assure them that it will not be our fault if they do not carry away materials sufficient to give a different colouring to the account of the Catholic Church which may next be presented to parliament by her Majesty's command.

Our remarks have already run to such a length, that we must postpone to a future article the practical commentary which we have promised upon the state of "religious worship" described in the Report before us. At present we will only make one more observation on a point which has already been briefly alluded to. We repeat, then, that this report forever demolishes the fiction of a Protestant Church of England. If all these other individualities really are in the eye of the State "Christian Churches," there is no longer any room for debate. *Actum est.* If there really is that essential agreement which the Report suggests, there is no reason why one of these sects should be called the Church of England, and distinguished above the others. As long as the established religion was maintained by the government as the Established Church of the country, in such a sense as that no other Protestant society was considered as a church; and further, as long as the Establishment believed in its own canons of 1603, which denounce with the severest censures any other association setting itself up as a church in this kingdom, so long there was at least common sense and consistency in giving to it, on generally received premises, the title of Church of England. But the Establishment has openly, as far as it can, through its members and its practice, disavowed its belief in its own canons—canons which, we need not say, every Catholic has always laughed at;—and the final blow is now struck, by her Majesty's commanding a Report to be presented to both Houses of Parliament, which utterly ignores the existence of such a position for the Establishment; and for the first time gives public official life to this basket-full of Christian Churches. We think, therefore, that every Protestant Dissenter in England, or rather, as we may now say, that every member of all these unendowed Protestant Churches, as well as every Catholic (whose Church is not only unendowed, but also pauperised by violence and robbery),—we think that every individual who does not belong to the "endowed Church" is entitled to ask, and will ask, Why is this Establishment to be the sole recipient of all that money which our Catholic forefathers left for those purposes to which the Catholic Church alone can apply it? Why is Dr. Maltby still to improve, in his declining years, in the Protestant science of sciences, the science of finance?

Why are present and future Registrars of the Prerogative Court of Canterbury to enjoy thousands a-year for doing nothing? Why should not Catholics, for instance, be instantly put in possession of some portion at least of what should never have been taken from them, such as the hospital of St. Cross for example? Why are the foundations of Wykeham and Waynflete at Oxford, and Alcock at Cambridge, and all the other Catholic foundations of both universities, to be detained in the hands of one usurping sect, to the manifest wrong not only of the Catholics, who are dispossessed of their own, but of the other Protestant "Christian Churches," which have as good a title to the spoils as the present men in possession? Why are tithes, or their equivalent, to be paid any longer to ministers whose religion is not the religion of the people whose churches are not frequented? Will it be endured that Catholics, and the Protestant "Christian Churches," should continue to pay money in support of one Protestant sect, as well as have the obligation of supporting their own clergy and ministers? We think that the Report before us naturally suggests these questions to every thoughtful mind; and that from the narrow circle of the few they will, gradually but inevitably, extend to the intelligence of the million: moreover, that these questions once raised, will never again be got rid of but in one way. Justice, decency, common-sense, and the consequent exigency of the state, must before long fix the attention of those in power upon all of them.

[To be concluded in our next.]

MUSIC FOR AMATEUR PERFORMANCE.

1. *Orpheus*, a Collection of German Glees, with English Words.
2. *Six Two-part Songs*. By Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy.
3. *Gems of German Song*, with English Words.
4. *John Sebastian Bach's Six Motetts*; the English version by W. Bartholomew.
5. *The Organ and its Construction; a Systematic Handbook for Organists, Organ-builders, &c.* Translated from the German of J. J. Seidel, Organist at Breslau.

(The above are all published by Ewer and Co.)

"CAN you recommend me some good music, pleasing, not too difficult?" is a question often asked, but not always responded to with a ready answer. Of course, there are hundreds of persons, professional musicians and amateurs,

in answer the query satisfactorily. But such informants are not always at hand ; and even when they are, they are sometimes so bewildered with the multitude of the compositions which crowd on their memory, that a judicious selection cannot be made without more thought than the exigencies of the moment permit. Many of our readers will therefore, perhaps, be obliged to us if we furnish them with a selection of a few compositions, available for the private performance of amateurs of moderate skill.

It is, indeed, provoking to look over the heaps of music which crowd the "canterbury" or the "what-not" in many a drawing-room, and to see the pile of rubbish which has been gradually accumulating, through the want of a little useful knowledge on the part of purchasers. Here is a polka, bought for the sake of the showy chromo-lithograph on its title-page ; there is a brilliant bravura, recommended by the dramatic singing of Grisi or Sontag ; then turns up a succession of pianoforte-pieces, wild and furious in style, and defying the powers of any player but a Liszt or a Thalberg. Ringy with dust, and dog's-eared with hurried tumbling, next comes to light ballad after ballad, bought because the music-seller's stock had nothing better to recommend, or ordered on the strength of puffing advertisements in the *Times*, or laid by from school-days, when music by the pound's-worth was included in every quarter's "bill." Volume after volume is turned over, and pile after pile tossed aside, and, after all, only a few grains of wheat are scraped together out of all these bushels of chaff, till one ceases to wonder that the fortunate possessor of compositions which "have cost so much" should be at a loss for a song or a pianoforte piece wherewith to gratify an audience of any pretensions to discrimination. Every thing is too difficult, or too learned, or too ugly, or tooilly, or strains the voice too much ; and the disappointed company finally conclude that the lady or gentleman who is thus unable to gratify them with a performance, is very stupid, or very affected, or very cross.

Yet there is no need to expend any very extravagant sum of money in order gradually to get together a little library of music, of different schools, suited to the average powers of amateurs, and well fitted for chamber performance ; provided it be always borne in mind, that compositions which require a first-rate performer's execution are quite unfit for the majority of private musicians ; and further, that music which is admirable on the stage, or in a large concert-room, is frequently very ill adapted to the pianoforte, or to the comparatively calm style of singing which befits a drawing-room.

A few months ago we referred our musical readers to a large and excellent selection of pianoforte compositions and arrangements from Mozart, Haydn, Beethoven, and others of the recognised classical schools, which is imported and sold by our own publishers. Of this class of works we shall, therefore, say no more at present, except to add that the greater part of Mendelssohn's music being copyright in this country foreign editions cannot be imported, and can be had only from Messrs. Ewer and Co., of Oxford Street. A large proportion of Mendelssohn's works are, moreover, undoubtedly too difficult to be included in a list of easy music such as we are now suggesting. Mendelssohn's own powers of performance, alike on the organ, the pianoforte, and the violin (to say nothing of other instruments), were so remarkable, that he never hesitates to tax the resources of executants to any extent which may be desirable for the accomplishment of the effects he desires to produce. He delights, too, in a peculiar species of movement, which is the very embodiment of the idea of *motion*, in which he has seized on and carried out this idea with a vigour of conception, a felicity of expression, and a mastery of resources, unequalled by any other composer. The result is animated and delightful, when such movements are thoroughly well executed; and they elevate the spirits both of performers and audience to an extent which no other composer could ever attain, who delighted to the same degree in minor keys and frequent modulations. Of such music *difficult* is a natural accompaniment. Still, there are parts of many of Mendelssohn's writings which a tolerable player can master, as for instance, some of the "Songs without Words." We may, perhaps, in some future number, recur to his music generally and in detail; at present we shall only mention two of his instrumental pieces most recently published in this country. One of these he calls "Six Pieces for the Pianoforte, composed as a Christmas present for his young friends," all very pleasing, characteristic of their author, and easy withal, though not so easy that a good player need despise them. The other is a new arrangement of the admirable Ottetto, op. 20, for pianoforte, 2 violins, and violoncello. This is by no means over-difficult, and is one of Mendelssohn's happiest works, presenting some very striking illustrations of that spirit of sparkling motion which we have spoken of.

It is, however, in Mendelssohn's songs, duets, and quartetts, that the amateur must seek his chief practicable illustrations of the master. As a writer for a single voice, he is in no means without rivals in the modern German schools; in some respects he has his superiors. Yet many of his songs

are charming, for their sweet expressiveness, for the sentiment of repose and refinement which ever pervades them, and for a certain tender melancholy from which his pen is rarely altogether free. The domestic affections and the spring-time seem his favourite subjects. Some of his songs are dry and uninteresting, and the melody, though sufficiently clear and prominent, is not often of a striking description. Few songs can be named on the whole more attractive than "The first Violet," the "Spring Song" ("Now in all thy verdant bowers"), "Retrospection," the "Pilgrim's Song" ("Let nothing cloud"), "On wings of Music," or the airy little melody, "Outshining Day in splendour;" or the singular and most original songs "Yon Reaper's name," and "The Night-wind rustles the branches." Of his six two-part songs, op. 63, there is not one that is not to be recommended; perhaps the most pleasing are "I would that my Love," "Oh, wert thou in the cauld, cauld blast," and "The Maybells and the Flowers."

Mendelssohn's vocal quartetts, published in the "Orpheus," are perhaps the most perfect things of the kind in existence. In captivating melody, in purity and fulness of harmony, added to that impression of *power and ease* which belong to the works of the greatest musicians alone, they are unequalled. Three or four books of the "Orpheus" consist exclusively of Mendelssohn's quartetts, of which No. 13 is one of the very best. The "Orpheus" generally is well worth the attention of singers. It consists of German glees, or part-songs, with English words, and has reached nearly 30 books. We call these compositions glees, though their style is often quite unlike that of the English glees; and many of them differ besides from the glee, in being adapted to performance by a large body of voices. Those who have not heard such pieces as Mendelssohn's hunting-song, "Now Morning advancing," sung by a large and efficient choir, can form no idea of the wild and expressive beauty of many of the works of this class. The "Orpheus" is a good collection of part-songs of a simple character.

Before leaving Mendelssohn, we must take occasion to remind our Catholic choirs that he has written some Latin music with which they ought to be acquainted. His "Ave Maria," for a double choir, is a fine work; but still finer, though easier, are his "Six Motetts" for an eight-part chorus. These are in the simplest form of counterpoint, being little more than successions of chords, and they are very short; but they are noble works, eminently expressive, and require nothing but a body of voices and a good conductor to produce

an effect quite magnificent.* While, too, we are on Church-music, we must not forget the edition of Sebastian Bach's Six Motetts, now at last brought out with an English translation of the German words, and an *ad libitum* accompaniment. Why these extraordinary compositions are still neglected by oratorio managers we cannot conceive. Those who know Sebastian Bach only by his fugues, will be astonished at the simplicity of melody and massive grandeur which they display, together with, in most of them, a pathos as affecting as it is original. None but Handel could have written these motetts; nor indeed could Handel himself, for the genius of Sebastian Bach was essentially his own. It need not be added, that the contrapuntal skill lavished by Bach on these choruses is worthy of the immortal fuguist.

To return, however, to other song-writers. The acknowledged head of the German school is Schubert, for variety, dramatic truth of expression, and mastery over the effects of accompaniment. Schubert was essentially a song-writer, for his other works, which are many, are of ordinary merit. Take such a list of songs as "The Erl-King," "The praise of Music," the "Ave Maria" (from the *Lady of the Lake*), "The Trout," "Huntsman, rest," (also from the *Lady of the Lake*), "Murmuring Brooklet" (*Liebesbotschaft*), "Cooling Zephyrs" (*Leise flehen*), "I heard a Streamlet," "The praise of Tears," or "The Postman's Horn,"—here are nearly a dozen songs of striking originality and rare beauty, and many more might be added to the list from Schubert's fertile pen.

Curschmann, on the other hand, is a composer whose published writings make one regret that a taste refined almost to fastidiousness made its possessor so singularly sparing in the songs he gave to the world. We do not know whether any of his unpublished manuscripts are in existence; if so, a publisher could hardly do better than bring them before the English public. Great simplicity of construction marks all Curschmann's compositions, a simplicity which, in the hands of an inferior writer, becomes mere baldness and monotony. Not so in these elegant and finished writings, in the best of which we hardly know which most to admire, the grace of the author's conceptions, or the delicate perceptions of musical colouring with which they are wrought out. Often as Shakespeare's song, "Hark! the Lark at heaven's gate sings," has been set to music, Curschmann's setting is unequalled. Another of his most popular works is the sparkling and flowing

* These motetts have been frequently sung by one of the best of our London choirs, and the result fully bears out the opinion here expressed.

ong, "She is mine," a perfect gem of its kind. The charming romance, "Blest retreat" (*Hüttelein fein*), is an instance of the feeling of ease with which abruptness of modulation can be invested by a skilful hand and chastened taste. Scarcely less attractive are the songs, "Awake, thou golden blush of morn" (*An Rose*), "Welcome be, thou light of nature" (*Willkommen, du Gottes Sonne*), and "What form now passed through Twilight's gloom?" (*Was streift wonbei im Dämmerlicht*).

Bernhard Molique (now, we believe, resident in London) has published several excellent songs, well suited for private performers who aim at expression rather than astonishing execution. "Could I through ether fly" is one of the best songs ever written, and in melody and accompaniment alike almost unique. "Beneath the Linden's shadow" is one of Molique's best compositions, full of repose and feeling. Another of his songs, "The Maidens of Germany," of a more lively kind, is deservedly popular.

Kücken, again, is a fertile composer, many of whose works deserve frequent performance, and are adapted for amateur singing. Some clever four-part songs of his are published in the "*Orpheus*:" "*In yonder Bower*" is a good duet, melodious, and varied in treatment; and of his single songs, "*Summer and Winter*," "*Birds of the Forest*," "*The Spring's mild breezes*," and "*Even is fading*," are among the best we are acquainted with.

We must not, however, extend our list too far, though the present German school is singularly rich in song-writers. We can only name two or three more specimens of other composers, such as Lindblad's "*Birds swiftly flying*," Fesca's "*The guiding Star*," or Abt's "*When the Swallows fly towards home*." We have purposely confined ourselves, at present, to German writers, as being more suited to the style of singing of English private performers than the more florid schools of Italy, and as having more intrinsic character and variety than the generality of works of either Italian or English composers. Good Italian songs are, nevertheless, numerous; and good English songs are by no means scarce, though we cannot now refer to them. Among Italians, Gordiniani, for instance, possesses a high reputation; but we are not acquainted with many of his works. One little set of Italian songs we may mention, in passing, as they have but just appeared, "*Quattro Canzonette, da Francesco Berger*;" purely Italian in melody and idea, but more enriched than is usual in the works of average Italian musicians. The "*Barcarole*" is a peculiarly pretty song; and the two last recal the

character (though in a modern shape) of Alessandro Scarlatti's cantatas.

Turning to pianoforte compositions, the task of making a selection would be endless; and we shall accordingly content ourselves with naming "The Pianoforte Player," a collection of pleasing and instructive pieces by the best modern writers, published by Ewer and Co. These are generally lighter and more easily understood on a first or second hearing than the works of the "classical" masters; and while requiring good and expressive playing, are not extravagantly difficult or uproariously noisy. The same may be said of a set of pieces lying before us, with the somewhat affected title, "Six Poésies pour le Piano, par Charles Evers." These are clever and agreeable compositions, especially one of them called *L'Insouciance*, and an *Andante Religioso*, quite classical in breadth and sustained sweetness.

The publication which stands last on the list which we have placed at the head of our remarks, though not coming strictly within their scope, is one which we take the opportunity of recommending not only to our organists, but to all musical amateurs to whom the construction of the organ is little known. In the colonies and other places where organ-tuners are scarce, and not well informed, *The Organ and its construction* will prove a most useful guide to those who have any thing to do with the tuning or repairs of organs. The book may also be very profitably consulted by persons who are about to give a commission to organ-builders. It contains a great deal of curious information, with practical directions of the amplest character.

Short Notices.

THEOLOGY, PHILOSOPHY, &c.

Notes, Theological, Political, and Miscellaneous, by Samuel Taylor Coleridge. This is a volume of notes collected from the marginal observations written in books perused by its celebrated author. Though containing much that is sharp and clever, and a good deal of admirable criticism, it will neither increase his fame nor throw any new light on his genius. He is a genuine hero-worshipper; and we have here a curious selection of objects of his *cultus*; Luther, as usual, predominating over all others; for there is some charm in the animal impetuosity of this coarse buffoon which strangely fascinates a delicate and dandified philosopher like Coleridge. In this book we have a system of religion very similar to that of Mr. Maurice, woven in the same way, like

a spider's-web from the author's own *viscera*. Man is the centre; God is but a branch from this root. "Faith," he says (p. 384), "may be defined as fidelity to our own being." In accordance with this principle, his "*Confessio Fidei*" commences, "I believe that I am a free agent," &c., and proceeds, "*Hence* I believe that there is a God;" and so on. As to the Trinity, it is "a necessary idea of my speculative reason, deduced from the necessary postulate of an intelligent Creator." Now, apart from the habit of mind which this deduction of theology from psychology fosters, namely, the looking on God as a derivative from our own minds, as in some sense our creature instead of our Creator, it is plain that faith is utterly impossible in such a system. We cannot call a man who believes on no other grounds but these any thing short of an infidel, a hero-worshipper of the lowest type, who sees his God in his own reflection, and acknowledges no Deity that is not an emanation of himself. He may draw out his creed in orthodox terms; but while he receives it as the result of his own reason, and not of God's revelation, coming to him not from without but from within, he cannot be said to believe God,—he only believes himself. Of faith, then, such a man has none, for he receives no dogma that he does not consider to be demonstrated by reason; while of reason itself he cannot be said to have much, when he receives such demonstrations as valid. Moreover, Coleridge busies himself in involving sentences in obscure words, and in reducing moral propositions to terms of mathematics, thereby giving to his philosophy the appearance of a conundrum. The book is edited by the Rev. Derwent Coleridge, Principal (we believe) of the National Society's Training Establishment for Schoolmasters at Chelsea. We hope, for their own sakes, that the young men there are not yet sufficiently advanced to be introduced to this empty and dreary mysticism.

The publication of such little works as *A Companion to Confession and Holy Communion*, translated and arranged from the ancient English offices of *Sarum use*, by a Layman (London, Lumley), is at least a cheering token that the Catholic movement in the Anglican Establishment is not yet extinct, but that many souls within its pale are, we may hope, being gradually taught and trained to embrace the Catholic faith. At the same time, such works fill the mind with most painful misgivings as to the position of their authors. For although it is quite possible that many simple readers may be misled by the announcement that "the greater part of the contents of this volume is taken from the *Enchiridion*, or *Hours*, being the manual of private devotion according to the English use of *Sarum*, of which more than one hundred editions were circulated in this country during the latter years of the fifteenth and the first half of the sixteenth century," yet the compiler himself must needs know already that what he is thus seeking to recommend to his co-religionists as national is really Catholic; and that "these most Catholic expressions of worship and praise," which he so earnestly entreats the clergy of his communion to give the people an opportunity of using, by "allowing proper pauses and intervals," are familiar as household words to the children of Holy Church. We can only rejoice, however, that Anglicans should have such angelic compositions as the *Lauda Sion Salvatorem*, the *Pange lingua*, the *Adoro Te devote*, &c., set before them as the proper language of devotion with reference to the Blessed Sacrament. It may, by God's blessing, lead some to seek It where alone It is to be found.

Jacqueline Pascal, or Convent Life at Port Royal. Nisbet and Co. There is a freemasonry in spiritual as in political rebellion; a kind of mock Catholicity in heresy and schism, which secures the sympathies

of private "thinkers" in the struggles of all preceding times against authority. Because they rebelled against Rome, the Waldenses are heroes with living Protestants, in spite of the absurd and even dangerous opinions which they maintained. The Albigenses (who, by the way, are very often confounded with them), notwithstanding their scandalous revival of some of the worst tenets of the Manichees, are never named in a Protestant assembly without applause, because they resisted a Catholic government. And so, in like manner, the unhappy Jansenists have their full share of approbation, to the extent at least of their opposition to the Holy See. Their Protestant panegyrists, indeed, have enough to do to palliate their "Roman Catholic" practices; and some of the less scrupulous among them sink these altogether, and do their best to dress out the subject in modern Protestant fashion. The anonymous authoress of this little work, however, is not one of these; she acknowledges her inability to conceal the truth that they heard Mass, and invoked "the Virgin," and thought it possible to cure a sick child by means of a thorn from the Redeemer's crown; like any poor Irish Papist of to-day. But then they stood up and defied the archbishop and the Pope himself; and so they are still successful candidates for favour. Yet her honesty spoils her story as a panegyric; for it is unusual in such compositions to be constantly protesting against the daily habits of one's heroine. The faithfulness of her portraiture is attained at the sacrifice of some of its attractiveness for most of her readers.

Misfortunes, they say, make strange companionships; and so, we say, does rebellion against authority. Not only is this anonymous writer in a condition of constant protest against the acts and opinions of a class of people whom she has selected for qualified praise; she is also at issue with at least one of her principal authorities,* M. Victor Cousin, of French University notoriety. Belonging as he does to a school of philosophy which openly professes deference only to so much of divine revelation as human reason can appreciate, his English translator naturally enough thinks him hardly a safe guide to a just estimate of her heroine's religious character. While, therefore, she uses his facts, she is indebted for her general conclusions to M. Vinet, a Swiss Protestant minister; so that this latest eulogium of Jansenism is a joint contribution from English and Swiss Protestantism and French Eclecticism. As long as the assertion of private opinion in religious matters is regarded as the inalienable right of every freeman, it is very certain that the Jansenists will never want admirers. They made a bold stand against authority, and they were defeated in the long-run; two elements in their history which at once commend them to the protection of every Protestant. He does not stop to inquire how the contest was carried on, with what weapons of carnal warfare, with what alliance of sophistry with pride, of base duplicity with unblushing impudence. It matters little to what evasions and equivocations, to what severe judgments and hard speeches against spiritual authority, women as well as men stooped in its progress, while all the time pluming themselves on their superiority in purity of doctrine, and the keen detection of error, to the supreme ruler of Christ's Church; loudly vindicating the rights of conscience, while secretly betraying its integrity. The Pope was on one side, the other *must* be the right one; he carried his point at last, it therefore becomes the Protestant public to reverse his sen-

* It is a significant fact, pointing in the probable direction of Scottish Presbyterianism in the future, that very lately the works of M. Victor Cousin were read as a text-book in the Moral-Philosophy class of the Free-Church College at Edinburgh. We believe they still continue to be.

tence, and patronise his victims. This is all that most of the living patrons of the Jansenists know about it.

Jacqueline Pascal, the heroine of this book, may have been a self-denying, prayerful nun; a fond daughter, an affectionate sister; but an humble Christian she could not have been, when she indited such lines as these; "When bishops seem to have the cowardice of women, women ought to have the boldness of bishops" (p. 187). For ingenious evasion, prevarication, and suppression of the truth, her examination by the Grand Vicar of Paris, detailed at page 176, will not lose by comparison with the highest efforts of accused persons of the *Artful Dodger's* school. If quibbling is a work of sanctity, Jacqueline Pascal was a saint of the first class. The book is full of similar evidence against the reality of any spiritual motive in this unholy contest; tried by the simplest principles and tests of moral conduct, Jansenism, by its own showing, and as its advocates portray it, is branded from beneath rather than sealed from above.

There is an "Introduction" to this volume from the pen of "the Rev. W. R. Williams, D.D.," who, with M. Frangère, another foreign authority, completes the association of five in this act of homage to the good name of expiring Jansenism. He furnishes the book with its passport as a sound Protestant, in spite of all kinds of "Roman Catholic" stories and practices that are to be found in its later pages, by utterly demolishing the system of Popery in a few pages of vigorous writing, and on its ruins inaugurating the image of Jansenism in the person of Jacqueline Pascal, its fairest ornament. In this introduction there is a sentence of more significance than usual. "Some thinkers—the renowned Dr. Wardlaw in his late work on miracles is one of them—deny the power of working miracles to any but the One Supreme God." It does not seem to occur to "Dr. Williams" that our Lord is at issue with this "renowned thinker," when He declares to his apostles that "greater works than these,"—that is, than His own miraculous works,—*"shall ye do, because I go to my Father."*

Among minor works, partaking more or less of a theological character, we have *The Law of Opportunities*, by the Rev. H. E. Manning, late Archdeacon of Chichester (Richardson), a sermon full of valuable thoughts, well expressed, and altogether worthy of its gifted author. There is an unfortunate misprint in p. 13, of "man" for "God," which makes nonsense of the whole passage. By the bye, we would venture to express a hope that the reminiscence of a Protestant dignity, preserved on the title-page of this sermon, will henceforward be allowed to drop into oblivion, and the author's Catholic dignity of D.D. be commemorated in its stead. *A short Account of James Nicol, a Private Soldier, stating how he became a Catholic, in a Letter to a Friend* (London, Dolman), a very simple and instructive narrative, originally published, it appears, in the *Telegraph*, only ten days before its author died; and republished now, we gather, by the Earl of Shrewsbury, as a token of affectionate remembrance of a faithful and valued domestic. We are almost inclined to regret that it has not been published in a cheaper form, so as to secure for it a larger circulation amongst the poor, and persons in his own class of life. *Endologiæ, or Interior Conversations with Jesus and Mary* (Richardson), a pleasing collection of devotions translated from the Latin of the Venerable Louis Blossius; and *Instructions on the Prayer of Recollection by St. Teresa* (Burns and Lambert), translated from the Spanish, with an introduction on living in union with Jesus Christ, for the use of the students of St. Cuthbert's College, Ushaw.

The Youth and Womanhood of Helen Tyrrel, by the Author of

"Brompton Rectory," "Compton Merivale," &c. (London, J. W. Parker), is a religious novel, intended to propagate the opinions taught by Mr. Maurice. The opposition of persons of this school to the hard and hypocritical Calvinism of the Evangelicals enlists our sympathy, but they should remember that "*dum vitant stulti vitia, in contraria currunt*." They might controvert the repulsive rationalism of Calvin without traducing reason, and setting up the feelings as the one test of truth. They first of all feel disgust at the Calvinist doctrine of the Atonement, which teaches that our Lord suffered the punishment due to the sins of the elect, who alone have any interest in them. This, they feel to be a "selfish doctrine." They "never could derive any comfort from the thought that another had suffered for" them (p. 92); hence they reject all notion of the satisfaction of God's justice, and of the penal character of our Lord's sufferings. The ancient idea of punishment was certainly vengeance; the Christian idea of it is that it is for the security of society, the reformation of the offender, and for an expression of righteous indignation against crime; therefore, to suppose that God took vengeance of our sins by the sufferings of Christ is repugnant to modern ideas. The ancient notion of a sacrifice must once have expressed a truth, but now it has become exploded. Our Lord did not really bear the sins of man. It is shocking to think of the All-just punishing the innocent for the guilty. He simply made a perfect submission of His will to God in all things, even in the greatest trials; in other words, exercised perfect virtue, and in reward for His virtue was allowed to deliver the whole human race from the punishment due to their crimes. This is their creed; and while our Lord is thus reduced to the level of a Moses, or Job, or Paul, who were all, in consideration of their virtues, allowed to intercede successfully for offenders, Catholics are accused of making the Saints real mediators between man and an offended God (p. 170). "First, God is looked upon as in some sense the adversary of man, and Christ as a patron, who is to shield us from his wrath. Then Christ Himself, His human nature being a little thrown into the shade, becomes too much identified with God to be alone trusted, and recourse is had to some more merciful and more sympathising being to intercede with Him. And here come in Mariolatry, and the worship of the Saints." This is a gross misrepresentation; we believe Christ to be the only Mediator of Justice, who in His own body satisfied the justice of God for the sins of the whole world; and Mary and the other Saints we believe to be mere human beings, redeemed by Him, whom in consequence of their virtues He delights to honour; and He chooses to honour them by making them the channels of His favours to their brethren on earth. This is the great doctrine of St. Alphonsus' "Glories of Mary." God, in order to honour Mary, has decreed that whatever gifts and graces are given to men, should be given to them by her intercession. It is not our fault that the school of Mr. Maurice will only allow the same power to the intercession of Christ that we attribute to that of the Blessed Virgin. Because they dishonour the Son, it is no reason why we should dishonour the Mother. Nay, it is rather a further argument for our practice, that it is the greatest safeguard against this, as against all other heresies respecting the person and office of our Lord. This author utterly rejects what he calls the Augustinian doctrine of original sin; he owns the hereditary depravity of our race, but seems to attribute it to physiological causes, and to defective education. He does not quite reject the idea of the eternal duration of the punishment of the damned; but he limits it to those who finally refuse to submit to the truth. He supposes that after death those who have not had fair opportunities here will be again put on their trial.

Altogether, it appears to us that the school represented in these novels is stirring and active, and well deserves the attention of the Catholic controversialist. The tale itself is only intended for a thread to string the theology upon, and we have noticed it here therefore in its proper place, as a theological work.

MISCELLANEOUS LITERATURE.

The Play Grammar, by Miss Corner; *Papa and Mamma's Easy Lessons in Geography*, by Anna Maria Sargeant. (London, Dean and Son.) We are not, generally speaking, very favourable to "learning made easy;" that is to say, we greatly question the usefulness of the attempt to amalgamate play and study, by conveying grammar and geography and history through the medium of story-books. To us the result is what a lady of our acquaintance pronounced the mixture of wine and water to be, "spoliation to both." A child ought to set itself to its work in a different frame of mind from that in which it betakes itself to its play; in the one case there ought to be some little tension of the intellectual faculties, in the other their relaxation can, we think, scarcely be too complete. These remarks, however, scarcely apply to either of the two little books before us: the one on geography makes no pretence of being a book of amusement; it is only an attempt to simplify the study, and appears to us in no way less difficult or more attractive than ordinary school-books on the same subject; indeed we think that few children who set out, as the little hero and heroines before us are said to do, with disliking geography on account of its being "so hard," would consider these lessons of Papa's either "easy" or delightful. As a school-book, however, containing a good introduction to what is commonly called the use of the globes, it may be recommended. The little book on grammar is, we think, much more successful; though we have ourselves seldom met with children so clear-headed as those here supposed, or so accommodating as to find a "grammar-play" a really entertaining pastime. The explanations for the most part are accurate and clever. We must except, however, that of the cases, in which it is said that "nouns, &c. are in the nominative case when they come before the verb, and in the objective when they come after it;" and again, in the sentence "your cousin writes," we are told that "the noun *cousin* comes before the verb, and it is that which causes it to be in the nominative case;" thus referring to a mere accident of position, and that peculiar to certain languages, distinctions which exist in the real nature of things. Besides, it does not hold good; the very example given, "your cousin writes," with a certain context, would stand "thus writes your cousin;" and nothing can be more common than the expression "said Lucy," "said he;" which nouns and pronouns, according to Miss Corner's rule, should be in the nominative. Again, the objective case, especially in poetry, is not unfrequently put before the verb:

"Achilles' wrath, to Greece the direful spring
Of woes unnumbered, heavenly goddess sing."

This great fault should be corrected in a second edition; and we are sure such clear-headed little people as Fanny and Herbert will have no difficulty whatever in taking in the distinction between subject and object.

Chambers' Educational Course (Edinburgh, W. and R. Chambers,) is a series of small books on Grammar, Arithmetic, Geometry, Natural Philosophy, together with German Reading-Books, editions of Cæsar's Commentaries, Phædrus, Ovid, and select Orations of Cicero; all of which seem to have been compiled and arranged with diligence and care, and to form a very useful class of books for children. In the Latin Grammar the origin of the various inflexions is carefully traced, which to the intelligent student will greatly facilitate the acquirement of them. They have the additional advantage of being cheap, the price varying from one to three shillings; and where the subject requires it, the books are illustrated.

The Illustrated London Spelling Book and the Illustrated Reading Book (Nathaniel Cooke). Several of the illustrations of these books are very good indeed; of course, many have been used before, and sometimes, as in the fable of the two owls and the sparrow, we have an illustration made up of three blocks, two owls of different species from some ornithological book, and a sparrow cut for the occasion. The matter of the books is generally unobjectionable, and we have heard the spelling-book highly spoken of by teachers. Its circulation has reached its 180th thousand, and that of the reading-book its 41st thousand. Their great popularity speaks well for their utility.

History of the Christian Church to the Pontificate of Gregory the Great, A. D. 1690. *Intended for general readers as well as for Students of Theology*, By James Craigie Robertson, M.A., Vicar of Bekesbourne (London, Murray), is certainly an able and very readable compilation and abridgment; generally fair, and in a much more believing spirit than Protestant historians can usually afford to exhibit. "There may be too much hardness in rejecting traditions," he says, "as well as too great easiness in receiving them. Modern criticism is fallible, as well as ancient belief" (p. 2). The only Catholic doctrine which the author seems to regard with any bitterness is that of the universal supremacy of the Bishop of Rome, with regard to which he certainly has not behaved as an honourable and fair-minded controversial historian. On this subject his "Romish" authorities are such men as Tillemont and Basnage, while those whom he follows are Mosheim, Beavan, Burton, and Neander. A man who wished to be fair to both sides, would certainly have made some allusion to such works as those of Mr. Allies on the See of Peter, or to the arguments on this point in Father Newman's "Development." He does allude to this latter book, but only to insinuate that "the new Romish theories of our day may be regarded as dispensing even the controversial opponents of Rome from the necessity of proving that in the earliest times of Christianity no such supremacy was known or imagined." Elsewhere he recognises the theory of Development as true in fact; so that we can hardly look upon this insinuation as perfectly honest; more especially since, to the best of our recollection, Dr. Newman insists in this case on the development of evidence as much as on the development of doctrine. Mr. Robertson finds some short-coming in each portion of evidence for the Papal supremacy in detail, and thus commits the fallacy of supposing that he has demolished the *ensemble* of the evidence.

We are sorry to be obliged to postpone till our next number our review of the *Lectures on the History of the Turks in its relation to Christianity*, by the author of *Loss and Gain* (Dublin, J. Duffy; London, Dolman); and we believe it is not generally known that the same author has published a little volume of *Verses on Religious Subjects*

(Dublin, J. Duffy), most of which have appeared in print before, but "are brought together by the writer in their present form, in the hope that they may be acceptable and useful to his immediate friends, penitents, and people."

Memoirs of John Abernethy, F.R.S., with a view of his Lectures, Writings, and Character, by G. Macilwain, F.R.C.S. (2 vols. Hurst and Blackett). We should have preferred this book if it had been compressed into one volume; but perhaps those persons who have less to read than we have will like it better as it is. Abernethy was a man who quite deserved some such memorial, and the author has accomplished his task in a creditable manner; the style is rather loose and diluted, but occasionally there may be found clear and popular explanations of the fundamental principles of medicine.

Travels in Bolivia, with a Tour across the Pampas to Buenos Ayres, by L. Hugh de Bonelli, of her Britannic Majesty's Legation (2 vols., Hurst and Blackett). M. de Bonelli is a good-natured gentleman, with a long purse, and an ordinary quantity of brains, who has written not a striking, but an amusing account of his travels and sporting excursions in South America. He adds his testimony to that of so many others who have reported to us the moral degradation of society in the states of that continent.

The Cross and the Dragon, or the Fortunes of Christianity in China, by J. Kesson, of the British Museum (London, Smith, Elder, and Co.). The author has been happy in his subject, which has not, so far as we know, been before separately treated in English. He commences with the first introduction of Nestorianism, and ends with the attempts of the Protestant missionaries. He extracts pretty freely from the *Lettres curieuses et édifiantes*, and is disposed to render to all what he considers a due portion of praise. But he has one great drawback as an historian of Christianity, and that is, his ludicrous ignorance of its doctrines. He may have his own theories on the subject, but it is rather unphilosophical to suppose that St. Francis Xavier must have held the same, or that his acts are to be judged by them. Mr. Kesson does not think that a firm possession of belief in the Creed, a promise to keep the Ten Commandments, the use of the Pater and Ave, together with the Sacrament of Baptism, constitute a Christian. As to baptism, indeed, he does not understand it at all; the work of the Holy Infancy for the baptism of moribund children, is supposed to be only a contrivance, and a very clumsy one, for recommending our religion to the Chinese. The true foundations for Chinese Christianity are, first, commerce, which is the key, and secondly, Morrison's *Chinese Dictionary*. Moreover, Mr. Kesson is not disposed to give any body else credit for more knowledge of Christianity than he himself possesses. An early Franciscan missionary, John of Mount Corvin, in writing to the prior of his monastery concerning his successes, naturally enough gives the statistics of baptisms and masses, and tells how many scholars join him in saying office, and how the faithful assemble, as in Europe, to the sound of the bell; on which our author remarks, "his Christianity, as described in his letters, consisted almost entirely in external rites, baptism, mass, bells, singing office; we have no account of the quality or of the amount of the Christian instruction to be imparted." We are afraid that the holy friar's letters would have been voted slow by his brethren if he had treated them to all his lessons in the A B C of religion. In spite of all

this, we recommend the book heartily. It is not written by a blind bigot, but by a man who is as fair as his ignorance will permit him to be. The following is his opinion of the Jesuit missionaries: "The Jesuit was a man of the world, in the best sense of the word. He did not strive nor cry nor make much ado about his intentions. He made no parade of superior knowledge or morals over the native Chinese, though he possessed both. He did not walk the streets of Nankin or Pekin barefooted, clad in camlet gown, with tonsure, or outward mark of sect and peculiar fellowship; but he walked abroad like a sensible man, provoking no jealousy if he could help it, shocking no prejudice unless it was criminal, and making his religion, not a cause of offence, but, if possible, an enticement and a solace."

The statistics of Catholicity in China are cheering; though the missionaries were once in such favour at court, the number of Chinese Catholics seems never to have been much over 300,000; and in 1848 it was 315,000 (p. 164). It is not to be expected that Protestant missionaries should have done much yet, as they have been at work for only fifty years, and as it was only after the death of his second wife that Guzlaf, their chief, considered the "Church" to be his bride; [Query. Is a wife a *necessary* adjunct to a Protestant missionary? We observe that Dr. Judson, the great American missionary, had *three*.] The statistics of Protestantism are therefore confined to the number of Bibles and tracts distributed; the total being 991,373. "In spite of which flattering statistics, it is difficult to believe that much has been yet done in the evangelisation of China." He explodes the foolish notion that the leaders of the existing revolution are Protestants, and adds a chapter on the Triad societies, which are the real movers of it.

Is Symbolism suited to the Spirit of the Age? is a question proposed by Mr. W. White (London, Bosworth), and solved by the interrogator in the affirmative, on the double ground, that it is both natural to the human heart, and divinely appointed in the supernatural order of things revealed to us both in the Old and New Testaments.

Saville House, an historical romance of the time of George the First (vol. 2, London, Routledge & Co.), is a tale not without talent, but full of horrors, of sins and awful miseries, some of which are the immediate result of the penal laws of those days against Catholics. The principal "villain" of the book is a real character of the time, an apostate priest, named Richard Hitchmough; whom the author (though clearly himself a Protestant) has estimated at his real worth, and painted as a monster capable of every atrocity. If we may judge from certain letters and depositions of his, still extant among the records of the Tower, and copies of which in ms. are now lying before us, he was indeed a traitor of the deepest dye. In October 1716, we find him giving information at Preston concerning the names of the "four Popish bishops constantly residing in England;" of one of whom he wickedly says, that "his title in the Pope's bull is Chalcedon, *but meant Canterbury*;" and of all, that each had an annual allowance of 2000*l.* from Rome! He names all the English colleges in foreign parts for the education of secular clergy, and all the religious houses for English monks and nuns; "nor is England itself," he says, "without Popish religious houses, there being now (or very lately were) two nunneries,—one at Hammersmith, in the county of Middlesex, and the other in the city of York,—*but pretended to be only boarding-schools for the education of young gentlewomen*." He adds, that 1600 Popish priests are allotted for England, all registered at the Propaganda in Rome; and when one dies, immediately another takes his place: and that "there goes out of England *communibus annis*

at least 150,000*l.*, which arises from lands and tenements in England devoted to superstitious uses!" This veracious informer was at this very time "a clergyman of the Church of England," and seems to have been often appealed to by government to give information concerning "suspected Papists." The beginning and ending of a letter of his, dated from Preston, May 9th, 1718, are very significant, and are worth preserving as specimens of the time: "Honoured sirs,—*After recollecting myself as far as I am capable at present*, I have, according to your commands, sent up the best account I am able to give of Sir Laurence Anderton. . . . *If there be any thing material which I can call to mind on this subject*, I shall not be wanting in giving your honours a just account." He made depositions also concerning Philip Gerard, a Jesuit, and brother of Mrs. Frances Fleetwood, both of whom are introduced into this novel; but beyond this, and the fact that Hitchmough held the living of Garston, we believe there is no historical foundation for the plot and the various tragical incidents of *Saville House*.

In these days of cheap literature and reading for the million, which generally involves poor paper, vile printing, and execrable "getting-up," it is quite refreshing to see such an edition of the poems of Sir Walter Scott as Messrs. Black, of Edinburgh, are now bringing out. We have seldom seen books which reflect more credit on their publishers, than the editions now before us of *The Lady of the Lake* and *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*. The editorial department is conducted both with diligence and ability; all the author's introductions to these poems, his notes, his various readings and corrections, are faithfully preserved; and many original notes of great interest are contributed by the editor himself, such as the most remarkable criticisms on particular passages in the poems, historical or biographical details illustrative of the text, &c. &c. A hundred engravings on wood, of great merit, are added by Messrs. Birket Foster and John Gilbert; and the printers have executed their portion of the work with a degree of perfection which really leaves nothing to desire.

We are glad to see the first four or five numbers of the *Clifton Tales and Narratives* (Burns and Lambert) collected into a volume, very elegantly bound. In this form they can be conveniently used for lending-libraries, school-prizes, presents, &c. We understand that the first edition of the earlier numbers of these popular tales is already nearly exhausted.

Miss E. M. Stewart has evidently a peculiar theory as to the most interesting position in which to represent her heroines. We observe, that in most of her *London City Tales* (Nathaniel Cooke), the heroine is "in love" with the hero, when his affections are either set upon another, or are altogether disengaged, or, at any rate, are but in a very lukewarm condition as far as regards herself. We cannot say that we like this; still less do we like the heroine of the tale of the "Grocers' Company," who is in love with nobody, but promises to be married to some half-dozen persons in succession, and then poisons them all on the eve of the wedding. We have no other fault to find with these tales, which are of average merit, and are intended to represent "the customs and costume, the houses and the habits, and the modes of thought and action, of the citizens of London, from the time of the Plantagenets to that of the Stuarts."

The last volume of *Bohn's Standard Library* is *The Carafas of Madaloni, or Naples under Spanish Dominion*, translated from the German of Alfred de Reumont. It is a most valuable contribution, not

only to Neapolitan, but to Italian history generally; for while the main thread of the narrative reveals to us the condition of Naples under the dominion of Spain, interwoven with the destinies of one of the principal families in that city, there are many important episodes, which throw light on contemporary history in Rome, Milan, and other parts of Italy. M. de Reumont is a Protestant, but investigates facts very carefully, and writes without bigotry. Indeed, the work is compiled with so much diligence, that we suspect much of its contents will be new even to Neapolitans themselves. To the student of Italian history it is invaluable.

We have been disappointed in *Home Life in Germany*, by C. L. Brace. (London, Bentley.) Its title and its motto—"We want a history of firesides," Webster—did not lead us to anticipate such interminable disquisitions on war and politics as we have found. The author is an American, not deficient in intelligence, ardently Protestant and Republican, and tolerably successful as a writer; and had he chosen a title really descriptive of the book, his readers would have had no right to complain. The most interesting portions of the work are his occasional remarks upon the state of religion in Germany. Of Catholicity he knows nothing, and saw nothing during his travels, beyond the most superficial externals. A visit to a hospital in Prague under the management of some religious order whom he calls "Merciful Brethren," touches his heart, and causes him to exclaim: "Verily, there is many a good side to the old Romish faith;" a high Mass in the venerable Cathedral of St. Stephen at Vienna, made a deep impression on his mind, so that, "as I knelt in prayer with the crowd, I could not but believe that in all the superstition around me there were many who worshipped the Invisible Being as purely and spiritually as I"—what an abyss of humility!—"and I went out conscious that it had not been the worse for me being in the Catholic Cathedral, and half ashamed, as I met a procession with a crucifix, that I did not take off my hat, too, with the crowd." He acknowledges, in no grudging way, that "no sect of Prussia was found to show such self-sacrifice, such heroism, amid the scenes of pestilence and death in Upper Silesia in 1848, as the Catholic clergy," &c. But unfortunately he seems to have had no intercourse with Catholics, either lay or clerical; the only apparent exception to this observation being a lady in Prague, whom he calls "a person of real thought and intelligence," but who, if he has reported her conversation aright, was certainly no real Catholic. The following is his general summary on the state of religion in the Protestant parts of Germany. "Religion does not enter as a great element into society in Germany. It is not a principle any one considers in estimating the influences at work on the people. Few appeal to it, or speak of it as one of the great facts in human life. Very little seems to be sacrificed for its great objects. There are seldom enterprises under it for the poor and the helpless and the unhappy. Not much is given or suffered through its impulse. There is seldom *expressed* worship. In fact, I do not believe there is a heathen land where less outward ceremony of worship is seen. The churches are half empty; and one beholds the painful sight of a church attended only by women and children, as if religion was a thing belonging only to the weaker part of the race. It is not that the men one meets are bitterly hostile to religious truth, or abusive towards it; but there is a sort of *deadness* to the whole subject among them, an indifference, or a kind of smiling, quiet incredulity, which comes over one chillingly and sadly."

The Rise and Progress of the English Constitution, by E. S. Creasy,

M.A., Professor of History in University College (London, Bentley), is an introduction to, and commentary on, the Magna Charta, Petition of Rights, and Bill of Rights. The author proceeds on the principle that a constitution is a growth, not a manufacture; and therefore introduces the subject by an analysis of the ethnological elements of our population, and a description of their peculiar political institutions. The book is valuable to the student of history, but is disfigured by the usual worship of all that is Anglo-Saxon,—his race, his polity, and his religion.

Selections, grave and gay, from Writings, published and unpublished, by Thomas de Quincy (the Opium-Eater), Autobiographic Memoirs, vol. ii. (Edinburgh, Hogg), is a volume of interesting gossip and speculation by an able writer, and contains anecdotes and reminiscences of Coleridge, Wordsworth, and Southey. The author tells a story to perfection.

Castellamonte, an Autobiographical Sketch, illustrative of Italian Life during the Insurrection of 1831 (2 vols. London, Waterton), purports to be the production of Signor Castellamonte, who describes the part he played at Parma in 1831. The story, barring a few extravagances, is told in a very interesting manner, and with such *naïveté* as to make some persons suppose it to be a satire. The aimless and inconstant ebullitions of an Italian mob, the selfish policy of revolutionary leaders, the author's fanatical hatred of priests, his infidelity, love of the stiletto, and attachment to another person's wife, which he makes to be the prime motive of his conduct, are all brought out as mere facts, worthy of neither praise nor blame. The book is instructive to those who will receive its lesson.

The Alain Family, a Tale of the Norman Coast; from the French of Alphonse Karr (London, Nathaniel Cooke; Illustrated Family Novelist), is a very clever and interesting tale, written with a nice discrimination of character, by a religious-minded Catholic. We can heartily recommend it to those who are readers of novels; indeed, many for whom the ordinary specimens of that class of literature have no charms, may yet read this volume with great pleasure. The plot of the story becomes almost too complicated towards the conclusion; but the special excellence of the book lies, as we have said, in the delicate discrimination of character; the truthfulness, yet at the same time, the quiet vein of humour with which some of the *foibles* of human nature are depicted, is admirable. The illustrations are spirited and good, excepting the scene of the murder, which, we think, would have been better omitted.

Moral Tales and Popular Tales, translated from the French of Madame Guizot (Routledge and Co.), are amusing little stories; but we cannot think that they will ever be very popular in England. With a few beautiful exceptions, French stories have about them a something which to our children seems dry and shallow, and wanting in imagination and freshness of feeling. French education appears to be fenced about with conventionalities which our young people would find it rather difficult to endure, and which forms a character with which they do not readily sympathise. There is, however, a good deal of cleverness in these stories; and though the writer is, we presume, a Protestant, the allusions to Catholic practices, which often occur in them, are always respectful; though the *morale* of the work is of a cold and somewhat haughty character, very repugnant to Catholic feeling.

The Last Fruit off an Old Tree, by Walter Savage Landor (London, Moxon). His Eminence Cardinal Wiseman, in one of his essays, paints a "converted" old *roué* giving evidence of the "saving change" within him by distributing tracts at cottage-doors. He might have added a picture of the worn-out literary *roué* "patching up his old body for heaven" by writing a book against Popery. It is a general rule; your loose author, when he gets into his dotage, embarks in the controversy against Catholics. Two instances have occurred lately; "we had like to have had our noses snapped off with two old men without teeth." Sheridan Knowles, when his dramatic fires were extinct, wrote a book against the chair of St. Peter; Walter Savage Landor, some time author of *Gebir*, a poem which the critics of the day characterised as trash of the worst and most insane description, and of some Latin poems which Lord Byron tells us vie with Martial and Catullus in obscenity, does the usual Protestant penance in "the Last Fruit off an old Tree," by the most stupid and ignorant abuse of the Catholic Church, which, according to him, preaches perfidy, incest, brawling, murder, and lying. These are strong words; yet (p. 341) he appeals to every man who has, however negligently or malignantly, *red* (for Mr. Landor thinks he has a special vocation to correct our spelling; *e.g.* iland, therefor, agen, stedly, manfull, traveler, relaxt, &c.) his writings, whether his education or habits of life could ever have permitted him to call Bonaparte a blockhead and coward, Byron a rhymer wholly devoid of genius or wit, Pitt a villain, Fox a scoundrel, Canning a scamp, and so on. It is such, he says, as no gentleman could either have used or attributed to another. We suppose, therefore, that the rules of honour do not apply, when ecclesiastics or ecclesiastical matters are spoken of, since there Mr. Landor does not scruple to make the vilest insinuations, and to use the plainest words. Clearly, if the same rules apply to literary as to theological controversy, Mr. Landor, on his own showing, is not a gentleman. It must not be supposed that the first intention of the author is to write against Popery. The book is a miscellaneous collection of "imaginary conversations," bits of criticism, letters, and verses. We had almost forgotten to say that the author exhibits himself as a rabid Mazzinian.

All is not Gold that glitters, by Cousin Alice (Addey and Co.), is an American tale of a domestic character, turning on the discovery of Californian gold. It is quite harmless, and rather amusing, but without much incident, and the moral may be sufficiently gathered from the title.

A Brage Beaker with the Swedes, or Notes from the North in 1852, by W. Blanchard Jerrold (London, Cooke). Mr. Jerrold enjoyed himself in his three weeks' winter tour; and is disposed to look upon the Swedish character with much more complacency than Mr. Laing, whom he accuses of untruth. In addition to the sprightly narrative, he has given us some chapters of statistics, which he has copied from Swedish authorities with so little care to incorporate them with his own matter, that he continually speaks of "our iron," and "our national prejudice," as though he were a Swede. Mr. Jerrold halts between two religions. At one time he speaks of Luther as the author "of those religious truths which have civilised the world;" at another he patronises the "religion of the heart," which Leigh Hunt preaches, and which consists in "noble affections, loving all things, not with a view to salvation, and therefore as a matter of spiritual economy, but for the irresistible pleasure of loving." At the same time, he appears to wish to be fair to Catholics; and he denounces the Swedish persecutions of them.

That, however, which has especially amused us in this book, is Mr. Jerrold's glorification of his office. We always feel for a priest when he is obliged to preach about the powers and privileges of the priesthood; though in this case duty supports him, and his modesty is not shocked, because he knows that what he is magnifying belongs in no way to his own natural gifts, but simply accrues to him from without. Not so, however, when we hear a professed literary man extolling his pursuit as a kind of divine life, which makes its possessors little gods among men, and confers on them the natural and inherent right of governing and directing their fellow-creatures. Mr. Jerrold thinks that, in comparison to the literary and artistic hero, all others sink into insignificance. Commerce, certainly, is a great means of civilisation; but "the best lessons of civilisation are not to be gathered from the successful merchant in his saffron (!) coach, but rather from the modest artist painting in his studio," &c. "An impulse as universal in nature as the instinct of self-preservation attaches man to the True; which, whether manifested in the results of science, the graces of literature, or the realisation of art, is the Beautiful." "Waken the people to Beauty. . . . The eye which lights daily upon a beautiful object drinks in at least some of its beauty, and dwells ever afterwards with pain upon the ugly and the base." Henceforth, we presume, the gifts of the Christian Apostolate are to be looked for in the artists of the *Illustrated London News*, and in the authors of the literary graces of *Punch*.

Thomas à Beckett, and other Poems, by Patrick Scott, (London, Longmans). English poets have found a new mine in the lives of saints. Mr. Kingsley has treated us to a parody on the life of St. Elizabeth of Hungary, called "the Saint's Tragedy;" and here we have an offensive tissue of versified untruths, in which Mr. Scott obliges us with his version of the motives and merits of St. Thomas, and the other actors in the great ecclesiastical struggle of that day. Henry is all benevolence and patriotism. The Cardinal of Pisa, oblivious of the maxim *Artis est celare artem*, parades his ambition as the villain in a melodrama in his "asides" to the audience, and is the clumsiest diplomatist that ever came from the country of Machiavelli. St. Thomas hurries towards death from impatience, pride, and ambition of being canonised. The monks in St. Paul's chant to the tune of Tate and Brady, and the formula of excommunication is "by the merits of the angelic host." The Englishman has formed his own notion of the merely political ambition of the Roman Catholic Church; and this is one of the many books written for the extremely honest purpose of giving an appearance of historical truth to the stupid and false prejudice.

Amongst the little shilling volumes with queer-looking covers which lie on the book-stalls of our railway-stations, and seem to promise an hour's entertainment to the idle traveller, are two which would appear at a cursory glance to be brothers,—*Boys and their Rulers, or what we do at School*, and *The Adventures of Mr. Verdant Green, an Oxford Freshman* (London, N. Cooke, Milford House). On examination, however, the latter will be found to be very superior to the former in every way. It gives a very disgraceful, but (making all due allowances for the exaggerations of a caricature) we suppose a tolerably true picture of one phase of Oxford life. *Boys and their Rulers*, on the contrary, are the reminiscences of an old Blue-coat boy, i.e. of one brought up at Christ's Hospital, London, and will scarcely be interesting to any others. The book does not deserve the *general* title which its author has given it. He seems to retain affectionate reminiscences of his school; but, unless both its text and its illustrations are grossly libellous,

we heartily congratulate ourselves that we have no such reminiscences of our own boyhood, and anticipate no such experiences for our children.

Among the recent reprints, translations, new editions, &c. we have to notice a very improved edition of the *Offices of Holy Week* (Burns and Lambert). The former edition began with the Tenebræ of Wednesday evening, and did not include the Office of Palm Sunday and the earlier days of the week: these have now been added; so that the Offices are here for the first time "printed entire, without abbreviation or reference," and the whole is pointed for chanting. We think a still further improvement would have been to print the Latin as well as the English of (at least) the Passion, on those days on which it is usually sung. The second and concluding volume of the *Life of St. Francis of Assisi*, in the Oratorian series (Richardson), and one of the most interesting in the whole collection. A translation of the *Sermon preached in the Cathedral of Amiens by his Eminence Cardinal Wiseman* (Richardson), on the translation of the relics of St. Theodosia from Rome to that city. The able article on *The Protestant Press and its injustice to Catholics* (Richardson), reprinted from the "Dublin Review," No. 69. A "people's edition" of the *Waverley Novels* (Black), printed, of course, in rather small type and in double columns, but very legible and cheap. *Chaucer's Canterbury Tales*, with notes and glossary; *Spenser's Faerie Queene*; *Southey's Joan of Arc*, and *Minor Poems*; and the *Poetical Works and Remains of Henry Kirke White*,—all furnished with illustrations by Birket Foster, Corbould, &c. (Routledge and Co.) Also the second volume of Bell's annotated edition of the English Poets (J. W. Parker), containing *The Poetical Works of the Earl of Surrey*, *Lord Vaux*, and other minor poets of that day. *Picturesque Sketches of London, past and present*, by Thomas Miller (National Illustrated Library), reprinted, with considerable additions, from the columns of the *Illustrated London News*. Mason's *Celebrated Children of all Ages and Nations*, translated by Mrs. L. Burke (Routledge and Co.), which excludes the only class of "celebrated children" with whose history Catholic parents would specially wish their own children to be familiar. And Miss Martineau's *Playfellow* (Addey and Co.) whom we found a most clever, agreeable, and fascinating companion some ten or twelve years ago, and with whom we have now not unwillingly renewed our acquaintance. We cannot, of course, acquiesce in the truth of her picture of the French Revolution in *The Peasant and the Prince*; and in proportion to our sense of its falsehood, is our regret at the talent with which she has drawn it. There is much also in the spirit of *The Crofton Boys* with which we have no sympathy. *The Settlers at Home*, however, and still more the *Feats on the Fiord*, are tales which rivet the attention, without in any way doing violence either to our sense of historical truth or any other higher feelings. All the tales are written in a style which is at once simple, yet graceful and nervous; in particular, the scenes from nature, as she exhibits herself in the most northern parts of Norway, are most beautifully described in this latter volume; and they are such as ordinary English readers are not commonly acquainted with.

FOREIGN LITERATURE.

Geschichte der Catholischen Literatur, a series of critico-biographical sketches, by Dr. J. A. Moritz, Brühl (Leipzig, H. Hübner), has reached its sixth number, or 480th page; and its author promises to complete it in two volumes. The first volume will contain a biographical sketch of all the principal Catholic authors of Germany; the second, those of Italy, Spain, Portugal, France, and England. The plan pursued is that of combining a sketch of the author's life with an account of his works, and their reception by the public during his lifetime. The numbers that have hitherto appeared are naturally of greater interest in Germany than in this country; nevertheless, they contain an amount of information, written in a most praiseworthy Catholic spirit, that will be very acceptable to all lovers of general knowledge. There are some particularly interesting details of the conversions of several of the authors to the Catholic Church, with extracts from their private correspondence, explaining the motives of their conversion, which are well worth attention.

Les Anabaptistes: Histoire du Luthéranisme, de l'Anabaptisme, et du règne de J. Bockelsohn à Munster, par M. le Vicomte M. Th. de Bussierre (Paris, Sagnier et Bray), is a most interesting volume, not only as containing a very detailed and accurate account of that prime specimen of the first-fruits of Protestantism, the excesses of John of Leyden and his companions at Munster in the middle of the sixteenth century, but still more for the insight which it gives us into *life* as it was in those days of change, excitement, and fanaticism. We cannot at this moment call to mind any work containing so lifelike a picture of the first introduction and gradual progress of "the new opinions" in a particular locality, as M. de Bussierre has here given us with reference to the unhappy town of Munster. We should like to see a dozen such histories of different towns in France, Germany, Holland, and our own country. A multitude of partial histories and local anecdotes of this kind would give us a true and lively picture of the Reformation, of the highest possible interest.

Vie de Paul Jean Granger, de la Compagnie de Jésus, par le R. P. J. Dufour d'Astafort, de la même Compagnie, is an edifying memoir of a young Frenchman who resigned very brilliant prospects in the world, and withstood the most earnest entreaties of his parents, in order to join the Society of Jesus. He died a few years ago in the College of Brugellette, when he was only twenty-six years of age; having given an example of angelic purity and fervent devotion worthy of the society which has produced a St. Stanislaus, a St. Aloysius, and a Venerable John Berchmans. As an appendix to the work, the author has given us a panegyric on the first-named of these Saints, which was delivered by the subject of his memoir at Issenheim; in some portions of which we almost seem to read the biography of the young preacher himself.

Correspondence.

HOLY WATER.

To the Editor of the Rambler.

SIR,—Allow me to add the valuable testimony of the glorious St. Teresa to that of St. Thomas and other writers, on the efficacy of “Holy Water.” I was much pleased with the article on the subject in your last Number. These are the words of St. Teresa: “I was once in a certain oratory, when the devil appeared to me on my left side, in an abominable figure. He told me in a terrible manner, ‘that though I had escaped his hands, yet he would bring me back again.’ I was exceedingly terrified; but I blessed myself as well as I could, and he vanished away; but presently he returned again. This happened to me twice, and I knew not what to do. But as I had some ‘Holy Water’ near me, I threw it towards the place where he was, and he never returned more. . . . I have often found by experience, that there is nothing from which the devils fly more quickly, and return not again, than from ‘Holy Water.’ They fly from the sign of the Cross also; but return again immediately. Certainly the power of ‘Holy Water’ must be great: for my part, my soul feels a particular comfort in taking it, and very generally a refreshment and interior delight which I cannot express. I consider that whatever is ordained by the Church is of much importance: it is a subject of great delight to me that those words which the Church uses when she blesses the water should be so powerful in making such a difference between blessed and unblessed water.” (*Life of St. Teresa*, English translation, pp. 274-275.)

In her admirable *Letters* also, the Saint again dwells on the efficacy of Holy Water.

Thus she speaks, in writing to her brother Lorenzo de Cepeda: “Keep Holy Water by you, for nothing sooner drives the devil away. This has often helped me. Sometimes he has not only terrified me, but tormented me greatly: this, however, I mention in confidence between ourselves. If the Holy Water should not touch him, he will not depart; sprinkle it therefore all about the place.” — *Letter No. XXXII.*, English translation.)

Sincerely wishing you every success in your “New Series,” and that the public may patronise the *Rambler* as it deserves,

I am yours, &c.

J. DALTON.

Bishop's House, Northampton, Feb. 2d, 1854.

CARDINAL WISEMAN, DR. LINGARD, AND MR. TIERNEY.

To the Editor of the Rambler.

SIR,—My attention has just been called by a friend to the last number of the *Rambler*, and to a notice which it contains of my *Memoir of Dr. Lingard*. For whatever general approbation the reviewer has been good enough to express, I am thankful; but there are two points on which he has spoken in terms of severe and certainly unmerited censure; and I must therefore request your permission to offer a few words in reply. If the questions involved in the strictures of the

reviewer were merely literary, I should not think of intruding on your notice. But they are of higher and more serious import. They are calculated to produce an impression injurious both to me and to Dr. Lingard; and for this reason it is that I feel it necessary to trouble you with my present defence. I shall invert the order in which the reviewer has disposed his remarks.

1. The reviewer tells us that Dr. Lingard (so he thinks) "would not, in his maturest age, have thanked a biographer who would record *with approbation* his opinion that it was a *trifling* question as to whether a Catholic historian should say that 'the mind of St. Thomas (of Canterbury) became gradually tinged with enthusiasm:'" he talks of "the somewhat petulant letter (of Dr. Lingard) in which this passage occurs;" and he concludes by being confident that Dr. Lingard, in his later life, would never "so far have forgotten himself as to term the question a mere trifle," &c. Now first, with regard to the "*approbation*" with which I am said to have recorded the historian's "opinion" concerning St. Thomas. If the reader will turn to what I have written in the *Memoir*, he will find that, so far from expressing an "*approbation*" (the reviewer prints the word in italics), I have not even alluded either to the truth or the falsehood, the accuracy or the inaccuracy, of the opinion; that, *as an opinion*, I have never spoken of it; but that I have cited the passage from one of Dr. Lingard's letters, for the mere purpose of *illustrating a remarkable feature in his character*; namely, his *indifference to the attacks of his various assailants* (p. 18). How the reviewer could have perverted this into an "approbation of the opinion," &c., I know not. Possibly, to adopt his own phrase, he was eager to "have a fling" at Dr. Lingard; and in his anxiety to accomplish this object, mistook the meaning of what he had undertaken to criticise.

But Dr. Lingard's letter is "somewhat petulant,"—a strange accusation from one *who has never seen the letter!* The letter extends over more than six pages. I have cited from it a *few disjointed sentences*, just sufficient to answer my immediate purpose; and, with no more than these fragments before him—fragments neither calculated nor intended to convey an idea of the tone or temper of the letter—the reviewer at once declares the letter to be "petulant!" It is evident, as I have already hinted, that the real object of the reviewer in telling us that the historian would not in his later life have "so far forgotten himself," &c., is not so much to "hit" at *me*, as to strike at *Dr. Lingard*, and to charge his early writings with an offence which his maturer judgment would have forbidden him to repeat. Nothing is more easy than to *get up a case*. If you may take a sentence or a passage from where it stands, separate it from all that would modify or explain it, add a comment or a gloss of your own, throw in a hint about "a Catholic historian," and talk of "the great actions of a canonised saint" as exposed to criticism, you may without much difficulty impress an uninformed reader with the idea that the "Catholic historian" must strangely "have forgotten himself," to make light of such matters. Whether, however, the reader who shall take the text of the history without the comment of the reviewer, will arrive at the same conclusion, is another question. I think that he will *not*. At all events, I am sure that, in pronouncing the charges as preferred against him at Rome to have been "*trifles*," Dr. Lingard had nothing to be ashamed of, and certainly never saw any thing which, even to his latest hour, he would have wished to recal. They *were* "trifles;" and every dispassionate and reasonable person so pronounced them at the time. Archbishop

Curtis regarded them as *trifles*, and, in a letter which the reviewer has not ventured to notice, declared them to be *groundless*. Cardinal Consalvi considered them *trifles*, and refused to entertain them. The Propaganda thought them *trifles*; and after the first passing inquiry as to their nature and object, threw them aside ("cushioned them" is Dr. Gradwell's expression). Finally, the Pope himself, notwithstanding the representations of "Ventura and others," was so satisfied of their *trifling* and vexatious character, that he not only sought to honour the historian in all possible ways, but actually had the translation of the book containing the obnoxious passages printed at his own press, and himself subscribed for two hundred copies of it when published. I should hope that these authorities will satisfy your reviewer: I am sure they will satisfy those Catholics who know their religion, and value its principles; and with that conviction I can rest contented.

2. In the course of my *Memoir*, having had occasion to speak of the enlarged edition of the *Anglo-Saxon Church*, and of some articles written by Dr. Lingard in the *Dublin Review*, I ventured to repeat a remark not originally my own, and to say in substance that these productions were more effectual in the Oxford controversy "than all the essays and all the lucubrations put together of other less retiring writers." The reviewer, who is not indeed very grammatical, knows "*who* this is meant for;" for, beyond Dr. Lingard himself, "there was but one writer who took a prominent part in the controversy" in question; and therefore I must have intended to "have a fling at a distinguished controversialist, whose rank will not allow him to return such hits." The question as to whether there were, or were not, other writers besides the personage alluded to, is not a matter of much consequence. Cardinal Wiseman, indeed, says there *were* others, and speaks somewhat pointedly of "the pamphlets issued perhaps by more than one priest" on the subject (Essays, ii. pref. p. vii.). Be this, however, as it may, I am quite ready to acknowledge that if by the "distinguished controversialist" is meant Cardinal Wiseman, his Eminence was not excluded from the category of writers to whom my observation referred. I *did* allude to *him*, as well as to others; and if I were to add that in his case I had a special reason for the allusion, I should state no more than the simple fact. On this subject I wish to speak with all possible respect; nor will I knowingly say a word that is not called for by the strictures of the reviewer. But let any one read the two prefaces, prefixed respectively to the first and second volumes of the collected Essays of Cardinal Wiseman, and in particular that passage in the second preface (p. vii.) in which allusion is made to "the most learned of our historians," and then let him say, not whether justice is there done to Dr. Lingard, not whether his labours and his merits are simply ignored, but whether the effect—no doubt the unintentional effect—of what is there written, is not to represent him more or less as an obstructionist, and to contrast his cautious and "friendly warning" with the bolder sagacity of the writer himself. Into the real nature and object of the letter, to which the Cardinal there refers, it is unnecessary to inquire. We are many of us old enough to remember the bright but airy vision which shone upon his Eminence's early career, the prayers for the conversion of England and the approaching return of the country to the bosom of the Catholic Church; and we can easily conceive, even without the key which the mention of "Laud and the Nonconformists" supplies, that the former instructor may have seen much whereon to caution the then youthful "enthusiast," without intending to damp his ardour, or to deter him from that course which he had himself been so

ong and so successfully pursuing. But let this pass. It must be evident that, as the biographer of Dr. Lingard, I was called on to repair the injustice which Cardinal Wiseman's prefaces, however unintentionally, had inflicted upon him. I therefore expressed my opinion (not a solitary one by any means) of the respective merits of Dr. Lingard's productions, and those of the other writers generally upon the same subject. But I was careful to designate no individual. While discharging a duty to the departed, I had no wish to offer offence to the living; and if, in my endeavour to compress what I had to say into the smallest possible compass, added to the haste and interruption in the midst of which the *Memoir* was written, any expression of a less respectful character towards any one escaped my pen, I can only say that I regret it. It certainly was not intended.

But the "rank" of the cardinal "will not allow him to return such hits." It is true, the reviewer is not so sensitive on this point when, having described the dignity of the priesthood as "higher than that of the highest earthly princes," he proceeds to assail Mr. Price, a priest, in terms of not very measured vituperation (p. 90). But without dwelling on this inconsistency, I may say at once, in answer to his *dictum*, that I deny it, both as a principle and as a fact. As a principle, it is incorrect to say that any man, be his rank or his dignity what it may, who descends into the fields of literature to display his prowess, and to challenge the judgment of the public, is to be exempted from the remarks, or placed above the criticisms of his readers. He who is not unwilling to accept the praises, must be prepared to meet the censures of the world. The privilege to commend necessarily involves the right to condemn; and he who appears as a public writer, though his rank be regal, as in King James, or princely, as in Cardinal Wiseman, must expect to be treated like other writers. Nor is it true, as a fact, that the "rank" of the personage in question, whether as bishop or as cardinal, has ever operated in the manner indicated by the reviewer. Mind, I disclaim all intention either to praise or blame; but, consider him either as literary reviewer, or as public lecturer; take his writings throughout, from his controversy with Lady Morgan to his attack upon *Punch* and the newspapers; follow him through the "articles" published "under the shelter of editorial responsibility," down to the very prefaces to which I have just been alluding,—and I think it will be found that few persons, in their way, have been more ready whether for attack or for defence. I repeat it, however,—I am not expressing any opinion either in praise or censure of these writings. My business with them at present is simply as they establish a *fact*; and of that fact, though opposed to the notion of the reviewer, I conceive there can be no doubt.

I now take my leave of this matter. My object, in what I have said, has been simply to relieve Dr. Lingard and myself from the insinuations (I can hardly call them charges) of the writer in your journal. With this view I have stated my opinions, and the ground of them, fairly and frankly; but I hope that in so doing, no word has escaped me that can even savour of offence to any one.

I am, sir, your obedient servant,

M. A. TIERNEY.

Arundel, January 20, 1854.

DR. MADDEN AND HIS REVIEWER.

To the Editor of the Rambler.

SIR,— May I request an early insertion in the *Rambler* of the following explanation with regard to a passage in a critique on Dr. Madden's *Shrines and Sepulchres*, written by me, and which appeared in your January number. I regret much to find that many persons have understood me in the passage to which I refer, relative to the life of St. Teresa (*Rambler*, Jan. p. 79), as implying a doubt of Dr. Madden's orthodoxy, and casting a slur on the soundness of his faith as a Catholic. Nothing could be farther from my intention. Had Dr. Madden even been a stranger to me, I should not have ventured to impugn his faith; how much less since he is well known to me personally as a Catholic as sincere and zealous, I will not say as myself merely, but as any one I know. On any point of literature, on any matter of opinion, Dr. Madden and I may differ; in one thing I am sure we never shall: we both hold as of faith all that the Catholic Church teaches, neither more nor less. What I *did* mean to convey was simply this: that I thought Dr. Madden had hastily thrown out a suggestion, which would, in my opinion, *lead* to dangerous consequences; and the best argument I thought I could use with *him* as a Catholic, was to point out those consequences, knowing that he would shrink from them as much as I would.

I would not have troubled you with this explanation, were it not that I have been informed that the passage in question has (no doubt through the fault of the writer) been much misunderstood.

In justice to Dr. Madden, I give below the whole of the original passage, that he may thus explain himself, and be his own interpreter.

I remain, &c.

Feb. 8, 1854.

YOUR CONTRIBUTOR.

Shrines and Sepulchres.

“There is a state of being, which we almost invariably find mentioned in the lives of religious persons, eminently contemplative, supposed to have had remarkable visions or glimpses of the spiritual world; a state of occasional dejection and dryness of spirit, of dereliction of soul, comfort inexpressibly distressing; a temporary privation of the light of God, a sense of forsakenness, of inability to love, and impossibility of being loved.

“This is a very strange and mysterious state of being, which a sneer will not explain, nor a fool-born jest get rid of as a fable or a fraud.

“There are more things between heaven and earth than are dreamt of in our philosophy. There are many marvels that are known by the name of miracles, which yet may come within the ken of science, when animal magnetism ceases to be a juggle, and becomes an adjunct to our higher studies.” (vol. ii. p. 559.)

The Rambler.

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To Correspondents.

Juvenis. Declined with thanks.

Correspondents who require answers in private are requested to send their complete address, a precaution not always observed.

We cannot undertake to return rejected communications.

All communications must be *postpaid*. Communications respecting *Advertisements* must be addressed to the publishers, Messrs. BURNS and LAMBERT; but communications intended for the Editor himself should be addressed to the care of Mr. MAHER, 101 New Street, Birmingham.

THE RAMBLER.

A Catholic Journal and Review.

VOL. I. *New Series.*

APRIL 1854.

PART IV.

EQUIVOCATION, AS TAUGHT BY ST. ALPHONSUS LIGUORI.

THE premature demise of the *British Critic*, some nine or ten years ago, was the establishment of the fortunes of another periodical, just then rising from inanity to vigorous life. The *Christian Remembrancer*, whose antecedents were not damaged by any of those uncompromising declarations which had bestowed on its bolder contemporary a celebrity so offensive in the eyes of Anglican dignitaries, forthwith became a sort of organ of the more advanced school of Romanising Tractarians. In the hands of a clever editor, and a few ready and not over-scrupulous writers, it speedily gained a respectable position among Dr. Pusey's adherents. This position it has, we believe, maintained to the present time with a very fair amount of ability; and, we dare say, has succeeded in throwing dust into the eyes of some few persons whose consciences were awakening to the falsehoods of Puseyism.

How far its writers are sincere in their professions, we cannot tell. They certainly do not wear the mark of ingenuousness on their countenance. Sincere or not, however, their position is a false one; their very existence depends upon the maintenance of one of the plainest untruths ever maintained by persons of reputation in the world, viz. the non-Protestant character of the English Establishment. Hence they have a double game to play. Like a fraudulent bankrupt, they have (as the saying is) to *cook* their accounts. One story is to be told to one subscriber, and another to another. Each number of the Review must furnish articles, not merely for readers of different tastes, but of different creeds. The anti-Roman Establishmentarian must be quelled with some heavy blow from the Fathers or the non-Jurors; the æsthetic and ritual-loving

"Romaniser" is to be coaxed into quiet with the luxuries of vestments, pictures, and rosaries; bolder thinkers are to be lectured on the sin of restlessness, and the virtue of shutting one's eyes to one's danger; while the timid conscience is to be scared by artful stories of fresh discoveries of Roman corruptions, not of the raw-head and bloody-bones species, but drawn from the reports of Puseyite travellers, or from misrepresentations of the works of Catholic theologians.

One might have supposed that such a game was too desperate to succeed, and that its inevitable consequence must have been the disgust of the readers of so hot-and-cold a periodical; as we have known a whole family confirmed in their intentions of becoming Catholics by the private conversations of Dr. Pusey, who said one thing to one of them, and the opposite to others. The Anglican stomach, however, if we may judge from the diet prepared for it, has a marvellous power of what doctors call *assimilating* the food, of whatever quality, that is presented to its acceptance. It can digest alike a book of rosaries stolen from the Catholic Church, and a fierce attack on the morals of a Catholic Saint and Theologian. Without the faintest twinge of dyspepsia, it can nourish its flow of true Protestant blood on a glowing panegyric of a French Jesuit, washed down with a stream of declamation against the demoralising principles of Jesuit theology. It can thank God for the purity of the sustenance derived from the morals of some utterly uninfluential old Anglican divine, while it eulogises that model of pious Englishmen and really influential nobleman, Lord Shaftesbury, for his "manful sincerity" in breaking a solemn agreement, when he thinks it ought to be broken "for Gospel purposes." Such is the fate of men whose principle it is to confound the order of nature with the order of grace, and who pledge themselves, at all costs, to the maintenance not of the Christian faith, but of the rights of the Established religion of England.

The last-published number of the *Remembrancer* contains a well-imagined example of the devices adopted to terrify the more sensitive consciences of the Tractarian school. Immediately preceding a paper on the French pulpit, in which the writer tells us that "it would be aiming too high" for Protestants "to have a *Metropolitan College of Oratorians!*" we have an elaborate essay on "Equivocation," as it is called in ordinary language; though its writer prefers the somewhat affected title, "S. Alfonso de' Liguori's Theory of Truthfulness." The paper is cleverly drawn up, and displays rather more acquaintance with its subject than is usual with anti-Catholic writers. Addressing himself to the magnanimous and righteous feelings of the British Lion, by an occasional falsification of

fact imperceptible to the British intellect, the Reviewer gives a turn to the course of his reasoning wholly at variance with the existing truth ; while the *real* question, which lies at the root of the whole matter, is never even for an instant alluded to. The British Lion, however, when not engaged in roaring at Papists or in devouring them, is too well pleased to find himself appealed to as a personage of immaculate "truthfulness," and of unimpeachable morals in general, to be very severe in testing the "truthfulness" of the flattery which glides into his ears ; and we have little doubt that he will finish the perusal of the article before us with a placid sensation of contentment ; muttering between his teeth, as he proceeds to growl at the Russian Bear or the Austrian Eagle, "Thank God, I am an Englishman !"

Still, there are Protestants who would willingly hear what a Catholic has to say in reply to so plausible a statement as is here put forth. Every reader of the *Christian Remembrancer* is not like the author of this attack on one of the most celebrated of Catholic Saints ; whose clear object it is to blacken the name of Liguori by any means that can be employed, if so he may deter any anxious soul from submitting to the hated sway of the Pope. Some, for mere charity's sake, would fain learn that, after all, we Catholics are not so many tricksters and swindlers. Some, whose dearest friends have forsaken all in embracing that creed which is here held up to scorn, would rejoice to be assured that those whom they still love, though long separated, are not quite the victims of a debased morality, abhorrent alike to the "honour of an Englishman" and the principles of the Gospel. Others, again, simply shrewd and hard-headed thinkers, will suspect that there *must* be some flaw in so grievous a charge ; and that either the accusations against St. Alphonsus are gross exaggerations, or that the Church of Rome is not really pledged to his opinions, or that (if humbug were rigorously eschewed by Protestants themselves) there is some undeniable measure of truth in the principles on which Liguori's views of morals are based. To such as these, men of good feeling and good sense, we appeal, from the misrepresentations, calumnies, and shallownesses of such writers as this Reviewer ; calling upon them, in the name of that truth and justice which we are charged with violating, to beware how they repose any trusts in the *ex-parte* statements of a class of controversialists, who neither understand the doctrines of the Church they assail, nor the books they pretend to criticise ; and who are so bent upon making out a case against Rome, that they must needs strike her with weapons which would avail for the destruction of all human

society itself. We appeal to every honest Englishman, who would do to others what he desires they should do to him, and who would scorn either to accuse his neighbour falsely, or to brand him with guilt, for precisely those very acts which he is deliberately, and with a good conscience, committing in his own person every day that he lives.

In the first place, then, we have to assure the candid reader, that the entire accusation here brought against the Church of Rome rests upon an assertion which has no sufficient foundation in fact. The Reviewer would have his readers believe that, in exposing the moral theology of St. Alphonsus Liguori, he is really displaying the iniquities of the doctrines, not merely of an individual and an influential teacher, but of the Roman Church herself! That a person totally unacquainted with Catholic theology, with the language of official documents, and with the mode in which those documents are interpreted, both by those who receive and those who issue them,—that such a person should attribute a greater degree of authority to the writings of St. Alphonsus than they really possess, is but natural; and were this all, we could have little fault to find with any Protestant thus mistaken. But the case is wholly different when a man proceeds to instruct his fellow-religionists with dogmatic decision, and claims to be heard as one thoroughly master of the entire subject. To a Catholic it is palpable that the whole question is totally new to the writer before us. Excited by the popular mention of Liguori's name, he has ordered his *Moral Theology* and *Homo Apostolicus* from his booksellers, read away at a rapid pace, marking every passage that he thought could be turned into a weapon of assault; and has forthwith worked up the whole into an article, without bestowing an hour's pains to ascertain whether the very first step in his argument was not radically an error. A moment's thought must have convinced so clever a person that it was *impossible* that his interpretation of the sanction given by Rome to St. Alphonsus' writings could be correct; and we say that he was bound in conscience to stay his eager pen till he had learnt the exact truth.

But to the recklessness of a retained accuser he adds the dishonourable artifices of the crafty advocate. He *professes* to charge Rome with immoral teaching, on the ground that she has sanctioned the books of St. Alphonsus; but when he comes to details, he mixes up extracts from other writers, as authoritative exponents of Roman morality, to which no shadow of sanction was ever given, which were put forth from a source actually condemned by the Church, or even rest upon no alleged authority whatsoever. Of all writers in the world, Pasce

is selected as the expositor of Catholic doctrine. We might as reasonably fasten upon the *Record* newspaper as the expositor of the views of Dr. Pusey. An anonymous treatise on Equivocation, some three hundred years old, but whose existence was only lately discovered, is freely quoted, by way of proof of what the Catholic Church now authoritatively instructs her children to believe as the undoubted word of God; merely because certain phrases used by the unknown casuist sound uglier in the British ear than any thing to be extracted from the works of the Saint. So, too, a story about St. Francis is detailed, confessedly "not found in Liguori;" but (says our truth-seeking Reviewer) "accepted by Roman controversialists as a faithful exponent of their views, and justified as such." What, we may well ask, has all this to do with St. Alphonsus Liguori, or with the casuistry *authorised* by the Church of Rome? Or what right has Garnet to appear in any such connection? The artifice is transparent. The object is to confer an appearance of *learning* on the writer's dissertations, and to convince the hesitating Protestant reader that Catholic theologians are one and all a band of deceivers,—traitors to God, and the foes of man. To these incidental illustrations of the wickedness of Catholic casuistry we shall therefore allude no further. Whether the authors of the propositions here attributed to them were right or wrong, neither we nor any other Catholics are bound by them. The principles, moreover, on which they must be judged are identical with those on which St. Alphonsus bases his opinions, and in handling the latter they will be in reality fully discussed.

We have said, then, that the argument of the *Remembrancer* against Rome, drawn from certain documents sanctioning the theology of St. Alphonsus, is radically baseless. The Reviewer has entirely misunderstood the *nature* of the sanction thus conferred. If he had inquired of any competent Catholic theologian, he would have learnt this the moment he put the question. He need not have committed the unpardonable enormity of visiting a Catholic prelate or priest in his own proper person. He need not have said one word about his being a Protestant when he made the inquiry. He might have adopted the common Puseyite "equivocation," and called himself a "Catholic." A brief letter to the following effect would have speedily settled his doubts:—"Will you be good enough to inform me whether the sanction given by Rome to the writings of Liguori is meant to imply that no Roman Catholic is at liberty to maintain an opposite opinion on any of the details of morals found in his books?" We will venture

to say, that an emphatic "No; it does not mean this," would have come to him by return of post.

What, then, does this sanction imply? It implies that there is nothing in them which a theologian cannot hold with a safe conscience; nothing which is against the faith and sound morals,—*contra fidem et bonos mores*. It does not mean that, on those doctrinal subjects and those details of morals on which the Church herself *has pronounced no decision*, a Catholic may not, with an equally safe conscience, differ from St. Alphonsus.* A Catholic is *bound* to believe every doctrine which the Church has authoritatively proposed to his belief. Beyond this, he is generally free to form his own opinion; provided only he does not consciously believe any thing inconsistent with those articles of faith which the Church has set forth. In morals it is the same as with doctrine. Certain truths, both general and in detail, no Catholic can deny, without virtually renouncing his title to be a son of the Church. Beyond these, he is bound only to believe and act according to his own judgment, exercised in humility and prudence, and with a sole desire to learn and to do what is right. St. Alphonsus has received no exclusive privilege to expound the infallible truth on those many questions on which the Church has not spoken,

* The decree of approbation distinctly declares *that those who follow the opinions of other approved authors are not to be blamed*. The questions and their replies stand as follows:

"Eminentissimo ac Reverendissimo D.D. Cardinali Pœnitentiario Majori-Eminentissimo:

Ludovicus Franciscus Augustus, Cardinalis de Rohan-Chabot, Archiepiscopus Vesontionensis doctrinæ sapientiam et unitatem fovere nititur apud omnes diocesis suæ qui curam gerunt animorum, quorum nonnullis impugnantibus ac prohibentibus Theologiam Moralem beati Alphonsi Mariæ à Liguorio, tanquam laxam nimis, periculosam salutis, et sanæ morali contrariam, Sacræ Pœnitentiariæ oculum requirit, ac ipsi unius Theologiæ Professoris sequentia dubia proponit solvenda: 1. Utrùm sacræ Theologiæ Professor opiniones, quas in suâ Theologiâ Morali profitetur beatus Alphonsus à Liguorio, sequi tutò possit ac profiteri? 2. An sit inquietandus Confessarius qui omnes beati Alphonsi à Liguorio sequitur opiniones à praxi Sacri Pœnitentiæ Tribunalis, hâc solâ ratione quòd à sanctâ Sede Apostolicâ nihil in operibus illius censurâ dignum repertum fuerit? Confessarius de quo in dubio non legit opera beati Doctoris nisi ad cognoscendum accuratè ejus doctrinam, non perpendens momenta rationesve quibus variæ nituntur opiniones; sed existimat se tutò agere eo ipso quòd doctrinam quæ nihil censurâ dignum continet, prudenter judicare queat sanam esse, tutam, nec ullatenus sanctitati Evangelicæ contrariam.

DECISIO.

Sacræ Pœnitentiaria, perpensis expositis, Reverendissimo in Christo Patri, S.R.E. Cardinali Archiepiscopo Vesontionensi respondendum censuit: Ad primum quesitum: Affirmativè, *quin tamen inde reprehendendi censeantur, qui opiniones ab aliis probatis auctoribus traditus sequuntur*. Ad secundum quesitum: Negativè, *habita ratione mentis sanctæ Sedis circa approbationem scriptorem servorum Dei ad effectum Canonizationis*. Datum Romæ, in sacrâ Pœnitentiariâ, die 5 Julii, 1831. A. F. De Retz, S. P. Regens. F. Fricca, S. P. Secretarius."

but on which as a theologian he was compelled to write in full details. The sanction of Rome acquits him of any, the slightest, shade of error in any thing he has written *as a Catholic*; but it does not place him above every other *theologian*, dead or alive, whose opinions differ from his on what (to use a popular phrase) are "open questions." Such an interpretation of the sanction is itself its own refutation. There would be an end at once of all theological writing, except for the purpose of maintaining St. Alphonsus' infallibility against all comers.

All this is plain enough to a Catholic; though to the Protestant, the whole of whose creed is the produce of his own thoughts and criticism, it is perhaps not so instantly clear. Yet surely a candid and intelligent Protestant will at least understand us, with a little thought. Take a single doctrine, for example, as an illustration of the difference between the Catholic and the Protestant conditions of mind on such subjects:—Every Catholic holds, and many Protestants hold the same, that the Second Person in the Blessed Trinity became Incarnate, and that Incarnate, He redeemed mankind. In connection with this doctrine, some of the Fathers held, and some modern theologians hold, that even if Adam and his posterity had not sinned, the Eternal Son would still have become Incarnate, though not to suffer. Now, such Catholics as hold both of these doctrines, nevertheless hold them on totally different grounds; they hold the former because the Church proposes it to their faith, the latter as a deduction from Scripture, or from grounds of theological reason formed by their own private intellects. The Protestant believer, on the contrary, would accept both doctrines on precisely the same ground. He might be more or less certain that they were true doctrines; but the reason *why* he held them would be, that he considered them to be contained in the Bible, or, as a matter of history, to have been held by the primitive Christians. Hence, being without personal experience as to these two distinct grounds for religious belief, the Protestant reader may be at first sight bewildered when he is told that a good Catholic can accept the Papal decree declaring that St. Alphonsus taught nothing against the faith and good morals, at the same time that he feels himself at liberty to differ from St. Alphonsus on (perhaps) a large number of the details of his writings. He is led astray by his want of acquaintance with our ordinary theological language, and with the primary elements of our religious ideas. He is accustomed to use the words *faith*, *true*, *certainty*, and the like, in senses different from those in which Catholic theology uses them. A Catholic has "faith" in those doctrines of revelation which the Church

authoritatively teaches him to be the word of God. On whatever other or kindred points he may have opinions, and however *certain* he may personally feel of the accuracy of the reasoning on which he has formed them, he never applies the term "faith" to that act of the mind by which he holds them as *true*. They are true *to him*, perhaps with the highest degree of certainty to which probable reasoning can attain, but still they are matters of private opinion after all.

Hence, the sanction conferred on the books of St. Alphonsus is attended with no practical puzzle to a Catholic. It does not occur to him to take it as a judicial decision in favour of the innumerable propositions enunciated by that theologian. It merely assures him, that if he personally is disposed to accept any of St. Alphonsus' opinions as just opinions, on St. Alphonsus' authority, out of respect for his judgment as a great Saint or theologian, he may do so "with a safe conscience" (*tutâ conscientiâ*), in the confidence that in nothing has St. Alphonsus contradicted the laws of morality or the decisions of the Catholic Church.

We refuse, then, *in limine*, to be held responsible as Catholics for any of the private opinions expressed by St. Alphonsus. We may be very good Catholics, and yet dissent from a vast number of the propositions which he has put forth. We are bound by what the Church teaches, and by nothing more. At the same time, let it not be supposed that we individually are hereby throwing St. Alphonsus overboard as the saying is, because he has taught certain things which look ugly in the eyes of English Protestants. We particularly beg that it may be understood that we are merely stating the facts of the case. We should regard it as in the highest degree impertinent, either to publish or to hold any thing that could be termed an opinion on such a multitude of details many of them involving points of the most complex difficulty. It may comport with the ideas of anti-Catholic reviewers, who know about as much of moral science as an attorney's clerk in the first month of his articleship knows of legal science, to announce decisions on the most subtle and complicated questions of human duty; but far from us be any such folly. For all we know, every opinion uttered by St. Alphonsus may be really true, in the profoundest sense of the word; or many of them may be erroneous. We only refuse to be held responsible for any thing which the Church has not taught us. And if we now proceed to vindicate the principles of moral science which the writer before us has attacked, we do it not merely as defending St. Alphonsus, *dear as his reputation is to us*, but in the hope of clearing away some little of the cloud of

misconception which confuses the judgment of honourable men among Protestants, when they criticise the books and the acts of Catholics. The article in the *Christian Remembrancer* is a fair sample of the better class of attacks thus levelled against us; and it embodies all, or nearly all, of the common notions of the Protestant observer. We are therefore content to notice its remarks rather more in detail than would be strictly necessary if we treated it on its own merits alone. Our only difficulty is to compress what we must needs say into such a compass as our space permits. Not merely a treatise, but treatises, would be necessary for the full exposition of the subjects involved. Any difficulty, accordingly, which the non-Catholic reader may experience in comprehending what we say, we must beg him to impute, not to the inherently inexplicable nature of Catholic morality, but to the difficulty of unfolding its principles in the compass of a few pages.

Our first duty is to warn Protestants of candour and honesty against such insinuations as are conveyed in the paragraph in which the *Remembrancer* opens his case. After proving, as he supposes, that Liguori is Rome's "latest authoritative exponent of her moral system;" the word "system" meaning with this writer not merely the principles of morals, but every detailed proposition contained in Liguori's writings; the Reviewer insinuates that there exist in Liguori's books far worse things than his teaching on equivocation, telling his readers that "the laws of decency" forbid him from exhibiting their "most revolting features." From such words only one conclusion *can* be drawn by Protestants. They *must* believe—and the Reviewer must have foreseen it—that St. Alphonsus teaches a scandalously lax morality in connection with the sins forbidden by the sixth (among Protestants the seventh) commandment. That this writer considers that *no* detailed instructions ought to be given by moralists on sins of this nature is incredible: the Editor of the *Remembrancer*, and the writers of his school, are not quite such shallow-brained impostors as to imagine that human passions are to be allowed to revel uncontrolled in the mire of any one sin, merely because that sin is of a peculiarly revolting nature. The *Remembrancer's* accusation is virtually to the effect that St. Alphonsus sanctions a degree of license which is reprobated by Protestants; a statement than which none more palpably and wickedly false was ever uttered by malignant controversialist. Of course, we cannot enter into details. The subject should never be touched on in our pages, but that insinuations and charges must be denied, for the sake of truth and

purity themselves. If this writer had the cause of truth and purity at heart, why did he not tell his readers *what St. Alphonsus himself says on the subject*? Why did he not quote what *could* be quoted? Why did he hint a vile suggestion, when a sentence or two from the object of his slanders would have dispelled all such unholy thoughts? Why did he not tell the alarmed Protestant reader, that St. Alphonsus prefaces his discussions on these distressing subjects with a burst of sorrow that he should be obliged to discuss them at all; entreating the pardon of the chaste reader for the bare mention of topics whose very name is defiling; lamenting the impossibility of clothing his advice in something still more obscure than the technicalities of a dead language; warning all men against reading what he has written as a matter of curiosity; and bidding them redouble their prayers for grace to preserve their own innocence? Such was the spirit in which *St. Alphonsus* addressed himself to his painful duties. What, then, would he have thought of those infamous writers who, under the guise of a zeal for holiness, publish to the world in newspapers and periodicals discussions which the Saint himself would never approach without trembling, and without commending himself to the protection of God?

Another unpardonable misrepresentation on the part of the *Remembrancer* occurs in its pretended explanation of the Catholic doctrine on the subject of mortal and venial sins. The writer's object is transparent. He wishes his readers to believe that Catholic moralists teach that when a sin is venial, it is really no sin at all; and that we abstain from venial sins through a sort of spiritual epicurism, in order to enjoy a perpetual fervour, and for no other reason whatever. Here are the very words:

"A mortal sin puts a man out of the grace of God, a venial sin does not, but only diminishes the man's fervour; and is so light a thing that it need never be confessed. What sins are mortal, and what venial, is left to the decision of the casuists."

Now, if language has any meaning, does not this mean distinctly that a venial sin is considered by Catholics as in no sense really *a sin*, a thing forbidden by God, a thing which is an offence against His Majesty? Mark the craft of the last clause in the quotation; *it is so light a thing that it need never be confessed*. Undoubtedly it need not be confessed, if by "need not" is meant that there is no absolute obligation to confess it to a priest. The Church teaches that Almighty God makes it obligatory on all to confess to a priest all those sins which are of such a character as to exclude the soul from grace, as the condition on which absolution is to be pro-

nounced and the lost blessings restored. By this means the benefits of the atonement of Jesus Christ are conveyed to the penitent sinner. And this is all that is required in the way of *sacramental* confession for the pardon of sin, provided it be accompanied with genuine sorrow and purpose of amendment. But to infer from this that those sins which are not actually and instantly destructive of the spiritual life itself, are treated by the Church as trifles, as not *sins* in any just sense of the word, as what the world calls infirmities or peccadilloes, is absurd. Every sin, venial as well as mortal, is to be confessed from the heart, and with a true contrition, *to Almighty God*; though, in the case of venial sins, God does not require that the confession shall be made to a priest also. The soul of every sincere Catholic is incessantly occupied in the confession of the innumerable varieties of sin, from the worst to the lightest and most transitory, from which no man without a special privilege is wholly free. And, moreover, though we are bound, under the heaviest of penalties, to confess only mortal sins to a priest, in practice every Catholic above the most miserably lukewarm and heedless, does thus confess his venial as well as his mortal sins. There is not a spiritual writer in existence who does not inculcate the practice. Various motives are assigned for the practice, which we need not here detail, except these two weighty reasons, viz. that a carelessness about venial sins tends directly to the commission of those which are mortal; and that sins which, viewed as a question of theological science, are in themselves venial, in certain cases become mortal in the individuals who commit them. None insist on this more urgently than St. Alphonsus himself. And we entreat our Protestant fellow-countrymen to bear all this in mind, and not to be led away by the vulgar error which treats the Catholic term "venial" as equivalent to the popular term "trifling," venial sins being really of various degrees of enormity.

The writer before us further adopts that other wide-spread error, which treats the Catholic division of sins into mortal and venial, as an arbitrary distinction, the invention of an unspiritual casuistry. He tells us that it is "totally impossible that the arbitrary division of sins into mortal and venial can be maintained." What will not party spirit lead a man to say? Is this the sentiment of a disciple of the Oxford theology, or is it one of the silly platitudes in which the shallowest of "evangelicals" betray the inconsistencies of their creed? We appeal from both alike to the common sense of every Englishman who does not hold the notion that all men are exactly alike in the sight of God, and will all be saved when

they die. We ask every honest mind whether there are not differences between the enormity of the many sins of which man is guilty towards his God? Is it not possible that a man should do that which is forbidden by the divine law, and yet not be guilty of a deliberate renunciation of the sovereignty of God, as his Maker and his King? Is a "white lie" as bad in the sight of God as deliberate perjury? Is a blow given in a moment of passion equally horrible with murder? Is a person who swindles a poor man of his all no worse than another who, in a moment of sudden temptation, carries off a little ornament from the house of a nobleman of gigantic wealth, only because the actual money value of the loss to both parties is the same? So far from the distinction between mortal and venial sins being arbitrary, it cannot be denied without violating the first principles of morals and the dictates of every human conscience. Every body holds it, every body professes it, and every body acts upon it.

And, further, unless we hold that *all* men are equally in the favour of God, the effect of some sins on a person's spiritual prospects must be different from that of other sins of a different degree of guilt. Does deliberate murder put a man out of the favour of God, so long as it is unrepented of, or does it not? If there is a heaven and a hell, will the deliberate and unrepentant murderer go to heaven? and will a man be sent to hell for stealing a pin? No doubt it is *possible*, theoretically, to steal a pin with such an aggravation of wicked motives as to render the act tantamount to a voluntary defiance of the majesty of God; as it was for eating an apple that Adam lost Paradise. But, as the world goes, is pin-stealing, or equivocating in trifling affairs, an offence which God has told us He will inevitably punish with hell-fire? Are these offences regarded by the law of God as entailing the *same* consequences as murder and adultery? If not, then the one class are venial sins, and the other class are mortal. One class of sins can be committed by a man who is nevertheless a good Christian, and not a reprobate; the other would convert a saint into an outcast.

We repeat, then, that the Catholic distinction between mortal and venial sins is absolutely essential to the guidance of the soul in the law of God. There can be no Christian morals at all without it. The denial of the distinction is equivalent either to the blackest antinomianism, or to the denial of the existence of a future state of rewards and punishments. And it is the daily torment of every tender Protestant conscience that it has no intelligible guide in such things. It is its misery that, when it seeks to know itself and its sins, it has no tes-

whereby to ascertain what is the *nature* of the guilt of its perpetual transgressions of the divine law. Vainly it strives for some light, to show it whether those faults into which it finds that it is practically impossible not to fall, are of so heinous a character as to exclude it from the favour of that God whose law it seeks to know. Were there no other proof that Protestantism, in all its forms, is not the Gospel of Jesus Christ, this test alone would suffice to set aside its claims.

That on certain matters of detail there exist different opinions among Catholic theologians, is no proof that it is futile to attempt to show that one transgression of the divine law is mortal, and that another is not. Is the science of human laws worthless, and no practical guide at all, because on certain abstruse questions legal casuists are not all entirely agreed? Are we to fly in the face of the rules which God has given to guide us, because there are certain complications of human action in which it is not easy to ascertain the precise scientific definition of the complications in question? If it has pleased the Divine wisdom to create man as a complex being, with a soul and a body, each of them subject to the action of a vast variety of motives and feelings; and, moreover, to place him in the midst of a society towards the members of which his relationship is of the most multiform character, what right have we to confound the inherent distinctions between right and wrong in human acts, because it is not always easy to say whether a certain action is included in a certain precept, or to fix speculatively the exact amount of guilt which every possible act of disobedience implies?

The assertion made by the *Christian Remembrancer*, to the effect that there exists *practically* any difficulty for Catholics in ascertaining what is their duty, and what are their sins in the overwhelming majority of instances, is simply a fabrication. The writer dips into the books of one or two moralists, totally in the dark as to the principles assumed, and the rules by which their scientific propositions are applied in practice; and, as might be expected, takes up an idea which is contradicted by the experience of every person who *is* a Catholic. He informs his readers that *when the agreement of moralists might be of use, it never exists*. If such is our difficulty, may we ask him to inform us how Protestants ascertain what things are right and what are wrong, when the Bible says nothing as to the particular details of the case in hand? Take such a case of conscience as the mode of observing the Lord's day. Is it a mortal sin in a member of the Anglican Church not to go to church, when he is not absolutely hindered by necessity, every Sunday? If it is so, is he bound to go once, twice, or

three times? If it is a venial sin, may a man *never* go, and yet remain in the grace of God? If not, where is the line to be drawn? Or is such absence from public worship a sin at all? How ought a good Anglican Christian to pass the remainder of the Lord's day? May he read the newspaper? May he read a novel? May he give a dinner-party? May he play at cards? May his children play with their toys, and dance and romp about the house? If they may do this, and their parents may not do any thing of the kind, at what age does the prohibition commence its operation? May a good Anglican hire a cab to take him to church, when he knows that by so doing he will be morally instrumental in preventing the cabman's going to church himself? How much of the day ought he to pass in private prayer and spiritual exercises? Is it right to have railway-trains running on Sundays? If it is wrong to transact secular business on Sundays, is it right for a person in London to write to a country correspondent a business letter on a Saturday, thereby inducing him to occupy himself with secular affairs on the subsequent Sunday? If it is wrong to read a novel on a Sunday, is it right to mention a novel in conversation? And if so, why so? On all these, and innumerable other practical details on this one subject alone, there exists the utmost diversity of opinion among Protestants. Will the *Remembrancer* show us how the truth is to be ascertained? Are all these acts perfectly immaterial in themselves? Or is it impossible to test them by any one standard? Or may a good Anglican treat the whole subject with scorn, because there exists such a boundless diversity of opinion respecting it among the members of the Anglican communion? Yet this touches only *one* of the ten commandments, and that one moreover, which deals with a positive command. When the Protestant can show us his own code of morals, perfect in its comprehensiveness, unimpeachable in its deductions, and embracing every detail of human action, it will be time for him to say that we Catholics have no practical code, because our doctors are not agreed in all the minutiae of scientific distinction.

One more remark is necessary, before we proceed to the subject of equivocation itself; and we here request the particular attention of the thoughtful reader, because it is essential to the right understanding of all Catholic moralists. With Catholic writers, it is to be observed, moral theology is a *science*. It is not a collection of essays, sermons, or spiritual reflections. It is the philosophical exposition of the duties comprehended in the laws which Almighty God has given to

his creatures, and especially to Christians, to obey. Now these laws are various; and the human passions, desires, and feelings which they are designed to control, are also various, as, too, are the virtues which it is man's duty to cultivate. The action of the human mind is not like the development of an algebraic or geometrical axiom, which stands rigorously alone, or is by its very nature implied in, or associated with, other elementary axioms. If, for instance, I once get hold of the true idea of a circle, I may deduce from that idea an endless variety of other geometrical truths by a series of simple syllogisms, each necessarily springing from its predecessor, without any necessity for *modifying* my deductions by the introduction of other truths of a counteracting nature at any stage of the process. This is what is called mathematical reasoning; and in its application, we have only to be sure of our original premisses, and of the logical correctness of our subsequent syllogisms, to be equally sure of the conclusions at which we may arrive at the most distant stages of our demonstrations.

But in morals the case is essentially different. Justice is one thing, mercy is another, truth is a third, humility is a fourth. The sin of murder is distinct from the sin of theft; the sin of lust is distinct from the sin of pride. And whereas in mathematics the properties of a circle *cannot* interfere with the properties of a triangle; in morals, the obligations of justice may interfere with the dictates of mercy; a man's duty to his right-hand neighbour may interfere with his duty to his left-hand neighbour. An act may be perfectly innocent when viewed in connection with one particular law of morals, while in connection with some other law it may become either highly undesirable or absolutely sinful.

Catholic moralists, accordingly, treat human actions under this double aspect; so that any opinion passed upon them from a partial knowledge of their system is certain to be erroneous. They treat of the virtues in combination as well as singly. They take one of the laws of God or of the Church, and test its applicability to that endless variety of human actions which *seem* to come under its operation. Some of these they decide to be violations of the precept before them, either in a mortal or a venial degree; and others they decide to be free from all charge of sin *on this particular ground*. But they do not therefore say that those things which they thus permit may not be forbidden *by some other law*. Take the case of some horrible enormity, committed by a man in such a state of drunkenness that he was not master of his actions, and did not know what he was about. Suppose he murders another man; is he really guilty of *murder* in the same sense as if he killed

his victim with deliberation when in his sober senses? He is guilty of drunkenness, but drunkenness is a different sin from murder; and when writing only on the sin of murder, a theologian might justly say that such a man was guiltless of murder. And what could be more scandalously dishonourable in a controversialist, than to assert that because a moralist maintained that such a person was not technically guilty of the one sin of murder, he was therefore acquitted as not guilty of any thing more flagrant than mere intoxication? But supposing that a man got drunk deliberately, or deliberately joined a company in which he would be in imminent danger of getting drunk, knowing when he did so, that it was likely that when drunk he would commit murder; then, in this case, he is guilty of that deliberately reckless defiance of the Divine law in general, which is a mortal sin of the deepest dye. It is a monstrous perversion of truth to take a few fragmentary passages from a scientific treatise, consisting of mere abstract definitions of certain virtues or certain sins, and to fasten upon them a *practical* meaning which their author would have been the last to give to any person who might consult him as to the right and the wrong of actual conduct. Every Catholic knows that the rules and scientific distinctions of theological writings are to be interpreted *for use* by those who are masters of the whole system of Catholic doctrine and practice. We do in religion precisely what every rational man does in law and medicine. None but a quack doctor or a silly invalid fancies that all human diseases are to be cured by a knowledge of merely one or two parts of the human frame, or of the nature of one or two medicines. Medical books need a competent and educated physician for their application to particular cases of disease. In law, who but a fool would peril his life or property on his personal study of one or two legal treatises, rather than seek guidance from a competent lawyer? And so, books of moral theology presuppose the interpretation of a living theologian.

From this rapid survey of the general character of theological science, we now proceed to the specific accusation brought by the *Remembrancer* against St. Alphonsus, on the subject of equivocation. He has chosen his topic well, in order to divert attention from the real controversy between the Church and Protestantism. Shallow minds are peculiarly impressible by the species of declamation here launched against Rome and her doctors. "Romish deceit" is one of the most popular of cries, easily raised, and easily buttressed up with a few startling quotations; and when the *Remembrancer* stumbled upon

these passages in Liguori, he doubtless looked upon them as a godsend, to enable him, the Puseyite, to give scientific accuracy and unanswerable weight to the vague and airy denunciations of the more vulgar school of anti-Catholic orators. Let us see what his accusations are fairly worth.

In thus endeavouring to put the question in a clear and intelligible light, we shall at the same time abstain from any minute examination of the various propositions maintained by St. Alphonsus, and here assailed as more or less abominable. No such examination is in the least degree called for, in order to settle the difficulty, such as it is, between Catholics and Protestants. The point in dispute is not simply whether this or that case of equivocation is justifiable, or whether, if deception be ever allowable, this or that form of deceiving is an allowable mode of practising it. If equivocation is wrong in itself, of course Liguori's instances are every one of them wrong; and their enumeration adds only to the rhetorical impressiveness, and not to the logical force, of the accusation against him. And on the other hand, if the principle of the lawfulness of equivocation be once admitted, the whole matter is settled against our Protestant opponents. Whether or not every opinion of St. Alphonsus can be maintained, as justifiable on the principles thus conceded, is a matter of no moment between us. The principles being conceded, the charges of our assailants fall to the ground.

The doctrine, then, alike of St. Alphonsus and of all Catholic moralists, is, that equivocation is in certain cases lawful for a Christian; nay, it may sometimes be his duty.*

The law of truth does not forbid us to use certain words, or to practise certain gestures, with a view to conceal the truth; but it does forbid us to say or do that which necessarily conveys an idea directly contradictory to the real truth. I have no right to make a man believe that a white object is *certainly* not white, though I have a perfect right to conceal from him *whether or not* it is white. The latter is an equivocation; the former would be a lie. In the latter case I throw the burden of *finding out* the truth upon him; in the former I make it *impossible* for him to ascertain it by any means.† In particular cases it may not always be easy to say whether such and such a statement is an equivocation or a lie; just as in innumerable other instances moral science has its difficult

* We use the word in the sense in which it is used by Catholic theologians, who give it strictly its etymological meaning—*æqui-vocatio*. The popular English sense of the word implies some species of guilty or sinful quibbling, necessarily of a more or less dishonourable character.

† We recommend to the candid reader's attention an able Essay on the present subject by Dr. Murray of Mayneoth, in the 4th vol. of his *Annual Miscellany*.

subtleties to analyse. The teaching of St. Alphonsus and of the great body of moralists is, that if we lie, we sin; if we equivocate for some just reason, we do not; *i. e.* of course unless the equivocation involves the breach of some other law of morals. Or, a little more in detail, it amounts to this:

1. We are never allowed to tell a lie.
2. We are not always obliged to tell every body the whole truth.

3. When we have a sufficient reason for not telling it, we may use equivocal words, which conceal the truth but do not deny it.

4. But if the *equivocalness* is not ordinarily felt and known so that the second meaning exists only in my mind, *purè mentalis*, I cannot use it.*

Nor is the question affected by the addition of an oath to the equivocation. If an equivocation is perfectly innocent it is ridiculous to suppose that the confirming it with an oath converts it into a perjury, or any species of sin, so far as truth telling is concerned: though, possibly, the addition of an oath may be an act of irreverence, or the cause of scandal. If it is perfectly lawful for a servant to say, "Not at home," to a visitor, when his master *is* at home, it is perfectly lawful for him to confirm the statement with an oath, so far as *truthfulness* is concerned; though such conduct might be most unjustifiable on the ground of want of sufficient reason, profaneness, and disedification to others.

The proof of the lawfulness of equivocation is found in the undeniable truth, that man has other duties towards God and towards his neighbour besides the satisfaction of every person's curiosity, and the answering every querist's interrogations. The precepts of the divine law are to be interpreted in such a manner that one commandment shall not be made to clash with another, but that the whole shall work together in a self-consistent, harmonious, and practicable system. It is mere childishness to take a text from Scripture, and fasten upon it some one practical interpretation, which makes obedience to certain other texts an utter impossibility. The duty of the casuist is to ascertain the Divine Will, by studying the letter of the divine commands in the spirit of their true significance.

* See his *Pratica dei Confessori*, chap. v. p. 2. v. 15. Altro è la bugia, altro è l'equivoco. . . . Quando dunque vi è giusta causa, ben possiamo lecitamente rispondere ed anche giurare coll' equivoco o colla restrizione non pura mentale perchè allora non s'intende d'ingannare il prossimo (il che è sempre illecito) ma di permettere ch'esso s'inganni da se, giacchè non sempre siamo tenuti di rispondere secondo la mente di colui che interroga. Even if the Saint's examples or illustrations fail in their application, his doctrine is not wrong, and his theory of truthfulness remains perfect.

and not by heaping text upon text, assuming that he knows their full meaning from the beginning, and throwing them in the face of every person who takes a different view from himself.

Now, we allege that innumerable circumstances arise in the details of human life, in which a query cannot be directly answered without a violation of some moral obligation which we are bound to strain every nerve to fulfil. No man has a right to my knowledge, when I could not communicate it to him without injuring my neighbour or myself. I am not only permitted to keep my secret; I am bound by every law of love and justice to keep it. At the same time, it has pleased Almighty God to forbid absolute falsehood in men's intercourse with one another. My duty, therefore, is to keep both of these commands; to preserve the rights of him whom the telling of the whole truth would injure, and at the same time not to assert that a thing *is*, which really *is not*.

With this end, all sensible and conscientious men practise what is called *equivocation*. They use some phrase or gesture which will serve to conceal the information from the person who has no right to claim it, and at the same time will not necessarily make him believe that which is positively false. We repeat, that all sensible and conscientious men practise equivocation. Protestantism, not having any thing that can be called a recognised moral science, necessarily possesses no code of definitions on the subject of lying and equivocation. Every man has to follow the unaided dictates of his own conscience and common sense; but in practice he nevertheless equivocates incessantly; and it is only because he is little aware of the principles on which he acts, that he makes use of the charge of equivocation as a serviceable *cheval-de-bataille* for attacking the ranks of Catholic controversialists.

As to the precise nature of the devices by which truth may be lawfully concealed: here, of course, differences of opinion will arise. One man conceives some one class of devices to be natural, lawful, and honourable, which another disdains and denounces with indignation. The truth, however, we take to be this: that every country, every age, and every rank, will have its own particular recognised modes of equivocation; which are accordingly lawful, each to each, but which may be absolutely unjustifiable in cases where such modes are not recognised. The Englishman has one device, the Italian another, the American-Indian a third. Each may be totally different from the rest, and may appear detestable in the eyes of those who are not brought up in the corresponding state of public opinion; but, nevertheless, each mode answers its pur-

pose, which is to lay down a certain line of demarcation between what may be done, and may not be done ; so that every sensible person knows precisely where he stands, and in what circumstances the burden of discovering the truth is thrown upon a querist.

The Italian mode, adopted by St. Alphonsus Liguori, and by others of the same school long before he lived, may be one which has little attraction for the English mind. But so, also the English style of equivocation may appear scandalous to a narrow-minded Italian. English public opinion does not happen to recognise any beauty or desireableness in what it considers a trick, and prefers what it calls a good open lie. But the fact is, that certain ideas are universally recognised in English society, which prevent what our Englishman calls a good open lie from being any lie at all, and confer on it the character of an equivocation. To the Englishman, therefore those modes of speech may be permitted which would be absolute sins to an Italian, whose social phraseology is framed on a different idea. When this is borne in mind, the various equivocations justified by St. Alphonsus, and which seem to the *Christian Remembrancer* so ridiculously quibbling, and striking at the very root of all mutual confidence between man and man, assume an entirely different aspect. If any nation or age chooses to adopt such devices, for the protection of those who possess information which they have a right to conceal, what is that to us ? These devices answer their purpose as well as ours do. Certain things are *known* to be equivocations ; and people are no more *deceived* by them, than when a British footman says, " My master is not at home," his master being at home all the while ; an expression which many Italian footmen would account a sinful lie.

For Englishmen, of all races of men, to denounce St. Alphonsus and other advocates of equivocation, is indeed an absurdity. The whole frame-work of our national and social life is (so to say) *oiled* with recognised equivocations ; which, far as words go, are often nothing less than glaring falsehoods but which society agrees to accept as sentences of doubtful meaning. Begin with the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge.

At Oxford (and we believe at Cambridge also) the Fellows swear to observe the college statutes, without the remotest intention of so doing. There is not a word of limitation to the promise, so as to confine it to things enforced. They swear as the original founders bade them, *i. e.* to do the very thing which the founders intended to be actually and always done. There is no recognised authority for dispensing with the o

servance; yet the swearing goes on. Are these men all perjured, in the sense in which a man is perjured who passes on me a forged 50*l.* note, and swears that he knows it is not forged? By no means: public opinion sanctions the lie as a lawful one, and so far converts it from a lie into an unmeaning form. Doubtless it is a scandal, a trap for consciences, an abomination; but, strictly speaking, it is not a lie.

So in minor things: every body uses certain phrases, which distinctly assert a gross falsehood, taken literally; but which English society has agreed to accept as modes for concealing truths which the speakers wish to conceal, and for the use of which it does not condemn them as liars. A person arraigned before a court of justice positively denies his guilt, meaning only that he conceals the truth as to whether he is guilty or not. The lawyer who defends him puts on an appearance of belief in his innocence, and even asserts that innocence, throwing the burden of the proof of guilt upon the accuser. In other words, he "equivocates;" and society admits the lawfulness of his ambiguous language. As an illustration of the virtual adoption of the Catholic theory by Protestants, it is to be further observed, that there *is* a point at which an advocate is expected to stop in his asseverations of his client's innocence. Far as a barrister is permitted to go in his efforts to conceal a client's guilt, he is not permitted to throw that guilt on a person whom he knows to be innocent. This latter trick is treated as an unlawful lie.

Or take another legal case. An attorney who has the charge of an important lawsuit affecting the fortune of a client, is asked point-blank in private by a friend of the opposite party whether a certain document is in existence, the loss of which would decide the trial against his client. What would any honourable attorney do if thus questioned, supposing it was impossible to refuse a reply without a tantamount admittance that the document was lost? Will any rational person doubt that it would be his *duty* to frame some equivocal phrase, which would throw the questioner upon a wrong scent? Or, if he even positively asserted that the document was *not* lost, would not a justification be found for the assertion in the fact that the querist had no right to put the question?

A burglar breaks into my house, and asks where my money is concealed; or a murderer puts a question which involves the life of an innocent man. I answer him with direct falsehoods, so far as words go; but they are not real falsehoods, because the burglar and the murderer have put themselves into the position of an enemy in time of war,

where stratagems and deceits are honourable. They have no right to put the question, and therefore I am permitted to give them a false reply.

In war, as we have said, stratagems and deceits are honourable. In the settlement of a truce or a peace, they are dishonourable and unlawful. Yet in war there is one case, which might convince anti-Catholic polemics that morals frequently present problems most difficult to determine. We mean the position of *spies*. Is it inexcusable or excusable to go as a spy into the enemy's camp? If it is inexcusable, why do *all* military commanders employ spies; if it is excusable, why is the spy usually despised by his employers, and executed, when discovered, with an *ignominious* death? In the words of moral science, is spying equivocation or lying? In trade and business certain equivocations are universally permitted; while, at the same time, an arbitrary custom permits one person to use that particular equivocation which in another person's mouth would be a lie. I go into a bookseller's shop, and say, "What is the price of Macaulay's History of England?" The shopman names the exact publisher's price; or if he names another, it is a lower price. If he asks me more, I consider myself cheated and swindled. I walk out, and say to a fishwoman sitting by the side of the pavement, "What is the price of that pair of soles?" She knows nothing about my knowledge of the price of fish; but she replies, "Eighteenpence," when she means to take a shilling or ninepence, if she can get it. Does she lie, as the bookseller would have done if he had named a false price for Macaulay's England? Far from it. And why? Because it is the English custom to bargain for fish, but not for new books. The fishwife uses an "equivocation." Her meaning is, "The price is eighteenpence, *if you are foolish enough to give it me.*" And a man who ignorantly gave the eighteenpence would be a simpleton if he thought the woman a swindler for asking it.

Or, I walk into a linendraper's, and ask to see some silk, or linen, or what not, *of the best quality*. The man brings me a specimen, and says, "This is the best quality." But the chances are five to one, or ten to one, that it is not the best, *as I meant it*, i. e. the best *that is made*; and which the shopman perhaps knew that I meant. His reply was an equivocation, and fully stated, amounted to this, "It is the best quality *we have to sell.*" The custom of business, however, throws the burden of discovery *on me*, and exonerates the tradesman from the guilt of lying.

A person asks A. B. if he knows who is the author of a

certain paper in a periodical, or a certain book; A. B. himself being the author, but wishing to keep his secret to himself. He replies, "I have never *heard a word* about the subject." Will any literary man in England stigmatise this equivocation as a dishonourable falsehood? C. D. dines with E. F., and finds nothing that suits his palate or his digestion; and accordingly is half starved in the midst of plenty. Is it unlawful for him to equivocate, in his reply to his host's kind expressions of hope that he has made a good dinner?

In fact, private life would be intolerable without equivocation. Every impertinent fellow would be master of his neighbour's comfort and dearest secrets, if we were not to be allowed to put him off with phrases of doubtful meaning, in order to throw him on a wrong scent. The common and vulgar proverb, "Ask me no questions, and I'll tell you no lies," embodies alike the Catholic doctrine and the common judgment of humanity. It is equivalent to saying, "Ask no impertinent questions, unless you are willing to be deceived. If you do meddle with what does not concern you, you must not be surprised if you get lies in return." So far from equivocation being fatal to private peace and comfort, there could be none without it.

The disgraceful unfairness of the accusations made against Catholics by men who boast of the guileless simplicity of the true Protestant heart, comes out into still clearer light when we turn to the writings of the greatest Protestant authorities on moral subjects. It may answer a party-purpose to contrast a certain Bishop Sanderson with St. Alphonsus, after the fashion of the *Remembrancer*, and to assume that Sanderson is the exponent of the universal Protestant mind. But, in truth, the assumption is neither more nor less than an equivocation equivalent to a controversial falsehood of the first magnitude. For one follower of Sanderson, Jeremy Taylor has five hundred; and while Sanderson's books are confined to the shelves of a few "Anglo-Catholic" speculatists, Paley has actually formed the opinions of thousands and tens of thousands of Cambridge graduates. Hear Jeremy Taylor, then, on lying:—"It is lawful to tell a lie to our neighbour by consent, provided the end be innocent or pious." "To tell a lie for charity, to save a man's life, hath not only been done in all times, but commended by great, wise, and good men." "Who would not save his father's life, or the life of his king, or of a good bishop and guide of souls, at the charge of a harmless lie, from the rage of persecution and tyrants?" "If it be objected, 'that we must not tell a lie for God, therefore much less for our brother,' I answer that it does not fol-

low; for God needs not a lie, but our brother does." With much more to the same purpose.*

Now turn to Paley:—"There are falsehoods which are not lies, *i.e.* which are not criminal; as, where the person to whom you speak has no right to know the truth, or more properly where little or no inconvenience results from the want of confidence in such cases; as where you tell a falsehood to a madman for his own advantage; to a robber, to conceal your property; to an assassin, to defeat or divert him from his purpose. . . . Many people indulge, in serious discourse, a habit of fiction and exaggeration in the accounts they give of themselves, of their acquaintance, or of the extraordinary things which they have seen or heard; and so long as the facts they relate are indifferent, and their narratives, though false, are inoffensive, it may seem a superstitious regard to truth to censure them merely for truth's sake."†

Or, take the opinions of the great writers on national rights, whose opinions are regarded as of the weightiest importance in the conduct of affairs between state and state; we mean Grotius and Puffendorf. These writers were not Catholic casuists; but men of clear heads, sound judgments, and recognised integrity, in all that relates to the intercourse between man and man. First hear Grotius:

"Licet veritatem occultare prudenter sub aliquâ dissimulatione." Lib. iii. (*De Mendacio*), § 7.

"Significationis falsitas, id est quod ad communem mendacii naturam requirimus. Cui consequens est cum vox aliqua aut sermonis complexio est *πολύσημος*, *i.e.* plures uno significatus admittit, sive ex vulgi usu, sive ex artis consuetudine, sive ex figurâ aliquâ intelligibili, tunc si animi conceptus unistarum significationum congruat, non admitti mendacium, etiamsi putetur is qui audit in aliam partem id accepturus.

"Verum est talem locutionem usurpatam temere non probandam, sed potest ex accedentibus causis honestari: puta si id pertineat ad erudiendum eum qui curæ nostræ est traditus, aut ad evitandam iniquam interrogationem. . . . Dictum Hebræorum hic pertinet: 'Si quis norit uti perplexiloquio, recte: sin minus, taceat.'" § 10.

Among other cases, he allows a lie (*mendacium*), "quæties certum est eum ad quem sermo est libertatis suæ in judicando læsionem non ægre laturum, imo gratias habiturum eo nomine, ob commodum aliquod quod inde assequitur, tunc quoque mendacium stricte dictum, *i.e.* injuriosum, non committi." § 14. (3.)

* Doctor Dubitantium, book iii. chap. 2.

† Moral and Political Philosophy, book iii. part 1, chap. 15.

“Quoties qui habet jus supereminens in omnia jura alterius, eo jure bono ipsius sive proprio sive publico utitur,” God excepted ; because a falsehood is a mark of weakness. § 15. (4.)

“Quoties vita innocentis, aut par aliquid aliter servari, et alter ab improbi facinoris perfectione aliter averti non potest.” § 16. (5.)

Now turn to Puffendorf: *Dévoirs de l'Homme et du Citoyen*; tr. par Barbeyrac. “La vérité consiste à faire en sorte que les signes extérieurs, dont on se sert, et surtout les paroles, représentent fidèlement nos pensées à ceux *qui ont droit de les connaître, et auxquels nous sommes tenus de les découvrir en vertu d'une obligation ou parfaite ou imparfaite*: et cela, soit pour procurer quelque avantage qui leur est du, soit pour ne pas leur causer injustement du dommage. Mensonge consiste à se servir de paroles ou d'autres signes qui ne respondent pas à ce que l'on a dans l'esprit, quoique celui avec qui l'on a affaire ait droit de connaître nos pensées, et que l'on soit obligé de lui en fournir les moyens, autant qu'il dépend de nous.” Lib. iv. cap. 1, § 8.

Hence, he says: “Rien n'est plus faible que les raisons dont quelquesunes se servent pour prouver que tout discours contraire à ce que on a dans l'esprit est criminel de sa nature. Quiconque, disent-ils, parle autrement qu'il ne pense abuse honteusement de sa langue, et déshonore par là ce bel instrument que le Créateur lui a donné pour manifester aux autres ses pensées,” &c.

In §. 10 he says, that “the right to know our thoughts is not of nature, nor the right of the strongest, but solely conventional; it is indispensable for society that in general you should say what you mean, and mean what you say;” with a great deal more to the same purpose.

The barriers against the abuse of equivocation, and against its being allowed to grow into unlawful fraud, are laid down with accuracy by Catholic moralists. *We* know, therefore, what we are about. This thing is an equivocation, that thing is a lie. We know when we may rest assured that we have got at the truth, and when the burden of its discovery is thrown upon our own acuteness. Hence the immense practical advantage of our minute casuistry, which seems so quibbling to those who are left to the vague generalities of mere essayists or preachers, or the unscientific speculations of their own judgments, often both weak and inexperienced. One chief safeguard laid down by theologians against the abuse of equivocation, lies in the fundamental axiom, that we may not equivocate to a person whose relation to us is such that he has a right to *know the truth*. The relation of a parent to a child,

of a master to a servant, of a judge to a witness, of a physician to a voluntary patient, even (say) of a bankrupt's creditors to a bankrupt, is quite different from that of persons who are in a condition of perfect equality, and who are bound by no peculiar engagement to one another. And this must specially be borne in mind, when we read such opinions as those quoted by the *Remembrancer* from St. Alphonsus. St. Alphonsus all along presupposes that the person whom we design to mislead is one who has no kind of right over us, and who therefore *ought* to be prepared for equivocal replies, and to be content to be thrown on his own wits for discovering the precise truth.

Another great safeguard consists in the habitual cultivation of a straightforward, sincere, and open character. An equivocating *disposition* is detestable. Every body dislikes manœuvrers. No reasonable man is angry at being deceived when he has asked an impertinent or *mal-à-propos* question; but we all hate to think that people trick us for the mere sake of tricking. To those who fancy, because Catholic theologians theoretically permit a vast variety of equivocations, that therefore Catholic society is practically more tainted with a deceiving, intriguing spirit than Protestant society, we can only reply that they are egregiously mistaken. We would undertake at any time to get the exact truth on any subject out of a Catholic, whether priest or layman, with half the trouble it would take to "pump" a Protestant of similar character and in similar circumstances. Among ourselves, it is notorious that we are open to a *positive fault*. We cannot keep our secrets as closely as we ought. Every body is inclined to tell every body every thing. Never was there a more laughable misconception, than the notion that Catholics go about among one another with masks on their faces and *double-entendres* on their tongues. We do not pretend to be all truth-tellers, or all faultless in any way. But unquestionably, our faults do not lie on the side of excessive craft and detestable ingenuity.

Again, as we have before remarked, there exist innumerable cases in which an act or phrase of equivocation is perfectly lawful in the abstract, which would be practically unlawful to an individual Christian in almost every possible combination of circumstances. And as it is the province of the scientific casuist to analyse human actions, so as to define what acts come under one law of duty, and what acts come under another, so it is the duty of every Christian pastor to teach the lawfulness or unlawfulness of individual actions, with a special reference to their particular circumstances. Hence, what the casuist may say is not wrong *as a lie*, the pastor will often

forbid as a scandal, a trifling with dangerous weapons, an injury to some friend or neighbour, or a distrust of Divine protection. And so too in every other possible human action. We utterly repudiate, therefore, and protest against the charge, that because our moralists minutely define a multitude of sentences or deeds, as not forbidden by this or that one law in particular, we therefore habitually *act* upon these definitions; or account it lawful to act upon them, simply because we so find it written in books of casuistry. And with equal warmth and distinctness do we deny the notion, or the suspicion, that our clergy are in the habit of inculcating any ideas on truth, equivocation, or any other moral subject, which bear the remotest resemblance to the vulgar charges against them. We make no profession of universal spotlessness or infallibility either for our priests or laymen. Of course, we have our black sheep; but we assert that, especially among the clergy, they are rare to an extraordinary degree. And of those who are not "black sheep," doubtless now and then one may be found who is in error in some point of detail, and whose words and actions are open to fair censure. More than this we do not for a moment admit.

It is undesirable generally to bandy accusations; but, under the present circumstances, it is impossible not to retort upon our assailant in the *Remembrancer* the very charge he has so recklessly brought against us. We do not think it would be possible to point out in the writings of any respectable Catholic controversialist so dishonourable a case of *unjustifiable* equivocation as occurs in the very article we are noticing. How far the Reviewer's representation of Liguori's teaching is to be depended on, may be gathered from the manner in which he quotes St. Alphonsus' argument for equivocation, drawn from two passages in the gospels. The Reviewer (p. 42) quotes the greater part of a long paragraph, where St. Alphonsus argues in favour of equivocation from two incidents in our Blessed Lord's life, in which He used ambiguous expressions to His disciples. The first of the two instances the Reviewer gives, as he conceives himself able to show that it will not bear the interpretation St. Alphonsus puts upon it.* The second instance he entirely omits; putting in its place three dots, and then proceeding with the remainder of the extracts. Why he

* The learned reader will not be disposed to put much faith in the Reviewer's knowledge of Greek, when he finds him asserting that the tense of ἀναβαίνω must be changed in order to give it a future signification. Is it possible that the Reviewer has forgotten that the use of the *present* tense with a *future* signification is even more common in Greek than in English? Did he never use such an expression as, "I go to London next week;" meaning, "I shall go?"

did this, is evident. It is impossible to deny, that when our Blessed Lord said, "Of that day or hour no man knoweth, neither the angels in heaven, *nor the Son*, but the Father," He used an equivocation which the disciples were certain not to penetrate. Indeed, the passage is incessantly urged by Socinians as a proof that our Blessed Lord *was not the Eternal Son of God*. Now we ask any candid Protestant whether these *dots* are not an equivocation of the most startling audacity, and totally unjustifiable in a person who voluntarily comes forward to teach others, professing to tell them the exact truth, and with solemn professions of "truthfulness" on his lips, and bringing the heaviest accusations against millions and millions of those whom he calls his fellow-Christians. He was writing to Protestant readers, of whom probably not one would think of turning to the original passage to test the accuracy of the quotations; and he carries on his argument on the assumption that he has stated St. Liguori's whole case in his own words. Is this "truthfulness?" Is it justifiable "equivocation?" Is it not wilful deception? But this is not all. The Reviewer has the hardihood to preface his effort to overthrow Liguori's reasoning with a distinct assertion that he has quoted *the whole* passage. Here are his words: "We cannot pass over the inferences drawn from the quotations made *in the passage which we have extracted* without some criticism. These quotations are made from our Lord's words, as related in the gospels, from St. Augustine, and from Thomas Aquinas" (p. 46). Are we uncharitable if, on receiving such treatment from an adversary, we quote another sentence of our Blessed Lord's: "Woe to you, scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites; blind guides, who strain out a gnat, and swallow a camel?"

With a word or two on one more of the Reviewer's misrepresentations we bring our remarks to a close. He quotes a long passage from that wittiest, keenest, and most unscrupulous of controversialists, Pascal, to show the absurd and licentious character of the well-known doctrine of "probable opinions." He would have his readers believe, that this doctrine implies that any man may adopt any course of action *which his inclinations lead him to*, if only he can find a statement of its being abstractedly lawful in the writings of a single grave author. Now what is the fact? The doctrine of probable opinions is nothing more than the scientific enunciation of the practice which common sense dictates to every intelligent person, who desires to go through life at once as a practical and a conscientious man. Briefly stated, and divested of technicalities, it amounts to this:

Occasions for action will frequently occur, in which, after employing our utmost candour and abilities to ascertain what is the precise line of conduct we ought to adopt, so as strictly to conform ourselves to the laws of God, we yet find it impossible to strike a balance between the arguments on the opposite sides of the question. What is a Christian man to do in such a case? Is he to sit dreaming away the time for action? Is he bound to adopt the view which he most dislikes; or may he at once adopt that which his own interest leads him to prefer? Religion and good sense unite in dictating a third course. They say, "Consult a friend or two on your difficulty. Don't go to a simpleton, or a prejudiced man, or a fanatic, or a man of paradoxes; but go to one or two persons of integrity, who have experience and good judgment, who will see the thing in its clear light, unbiassed by any personal preferences; and *act without scruple on their advice*. If you cannot get rid of your scruples, do not act at all; but if you really think the arguments equal *before* you consult your friends, then, *in your case*, whatever may be your friends' judgment, it will be *probably* the true one. At any rate, Almighty God, who sent us into the world, not for listless speculation, but to act up to the light we possess, will be perfectly satisfied with your decision." This is the doctrine of probable opinions. Scientific moralists are the intelligent friends whom a doubting person consults. The assertion that a man is justified in following *what he is inclined to*, though in his conscience he suspects it to be wrong, on the authority of any one or two writers he may lay hold of, is a pure calumny. He consults his friend, or his learned written authority, because his own judgment does *not* incline to either side. The time for acting is come, the arguments on each side appear equal, he asks his friend to settle the matter for him; on receiving his friend's advice he lays aside his previous doubts, and he acts accordingly. Whether his inclinations were on that side or no, the principle is the same, viz. that where the obligation of a supposed law, or its application to a particular case, is doubtful, the judgment of two or three competent advisers forms a sufficient ground for unhesitating action to a reasonable and upright man.

Repeating, then, our sense of the difficulty of presenting such topics as we have handled in the brief space of a few pages, we lay the above remarks before the honest Protestant reader, feeling assured that they will commend themselves to his good sense and candour. And for ourselves, we conclude our rapid sketch with a renewed sense of that perfect applicability of the entire Catholic system of morals, discipline,

and worship, to the necessities of human nature, which is at once a token of its divine origin, and a most interesting subject for philosophical and devout meditation.

CATHOLIC HYMNOLOGY:

LIFE OF BLESSED JACOPONE DI TODI.

A CURIOUS instance of the careless and negligent manner in which antiquarian and archæological inquiries are sometimes conducted, is afforded by the article in the *Ecclesiologist*, from which we copied the sequence *Fregit victor virtualis*, in our December Number.

No one would have supposed it possible that the most ordinary sources of information upon a subject so interesting as lost sequences by the author of the *Dies iræ*, could have been neglected by individuals professing to be able to enlighten the public mind upon points of Catholic antiquity; and we might have expected that the obvious course of consulting early printed Missals would have been resorted to before the libraries of Lisbon were ransacked in search of manuscripts. This, however, has not been the case; at least in the present instance. A correspondent informs us that the *Fregit victor virtualis* is to be found in the first three early printed Paris Missals which he has happened to consult, being those of Thielman Kerner, of 1520; of Desiderius Maheu and John Kerbriant, 1525; and of Yolande Bonhomme, 1555; and he has sent us also the other prose of Thomas de Celano, *Sanctitatis nova signa*, the supposed loss of which is bewailed by the editor of the *Ecclesiologist*, but which is to be found in all three of the Missals we have alluded to. They occur among many others, some of which are extremely beautiful, at the end of the Missal, under the following heading:

“*Sequuntur sequentiæ sive prosæ multum devotæ: et ad devotionem animum excitantes, pro voto celebrantium dicendæ vel obmittendæ, prout etiam laudabilis et antiqua consuetudo multorum tam in ordine Minorum quam alibi habet.*”* And the particular sequence referred to is as follows:

* There are a few verbal variations between the Sequence as we published it, and the copy in the possession of our correspondent, which some of our readers may be glad to have signalled.

In the 2d line of the 10th stanza the Missal has *incendens* for *absorbens*. In the 1st line of the 12th, for *fixâ mente tendens*, *fixam mentem tenens*. In the 3d of the same, for *specie seraphicâ*, *ac trahens suspiria*. In the 2d line of the 16th,

De Stigmatibus sacris et pro aliis Festis ejusdem. Prosa.

Sanctitatis nova signa
 Prodierunt valde digna,
 Mira valde, sed benigna
 In Francisco credita.
 Regularis novi regis
 Vita datur novæ legis;
 Renovantur jussa regis
 Per Franciscum.
 Novus ordo, nova vita
 Mundo surgit inaudita.
 Restauravit lex sancita
 Statum Evangelicum.
 Legis Christi pariforme
 Reformatur jus conforme.
 Tenet ritus, datur norme
 Culmen Apostolicum.
 Corda rudis, vestis dura,
 Cingit, tegit sine curâ,
 Panis datur in mensurâ,
 Calceus abjicitur.
 Paupertatem tantum quærit,
 De mundanis nihil gerit,
 Hæc terrena cuncta terit,
 Loculus despicitur.
 Quærit locum lacrymarum,
 Promit voces cor amarum,
 Gemit mæstus tempus carum
 Perditum in seculo.
 Montis antro sequestratus
 Plorat, orat humo stratus.
 Tandem mente serenatus
 Latitat ergastulo.
 Ibi vacat rupe tectus,
 Ad divina sursus vectus
 Spernit ima iudex rectus,
 Eligit celestia.
 Carnem frenat sub censurâ
 Transformatam in figurâ;
 Cibum capit de scripturâ,
 Abjicit terrestria.
 Tunc ab alto vir hierarcha

Venit ecce rex monarcha,
 Pavet iste patriarcha
 Visione territus.
 Defert ille signa Christi
 Cicatricem confert isti,
 Dum miratur corde tristi
 Passionem tacitus.
 Sacrum corpus consignatur,
 Dextrum latus perforatur,
 Cor amore inflammatur
 Cruentatum sanguine.
 Verba miscent archanorum,
 Multa clarent futurorum,
 Videt sanctus vindictorum
 Mistico spiramine.
 Patent statim miri clavi
 Nigri foris, intus flavi.
 Pungit dolor pœnâ gravi,
 Cruciant aculei.
 Cessat artis armatura
 In membrorum aperturâ,
 Non impressit hos natura,
 Non tortura mallei.
 Signa crucis qui portasti,
 Unde mundum triumphasti,
 Carnem hostem superasti
 Inclitâ victoriâ.
 Nos, Francisce, tueamur
 In adversis protegatur
 Ut mercede perfuamur
 In celesti gloriâ.
 Pater pie, pater sancte,
 Plebs devota te juvante
 Turbâ fratrum comitante
 Mereatur præmia.
 Fac consortes supernorum
 Quos informas vitâ morum;
 Consequatur grex Minorum
 Sempiterna gaudia.

We avail ourselves of this opportunity to publish another lost sequence, or at least one which is very little known; and, indeed, was nowhere published, we believe, before the beginning of this century. The Catholic ear and heart are so deeply penetrated by the ineffable beauty and touching pathos of the *Stabat Mater dolorosa*, that at first, perhaps, they may almost

for *effectum excedebam, affatu excedebam*; in the 3d, for *mirifico, pacifico*. In the 1st of the 18th, for *convellatus, convelatus*; the former is an evident error. In the 3d of the 24th, for *imitari*, the Missal has *immutari*; and for *Christum, Christi*. In the 1st of the 25th, *O* is read instead of *Dic*, without interrogation. In the 2d of the 26th, for *redimentis, resurgentis*. In the 2d of the 30th, *ac caput spinis*. In the 2d of the 31st, *loquaci* for *fallaci*; and in the last stanza, the *vere* is omitted.

turn away with feelings of real repugnance from the following poem, as though it were something artificial, a mere imitation—we had almost said a *parody*—of the divine composition referred to. Yet it is certain that both the one and the other were written by the same hand, and M. Ozanam even raises a doubt as to which of them was written first; though upon this question we confess we should not have thought that there could have been two opinions. The writer we have mentioned discovered the poem in a ms. in the National Library, and believed that it had never been published before: this, however, was a mistake, for it had been printed in Paris by M. Gence in 1809, and again, with some alterations, by M. Louis Verdure in 1810. The following is the version given by M. Ozanam:

Stabat Mater speciosa
Juxta fœnum gaudiosa
Dum jacebat parvulus.

Cujus animam gaudentem
Lætabundam et ferventem
Pertransivit jubilus.

O quam læta et beata
Fuit illa immaculata
Mater Unigeniti!

Quæ gaudebat, et ridebat,
Exultabat, cum videbat
Nati partum inclyti.

Quis est qui non gauderet,
Christi Matrem si videret
In tanto solatiō?

Quis non posset collætari
Christi Matrem contemplari
Ludentem cum filio?

Pro peccatis suæ gentis,
Christum vidit cum jumentis,
Et algori subditum.

Vidit suum dulcem natum
Vagientem, adoratum
Vili diversorio.

Nato Christo in præsepe,
Cœli cives canunt læte
Cum immenso gaudio.

Stabat senex cum puella,
Non cum verbo nec loquelâ,
Stupescens cordibus.

Eja Mater, fons amoris;
Me sentire vim ardoris
Fac ut tecum sentiam!

Fac ut ardeat cor meum
In amando Christum Deum
Ut sibi complacem.

Sancta Mater, istud agas;
Prone introducas plagas
Cordi fixas valide.

Tui nati cœlo lapsi,
Jam dignati fœno nasci
Pœnas mecum divide.

Fac me vere congaudere,
Jesulino cohærere,
Donec ego vixero.

In me sistat ardor tui,
Puerino fac me frui,
Dum sum in exilio.

Hunc ardorem fac communem,
Ne facias me immunem
Ab hoc desiderio.

Virgo virginum præclara,
Mihi jam non sis amara,
Fac me parvum capere.

Fac ut portem pulchrum fantem,
Qui nascendo vicit mortem
Volens vitam tradere.

Fac me tecum satiari
Nato tuo inebriari,
Stans inter tripudia.

Inflammatum et accensus,
Obstupescit omnis sensus
Tali de commercio.

Fac me nato custodiri,
Verbo Dei præmuniri,
Conservari gratiâ.

Quando corpus morietur,
Fac ut animæ donetur
Tui nati visio.

The author of this hymn, and its companion the *Stabat Mater dolorosa*, was the Blessed Jacopone di Todi; and we will borrow from M. Ozanam's volume on the Franciscan poets some details of his very interesting life. He was born of the noble family of the Benedetti, in the little town of Todi, in Umbria, a little before the middle of the thirteenth century. He was bred to the study of the law, at that time the most lucrative of all professions, and, it would appear, the most perilous to the condition of the soul. No less than ten thousand students frequented the famous legal schools of Bologna, and many of them led most riotous and disedifying lives. Jacobo de' Benedetti was a youth of very considerable abilities; but in other respects he does not seem to have been any better than his neighbours: he indulged in most expensive habits, which obliged him, as soon as he had taken his doctor's degree, and had been paraded through the city in the usual fashion—clad in scarlet, mounted on horseback, and preceded by the four trumpeters of the university—to return to his native town, and seek to repair his shattered fortunes at the expense of any of his neighbours who happened to be of a litigious turn of mind. Gentlemen of this class were particularly abundant in Italian towns in those days, so that Jacobo found no lack of subjects on which to exercise his legal acumen. He succeeded admirably in his profession; moreover, he made a most happy and advantageous selection of a partner for life; so that the brightest worldly prospects seemed fairly open before him. The merciful providence of God, however, had other designs upon him; and a sudden accident, so to say, changed the whole current of his life. On the occasion of some public festival, in the year 1268, Jacobo's young, rich, and beautiful bride took her place among a number of other ladies of rank on an elevated platform, from whence she might the better enjoy the spectacle. Presently the platform gave way, and Jacobo, rushing to the spot, lifted his dying *sposa* from amid the broken planks. On proceeding to tear open her dress, to ascertain the nature of the injuries she had sustained, he discovered, to his extreme amazement, beneath the silks and fine linen which met the public eye, a coarse covering of sackcloth; and at the same moment the lady expired in his arms. Deeply moved by this incident, he entered into himself, and immediately resolved on an entire change of life. In a few days it was whispered abroad that Jacobo de' Benedetti was gone mad; he had sold all his goods, and distributed them to the poor; he was to be seen frequenting the streets and the churches, clothed in mere rags. The very children followed him as he went along, hooting at him, and crying out,

"There goes mad Jim!" adding to his name the usual Italian termination of contempt or abuse, and calling him Jacopone. Yet those who watched him more closely might perhaps have discovered that there was something like "method in his madness." One day he went to the wedding of his niece, bedizened all over with plumes of feathers, as if in mockery of all the vanities he saw around him. On another occasion, being met in the market-place by some of his relatives, they begged him to carry home a couple of fowls they had just bought, and immediately he carried them off to the family-vault in the church of St. Fortunatus; and when he was scolded for not having executed his commission, and asked what he had done with the fowls, he replied, "You bade me take them home for you; and where is your home but that place where you will abide for ever? *Domus æternitatis vestræ.*" (Psalm xlviii. 12.) At another time he came into the midst of a large party, only half-clothed, crawling on all-fours, and saddled and bridled like a beast of burden; and often, when he had attracted great crowds after him in the streets by some peculiarity of costume or behaviour, he would suddenly turn round and preach a most eloquent sermon, denouncing the sins and scandals of the town, and moving the hearts of many of his hearers to a sincere repentance. It should be mentioned also, that during all this time he was most indefatigable in his study of the holy Scriptures and other good books, and was continually meditating upon the eternal truths, praying, and leading a most mortified life.

He continued in this way for about ten years, when one day he knocked at the door of a Franciscan convent, and desired to be admitted as a postulant. It may easily be imagined that they did not feel much disposed to receive such an applicant; and day after day he was continually put off on some new excuse. At last he brought with him two little hymns or proses, one in Latin, the other in Italian, which he had composed with a view to convincing them that he was in his right mind, and no madman. Indeed, the Italian prose directly explained the secret of his madness, as the opening lines of it will sufficiently show.

"Udite nova pazzia,
Che mi viene in fantasia.
Viemmi voglia d'esser morto,
Perche io sono visso a torto;
Io lasso il mondan conforto,
Per pigliar piu dritta via, &c."

Jacopone, therefore—for he begged to be allowed still to retain the name of derision which the world had given him—

now became a Franciscan friar, and, we need scarcely add, of the strictest observance. He fasted on bread and water, mingled bitter herbs with his food, refused to be promoted to holy orders, and chose to be employed in all the most menial offices of the house as a lay brother. It is recorded of him, that one day, being sorely tempted to break his abstinence, he procured a piece of raw meat, and hung it up in his cell until it became putrid, diligently repeating to his appetite every day, "Here is the food you so much coveted; why don't you take and enjoy it?" Of course, a self-imposed penance of this kind was necessarily betrayed in process of time to the other members of the community, in no very agreeable way, through the evidence of their olfactory nerves. All the cells in the house were visited to discover the culprit; and when discovered, he was sharply rebuked and punished. This was no more than he wished; and he immediately composed on this, as well as on all other similar occasions, a most touching *cantique*, in which he pours forth the inmost feelings of his soul, and manifests a degree of fervent charity that could not be exceeded by a St. Teresa or a St. John of the Cross.

It must not, however, be supposed that Jacopone was always indulging in eccentricities, and behaving differently from his brethren in the monastery. On the contrary, he was so conspicuous for his prudence and ability, no less than for his zeal, that he was deputed by the community to negotiate some delicate affair in which they were interested with the Court of Rome; and his companions were astonished as well as edified by the degree of patient forbearance which he exhibited in the management of it.

The severest trials, however, of his life were yet to come. If he had flattered himself that by flying from the world he had bid adieu for ever to all troubles and dissensions, he was now to be undeceived. New trials arose in the bosom of the Church, and even from the midst of that retirement of the cloister which he had so eagerly sought. The Franciscan order, which he had joined, was divided just now into two parties; one, who were seeking from the Pope a relaxation of the original severity of the rule, saying that it was only suited for angels and not for men; the other, who wished to maintain the rule of St. Francis in all its integrity and strictness. Unfortunately, the officers and principal authorities of the order belonged to the former class; Jacopone, as might have been expected, to the latter. When in 1294 the austere and holy pontiff, Celestin V., was called to the chair of St. Peter, he authorised the brothers spiritual (as the stricter portion of the Franciscans were called) to live according to the exact

letter of their rule, in communities separate from the conventuals—for so the anti-reformers were called—and under superiors of their own choosing. This called forth the warmest gratitude of our Franciscan poet. But Celestin's reign did not last long. At the end of five months he resigned, and was succeeded by the celebrated Boniface VIII. Not long after his election, this Pope consulted Fra Jacopone, whose high spiritual attainments were well known even beyond the limits of his convent, as to the meaning of a certain dream which he had had, and which troubled him much. He had dreamt that he had seen a bell, whose circumference embraced the whole earth, but which had no clapper; and Fra Jacopone told him that the bell denoted the pontifical dignity, which embraced the whole world; and bade him beware lest the clapper should denote the fame of a good example, in which he (Pope Boniface VIII.) should be found wanting. One would be almost tempted to suspect from this language that the friar had already seen or imagined some cause for forming no very favourable opinion of the new pontiff; but, be this as it may, he certainly formed such an opinion not long afterwards, when the Pope revoked the privileges which his predecessor had granted to the friars minors, or Franciscans of the strict observance, and placed them again under the jurisdiction of the conventuals. It happened also, that just about this time certain strange reports were put in circulation concerning Boniface VIII. and the manner of his election to the pontifical throne. Fra Jacopone was thoroughly deceived by these reports, and became a partisan of the Pope's enemies. He was one of the witnesses whose names were attached to the formal protest of the Cardinals Colonna, denouncing Boniface as an usurper, and summoning him to be judged by a general council then about to be held. He fell, therefore, under the sentence of excommunication pronounced by the Pope against the Colonnas and their adherents; and when, in September 1298, Palestrina, the stronghold of the Colonnas, was taken by the pontifical troops, he was thrown into prison. It was in vain that he appealed from the solitude of his confinement to the compassion of Boniface, whom he now learnt to recognise as the lawful occupier of the Holy See. The Pope, with that rigour which characterised his whole life, turned a deaf ear to all entreaties. It is even said, that one day, as he was passing his prison, he called to him, and jeeringly asked him when he would come out; to which the religious replied, "Holy father, when you come in;" a reply which his biographers look upon as prophetic, and consider to have been fulfilled by the sacrilegious affair of Anagni in September 1303, followed,

as it was, by the absolution and liberation of Jacopone in the month of December, by order of the successor of Boniface, Pope Benedict XI.

The remainder of the good friar's days was spent in the retirement of the cloister; but they were not many. Towards the end of the year 1306 he was taken ill, and his brethren urged him to receive the last sacraments. He said he would do so as soon as his dear friend John of Alvernia, also a Franciscan, should arrive to administer them. The fathers were greatly distressed at this reply; for they had no reason to expect that John of Alvernia was at all likely to come and visit them; and there was clearly no time to send him the news of his friend's danger, and to summon his assistance. Jacopone, however, took no notice of these lamentations, but immediately intoned a spiritual hymn of his own composing; and scarcely had he ended this hymn, when John of Alvernia and a companion arrived, having been drawn to pay this visit to his friend by an overwhelming presentiment, which he could neither account for nor resist. After receiving all the holy rites of the Church, Jacopone burst forth into a song of triumphant joy, in the midst of which he raised his eyes to heaven, and breathed forth his last sigh, just at the moment when a priest in a neighbouring church was intoning the *Gloria in excelsis* in the midnight Christmas Mass.

Such was the life of the author of that most divine composition, the *Stabat Mater dolorosa*; and besides the other Latin hymns which we have published to-day, he wrote two or three others, also in the same language. The great bulk of his poems, however, were written in the native language of the poorest classes of the Umbrians, a coarse dialect of the Italian; and of these he composed upwards of 200. They cause him to be a great favourite among the people; so that his name became embalmed in their memory, as of the poet of divine love and the model of penitence. And Rome, which had visited with temporal punishment the momentary error of the politician, rewarded with the honours of beatification the virtuous life of the religious.

Reviews.**THE RIGHT HONOURABLE BENJAMIN DISRAELI.**

The Right Hon. Benjamin Disraeli, M.P.; a Literary and Political Biography, addressed to the New Generation.
London: Bentley.

WHAT will not boundless brass and brilliant ingenuity effect in this world? Surely mankind are made to be gulled. There are quacks in every trade, profession, and rank of life. Who is there that has not been swindled in his day? Who has not taken paste for diamonds, gilded copper for pure gold, and a brazen countenance for the open look of an honest man? Happy they who have only been cheated to a moderate extent, who have not been robbed of their fortune, their affections, or their reputation, by some one of the clever scoundrels who go about to deceive, and regard mankind as one vast assemblage of cheatables.

Were any society impregnable against these snares of quackery, we should have taken the House of Commons to be that happy spot, until Mr. Disraeli became the leader of the Tory opposition. People tell us, on the information supplied by sagacious M.P.s themselves, that in "the House" at least "every man finds his level." That favoured floor, we are told, is the test of every man's pretensions. Folly is laughed at, roguery denounced, and imposture exposed. The humbug which tells upon electors at the hustings falls powerless on the ears of the elected representatives; platform oratory is at a discount when addressed to "Mister Speaker;" and the men who individually and in their private lives are open to the trickery of any plausible and impudent charlatan, when associated in that glory of the universe—the British House of Commons—are transformed into a tribunal before which insolence blushes, hypocrisy is unmasked, and folly learns wisdom.

We will venture, however, to assert, that, whatever be the estimate of House-of-Commons wisdom entertained by honourable members in general, there is at least one of their number who holds their penetration very cheap. The Right. Hon. Benjamin Disraeli is that man. There can be little doubt that *he* values the brains of the right honourable assembly in which he holds a conspicuous position, or at least those of a considerable portion of its members, at a price that is tolerably commensurate to their merits. The mountebank always takes a pretty accurate measure of the capacities of his listeners;

he marks the gaping mouth, the uplifted eye, the feeble tension of the facial muscles, the gently uplifted hands; and while with solemn gravity he expounds the virtues of his nostrums, in his secret soul he laughs at the simplicity which he is turning to so profitable an account. We should like to see Mr. Disraeli's *genuine* opinion of the squirearchy and Tory aristocracy of England. We apprehend a more amusing exposure of human credulity and political degradation could scarcely be produced from the annals of imposture and popular delusions. Nor are we by any means without hope that we shall some day, perhaps soon, be favoured with such a production from the Disraelian pen. There are already certain significant indications that Disraelism is going out of fashion with the country and Tory party, such as it is. And if the very versatile individual whom they have so long applauded, finds that it no longer *pays* to flatter them and blow the trumpet in their honour, we may rest assured that no compunctions of conscience, and no blushing feelings of modesty, will prevent him from turning round once more, and bespattering them with all the acrimonious gall which they have thought so very pretty an instrument of warfare when discharged in the faces of Peel, Peelites, and Whigs. If they could only lay hold of a sharp and clever debater, with a few rags of character to clothe him, so as to enable them to do without the satirical rhetorician, whose charlatanry they have long suspected, a few months or weeks would witness a fresh veering of the weathercock, and the Tory and agricultural mind would be painted as never it was painted before.

Whenever the event takes place, and it is the unfortunate lot of the objects of Mr. Disraeli's present animosity to become the objects of his adulation, we recommend the volume before us as a very serviceable prophylactic against pestilential infection. The political world owes its author a debt for his labours, and for his complete exposure of the chief charlatan of the day. No man who was not an honourable politician could stand such a dissection as that to which Mr. Disraeli is here subjected. Who the author of the book may be, we do not know. From internal marks, we should suspect him to be one of the best of the "gentlemen of the press." His style has all the mechanical fluency of that prolific class; he never knows when he is getting tedious. Often he says a good thing; but for page after page he bores one with profound disquisitions in disproof of the most manifest and uninteresting of platitudes. He expresses, moreover, a sort of unreal sense of the magnitude of his hero—if a personage whom a writer delights to belabour may be called his hero—which

savours strongly of the newspaper school. All the sillinesses and paradoxes which Mr. Disraeli has uttered to the world, in novels, pamphlets, and speeches, but which are not worth a moment's refutation, this writer elaborately picks to pieces, with a solemn gravity which, were it not insufferably tedious, would be quite entertaining. He had a good subject, and he might have produced a lively and effective exposure of Mr. Disraeli's career in a book of about one-half the size of this bulky volume. It was said of Swift, that he could write finely even on so unpromising a subject as a broomstick; what, then, could not be made of one who is not a broomstick, but a barbed arrow or a poisoned tongue! Mr. Disraeli ought to be his own biographer. None but himself could execute justice upon the love of pompous nonsense, the never-failing plausibility, the heartless bitterness, the recklessness of the ties which restrain ordinary men, and the shameless inconsistencies, which have marked his conduct from his first appearance in the world till the last session of Parliament.

The biography, nevertheless, has one great merit in its unquestionable painstaking, and the patient study which it shows of Mr. Disraeli's writings, speeches, and actions. In this respect the result of the author's labours is amply satisfactory. He has even detected the little sneaking phrase which Mr. Disraeli has introduced (*sub silentio*) into the recent edition of his novel *Venetia*, in order to cover the theft which he had committed upon Mr. Macaulay, and which had been detected by critics some time after *Venetia* was published. The work also is thoroughly good-tempered throughout. In fact, it is almost too much like a judge's verdict on a man of some pretence to reputation, and whose detected offences were of no very flagrant enormity. Disraeli is not, and never was, a personage of so much *importance* as his biographer imagines. He was never much above the rank of a tool. At the best, he has held the position of a leader of condottieri, or of outlawed brigands; who is elected to the command, not from any deference to his character or respect for his opinions, but because he is a good shot, has a cruel heart, an unfailing audacity, and a readiness of resource in times of conflict or danger. Thus it was that so little notice was taken of his theft from a French review, in his oration on the Duke of Wellington's death. The writer of this biography considers that it was from the magnanimous spirit of the House of Commons that so little use was made of this piece of effrontery on the part of the opposition. The fact was, that nobody cared a rush for Mr. Disraeli's *character*. He had none to damage. His supporters were not his friends, and they looked

upon his literary larceny as an uninteresting and unimportant trifle; while his opponents did not account him worth the trouble of an exposure. How justly they judged who thus visited his literary offence with the censure of neglect, a few reminiscences of his career will suffice to show.

Mr. Disraeli comes of a Jewish family from Venice. His grandfather came to England to settle in the year 1748. His father was a well-known author, or rather, a gatherer of literary curiosities. He appears to have renounced Judaism and all religion together; for the chief traces of any feelings on the subject which are to be found in his books, are the expressions of hatred to any thing approaching Catholicism and the supernatural. In the year 1826, being then about one-and-twenty years of age, our ex-Chancellor of the Exchequer first claimed the attention of the English public as editor of the *Representative* newspaper. His politics may be gathered from one of his sentences in that short-lived periodical. "England," said Mr. Disraeli, "has been reproached for governing Ireland on too despotic principles; in our humble opinion, she has all along, or at least with few exceptions, erred in precisely the opposite direction." The *Representative* lived six months, and cost its proprietor a sum variously reported at 20,000*l.*, 30,000*l.*, and 40,000*l.*

Free from newspaper writing, Mr. Disraeli wrote his first novel, *Vivian Grey*. It had a success; showy, brilliant, bombastic, unprincipled, it was read by many who condemned the abominable notions which it put forth. It expounded its author's notions of the way to govern mankind, which he epigrammatised in the phrase, "A smile for a friend, and a sneer for the world;" while he sees a profound truth for human guidance embodied in the foul stores of heathen mythology, when "*to govern men, even the god appeared to feel as a man; and sometimes as a beast, was apparently influenced by their vilest passions.*" Two years afterwards, the author of *Vivian Grey* published a dull sequel without any immoralities; at least so says his biographer. This novel was succeeded by another, *Contarini Fleming*, in which it is announced that a cure of human sin and trouble is to be found in the marriage of all youths at eighteen years of age.

In 1832 the novelist made his first appearance as a candidate for Parliament, standing for High Wycombe, under the auspices of the Radical Joseph Hume. He was beaten; and afterwards stood for Marylebone, avowing himself, in his address, in favour of triennial parliaments and the ballot. He was again beaten; but it was when he stood for Taunton, that what he had the effrontery to term his "principles" came out

in their true light. He now called himself a Tory, and attacked O'Connell, whose support he had asked, and who had actually composed a letter for him when he stood at High Wycombe, which letter he had printed and placarded about the streets by his partisans. But at Taunton O'Connell was in bad odour; and therefore, though in *December* 1834, Mr. Disraeli had declared that the very name of tithes must be instantly abolished in Ireland, in *April* 1835, he denounced O'Connell as a "bloody traitor."

"In 1832," writes the author of the biography, "the Irish agitator's conduct was much more unconstitutional than in 1835; yet Mr. Disraeli had at that time even canvassed a constituency with a printed recommendation from O'Connell, and in 1835 upbraided the Whigs for having any thing to do with the Roman Catholic champion. Even Mr. Disraeli's best friends must admit that such conduct was inexcusable, and that the terrible castigation he drew upon himself was not altogether undeserved. It was surely not more blamable in the Whigs to accept the support of O'Connell, than for Mr. Disraeli to ask the votes of the Wycombe electors through O'Connell's recommendation. Yet, on the nomination-day at Taunton, he said, 'I look upon the Whigs as a weak but ambitious party, who can only obtain power by linking themselves to a traitor.' He continued, 'I ought to apologise to the admirers of Mr. O'Connell, perhaps, for this hard language. I am myself his admirer, as far as his talents and abilities are concerned. But I maintain him to be a traitor; and on what authority? On the authority of that very body, a distinguished member of whom is my honourable opponent.'

"Mr. Disraeli then enunciated one of those daring historical paradoxes, which are so singularly characteristic of the man. 'Twenty years ago,' said the Taunton Blue hero, 'tithes were paid in Ireland more regularly than rent is in England now!'

"Even his supporters appeared astounded by this declaration.

"'How do you know?' shouted an elector.

"'I have read it,' replied Mr. Disraeli.

"'Oh, oh!' exclaimed the elector.

"'I know it,' retorted Mr. Disraeli, 'because I have read, and you,' looking daggers at his questioner, 'have not.'

"This was considered a very happy rejoinder by the friends of the candidate, and was loudly cheered by the Blues.

"'Didn't you write a novel?' again asked the importunate elector, not very much frightened even by Mr. Disraeli's oratorical thunder, and the sardonical expression on his face.

"'I have certainly written a novel,' Mr. Disraeli replied; 'but I hope there is no disgrace in being connected with literature.'

"'You are a curiosity of literature, you are,' said the humorous elector.

"'I hope,' said Mr. Disraeli, with great indignation, 'there is no disgrace in having written that which has been read by hundreds

of thousands of my fellow-countrymen, and which has been translated into every European language. I trust that one who is an author by the gift of nature may be as good a man as one who is Master of the Mint by the gift of Lord Melbourne.' Great applause then burst forth from the Blues. Mr. Disraeli continued, 'I am not, however, the puppet of the Duke of Buckingham, as one newspaper has described me; while a fellow-labourer in the same vineyard designated me the next morning, 'the Marylebone Radical.' If there is any thing on which I figure myself, it is my consistency.'

" 'Oh, oh!' exclaimed many hearers.

" 'I am prepared to prove it,' said Mr. Disraeli, with menacing energy. 'I am prepared to prove it, and always shall be, either in the House of Commons or on the hustings, considering the satisfactory manner in which I have been attacked; but I do not think the attack will be repeated.'

" He was mistaken. The attack was repeated, and in a style which at once drew the attention of all the empire on Mr. Disraeli. The newspapers containing the reports of the proceedings at the Taunton election soon conveyed over to Ireland the abuse of O'Connell; and came, of course, to the knowledge of the man whom Mr. Disraeli had stigmatised as a 'bloody traitor.' At a meeting of the Franchise Association in Dublin, O'Connell delivered an invective against his assailant, such as perhaps has never been surpassed for its determined scolding and broad humour. * * * *

" 'At Taunton,' said O'Connell, 'this miscreant has styled me an incendiary. Why, I was a greater incendiary then than I am at present, if I ever were one; and if I am so, he is doubly so for having employed me. Then he calls me a traitor. My answer to that is—he is a liar. He is a liar in action and in words. His life is a living lie!' After some more strong observations of the same kind, O'Connell said, 'Mr. Disraeli is just the man who, if Sir Robert Peel had been abroad when he was called upon to take office, would have undertaken to supply his place.' Then, remarking that Mr. Disraeli was descended from the Hebrew race, O'Connell thus concluded his elaborate invective: 'Mr. Disraeli's name shows that he is a Jew. His father became a convert. He is the better for that in this world; and I hope, of course, he will be the better for it in the next. There is a habit of underrating that great and oppressed nation, the Jews. They are cruelly persecuted by persons calling themselves Christians, but no person was ever yet a Christian who persecuted. The cruellest persecution they suffer is upon their character, by the false names their calumniators bestowed upon them before they carried their atrocities into effect. They feel the persecutions of calumny severer upon them than the persecution of actual torture. I have the happiness to be acquainted with some Jewish families in London, and amongst them, more accomplished ladies, or more humane, cordial, high-minded, or better-educated gentlemen, I have never met. It will not be supposed, therefore, that when I speak of Mr. Disraeli as the de-

scendant of a Jew, that I mean to tarnish him on that account. They were once the chosen people of God. There were miscreants amongst them, however, also; and it must certainly have been from one of those that Disraeli is descended. He possesses just the qualities of the impenitent thief; whose name, I verily believe, must have been Disraeli. For aught I know, the present Disraeli is descended from him; and with the impression that he is, I now forgive the heir-at-law of the blasphemous thief who died on the cross.' ”

To this assault Mr. Disraeli published a written reply, thus beginning:

“ ‘ MR. O'CONNELL,—Although you have long placed yourself out of the pale of civilisation, still, I am one who will not be insulted, even by a Yahoo, without chastising it. When I read this morning in the same journal your violent attack upon myself, and that your son was at the same moment paying the penalty of similar virulence to another individual on whom you had dropped your filth, I thought that the consciousness that your opponents had at length discovered a source of satisfaction might have animated your insolence to unwonted energy; and I called upon your son to resume his vicarious office of yielding satisfaction for his shrinking sire.’ ”

He also declared that he had never “ deserted a political friend, or changed a political opinion.”

The point, however, to which we particularly call attention now, when Mr. Disraeli is likely to be angling for Catholic support, is his subsequent conduct with reference to these proceedings. He was not necessarily a man utterly unworthy of trust, because he *had* changed his opinions; but what is to be said to the facts revealed in the volume before us ?

“ After having addressed his elaborate epistle to O'Connell, he immediately wrote another letter to his son, expressing a hope that as he had endeavoured to insult the father to the utmost, the insult would be resented. ‘ I wished to express,’ said Mr. Disraeli, ‘ the utter scorn in which I hold your father's character, and the disgust with which his conduct inspires me. If I failed in conveying this expression of my feelings to him, let me now more successfully express them to you. I shall take every opportunity of holding your father's name up to public contempt; and I fervently pray that you or some of his blood may attempt to avenge the unextinguishable hatred with which I shall pursue his existence.’ ”

“ This letter was immediately published by the gentleman to whom it was addressed. Mr. Disraeli denied that he ever was a member of the Westminster Reform Club. The secretary soon after sent two of Mr. Disraeli's letters to the *Morning Chronicle*; and it plainly appeared that he had been chosen a member, and had been

at the club. Another letter, the authenticity of which was never disputed—nor were the facts it asserted ever contradicted—was the following :

“ *To the Editor of the Morning Chronicle.*

“ SIR,—Having just read a paragraph in your paper, in which it is stated that Mr. Disraeli had in his speech to the electors at Taunton denounced Mr. O’Connell as an incendiary and traitor, and so forth, I beg leave to say that I think the learned author of *Vivian Grey* must have been misrepresented ; because I can scarcely believe it possible that he could have applied such epithets to Mr. O’Connell, of whom he has, within *the last month*, spoken to me in terms of the most extravagant admiration ; and at the same time requested me to communicate to Mr. O’Connell, at the first opportunity, his kind remembrance of him, which I accordingly did. I have the honour to be, Sir, your very obedient servant,

“ *Ardsallagh, May 3d, 1833.*

D. RONAYNE.”

The audacity with which Mr. Disraeli had offered himself at Taunton as a Tory, his declaration that he had not stood at High Wycombe as a Radical, and that he had never changed his opinions, led to some fierce attacks in the papers of the day, in the course of which the following letters were made public. The first was written to a solicitor at Taunton, who had applied to Mr. Bulwer for information on the subject :

“ *London, July 24, 1835.*

“ SIR,—In answer to your letter, I beg to say that Mr. Disraeli first referred me to a printed handbill of his own, espousing short parliaments, vote by ballot, and untaxed knowledge. I conceived these principles to be the pole-star of the sincere reformers, and to be the reverse of Tory ones. I showed that handbill to Mr. Hume ; hence the letters of that gentleman and of others.

“ Mr. Disraeli does not deny that he professed those opinions at that time ; but he has explained since that he intended them for adoption, not against the Tories, but Whigs. With this explanation I have nothing to do. I question his philosophy, but I do not doubt his honour.

“ When any man tells me that he votes for ballot, short parliaments, and the abolition of taxes on knowledge, I can only suppose him to be a reformer ; and such being my principles, I would always give him my support ; and I should never dream of asking whether he called himself a Radical or a Tory.—I am, &c.

“ *To Edward Cox, Esq.*

E. L. BULWER.”

The next was written to Mr. Disraeli by Mr. Hume :

“ *Bryanstone Square, June 2, 1832.*

“ SIR,—As England can only reap the benefit of reform by the electors doing their duty in selecting honest, independent, and ta-

lented men, I am much pleased to learn from our mutual friend, Mr. E. L. Bulwer, that you are about to offer yourself as a candidate to represent Wycombe in the new parliament.

"I have no personal influence at that place, or I would use it immediately in your favour; but I should hope the day has arrived when the electors will consider the qualifications of the candidates and in the exercise of their franchise prove themselves worthy of the new rights they will obtain by the reform.

"I hope the reformers will rally round you, who entertain liberal opinions in every branch of government, and are prepared to pledge yourself to support reform and economy in every department, as far as the same can be effected consistent with the best interests of the country.

"I shall only add, that I shall be rejoiced to see you in the new parliament, in the confidence that you will redeem your pledges, and give satisfaction to your constituents if they will place you there.—Wishing you success in your canvass, I remain your obedient servant,

"To B. Disraeli, Esq.

JOSEPH HUME."

Now follows Mr. Disraeli's reply to the above :

"Bradenham House, Wycombe, June 5, 1832.

"SIR,—I have had the honour and the gratification of receiving your letter this morning. Accept my sincere, my most cordial thanks.

"It will be my endeavour that you shall not repent the confidence you have reposed in me.

"Believe me, sir, that if it be my fortune to be returned in the present instance to a reformed parliament, I shall remember with satisfaction that that return is mainly attributable to the interest expressed in my success by one of the most distinguished and able of our citizens.—I have the honour to be, sir, your obliged and faithful servant,

"Joseph Hume, Esq., M.P.

B. DISRAELI."

After this, will any one trust a man who could thus act, unless his subsequent conduct had shown a consciousness of his past misdeeds, and a reformation of character? Whether Mr. Disraeli is reformed, let the last two years declare.

The political proceedings we have referred to were diversified with the publication of more novels; an attempt at poetry, called a *Revolutionary Epic*, and a *Vindication of the English Constitution*, the statesmanlike character of which may be estimated from the phrase applied to O'Connell, whom Mr. Disraeli termed "the very absurd and overrated rebel, vomiting insolence in language as mean as his own soul."

This delightful sentence reminds us of some others of Mr. Disraeli's "flowers of rhetoric," which his biographer has culled from the letters of "Runnymede," in which he assailed Lord Melbourne's ministry. In these epistles, Mr. Disraeli tells Lord John Russell that he was "born with a strong ambition, but a feeble intellect;" that he is a "miniature Mookanna, exhaling on the constitution of his country all the long-boarded venom, and those distempers, that have for years accumulated in his petty heart, and tainted the current of his mortified existence."

The letter to Lord Palmerston is still more dignified and refined. The Foreign Secretary

"Is informed that [he is 'a minister maintaining himself in power in spite of the contempt of the whole nation,'—'the great Apollo of aspiring understrappers,'—blessed with a 'dexterity which seems a happy compound of the smartness of an attorney's clerk and the intrigues of a Greek of the Lower Empire,'—shows 'a want of breeding,'—'reminds one of a favourite footman on easy terms with his mistress,'—a 'Tory underling, whose audacity in accepting the seals of the Foreign Office is only equalled by the imbecility of the Whigs in offering them to such a man,'—'your lordship's career is as insignificant as your intellect,'—'your crimping lordship,'—hopes that 'one silly head will be added to the heap of destruction it has caused.' The epistle to Lord Palmerston ends with an apostrophe to England: 'O my country! fortunate, thrice-fortunate England! with your destinies at such a moment intrusted to the Lord Fanny of diplomacy! Methinks I can see your lordship, the Sporus of politics, cajoling France with an airy compliment, and menacing Russia with a perfumed cane!'"

At last Mr. Disraeli succeeded in the immediate object of his desires. When Parliament met in the first year of Queen Victoria, he sat for Maidstone. We give the account of his first speech, together with his biographer's judicious remarks:—

"On the 7th of December, the adjourned debate on the Irish Election Petitions was resumed. O'Connell had just delivered one of his most thrilling speeches, and laid Sir Francis Burdett prostrate in the dust; the House of Commons was in a state of the greatest excitement,—when a singular figure, looking as pale as death, with eyes fixed upon the ground, and ringlets clustering round his brow, asked the indulgence which was usually granted to those who spoke for the first time, and of which he would show himself worthy by promising not to abuse it. He then singled out O'Connell, who, he said, while taunting an honourable baronet with making a long, rambling, and jumbling speech, had evidently taken a hint from his opponent, and introduced every Irish question into his rhetorical

medley. Two or three taunts were also directed at the Whigs; who had made certain intimations at clubs and elsewhere about the time 'when the bell of our cathedral announced the death of our monarch.' Then followed some of Mr. Disraeli's daring assertions, which were received with shouts of laughter, and loud cries of 'Oh! oh!' from the ministerial benches. An allusion to 'men of moderate opinions and of a temperate tone of mind,' produced still more laughter; for it was considered that such a character was the very opposite of the individual who was addressing them. He entreated them to give him five minutes' hearing; only five minutes. It was not much. The House then became indulgent; but soon the shouts of laughter again burst forth, as Mr. Disraeli went on to say that he stood there not formally, but virtually, as the representative of a considerable number of members of parliament. 'Then why laugh?' he asked; 'why not let me enjoy this distinction, at least for one night?' It appeared that he considered himself the representative of the new members. When, however, he spoke of the disagreement between 'the noble Tityrus of the treasury bench and the Daphne of Liskeard;' declared that it was evident that this quarrel between the lovers would only be the renewal of love, and alluded to Lord John Russell as waving the keys of St. Peter in his hand, the voice of the ambitious orator was drowned in convulsions of merriment. 'Now, Mr. Speaker, see the philosophical prejudice of man!' he ejaculated with despair; and again the laughter was renewed. 'I would certainly gladly,' said Mr. Disraeli, most pathetically, 'hear a cheer, even though it came from the lips of a political opponent.' No cheer, however, followed; and he then added, 'I am not at all surprised at the reception I have experienced. I have begun several times many things, and I have often succeeded at last. I will sit down now; but the time will come when you will listen to me!' He sat down: Lord Stanley, on the part of the Opposition, resumed the debate, and replied to O'Connell; for it was thought that Mr. Disraeli's speech had been a complete failure, and that O'Connell's address had not been answered. The ghost of the Caucasian Cæsar had really appeared at Philippi, and been scared away by the jeers of the boisterous adherents of the Milesian Brutus.

"More than one explanation of the failure of this maiden speech has been given. The critic who in general has been most favourable to the accomplished master of sarcasm, believes that this first speech was delivered in the bombastic style of 'Alroy,' and that the orator's failure was inevitable. This attempt to account for his temporary defeat, will only be satisfactory to those who believe that there was a wonderful change in Mr. Disraeli's mental habits and style in future years. Now there was nothing so remarkably bombastic in this first address; and it can be easily shown that, even in Mr. Disraeli's most successful efforts, there is overstrained language which, even when the orator's abilities were fully admitted, provoked the laughter of the House of Commons. Some other explanation is necessary, and it lies on the surface.

“ Mr. Disraeli’s individual appearance and style of speaking are peculiar. His art lies in taking his audience by surprise, and in delivering his most successful points as *impromptus*. This, of course, may be done effectually when the speaker has a command over his hearers, and his intellectual ascendancy is allowed ; but every orator has, more or less, to prepare his audience for the reception of his speeches ; and until this can be done, it is not easy to make a very successful oratorical effort. Mr. Disraeli has so much of mannerism, that it was not to be expected he could please at his first appearance. Besides, it was in the memory of every body that he had made a proud boast of seizing the first opportunity of crushing one of the most formidable public men of the time ; and with all his early follies thus prominently before the world, and in presence of many of his great antagonist’s friends ; alone, and unsupported even by those who agreed with him in opinion, the powers of Demosthenes would have been unequal to such an occasion.”

The latter portions of Mr. Disraeli’s political career are too well known to need recalling. For some time he was the most fulsome adherent of Sir Robert Peel ; and would have taken office under him, as he admitted, if Sir Robert had offered it. But Sir Robert knew his man from the first, and would not trust him. After two years worship of the minister, Mr. Disraeli accordingly turned round upon him, and commenced a series of personal assaults upon the most self-sacrificing premier that England has ever possessed, unsurpassed in the annals of Parliamentary scandal. Some people suppose that Peel felt these viper-bites severely ; we much doubt whether he *felt* them at all. For a time he occasionally answered them, because their cunning imposed upon better men ; but we question whether he ever regarded them with more anxiety than a noble horse feels for the yelping of a savage dog, whom one hearty kick will send howling into the wayside ditch. The moment Mr. Disraeli got into office, he upheld the very policy for which he had thus incessantly attacked Sir Robert Peel.

Like every bully, Mr. Disraeli is a coward. He dares not attack a man unless he is cheered on by a crowd of reckless supporters, or unless he knows that the assaulted person is unequal to himself in debating power and readiness of rebuke. It is many years since he has ventured a word of insinuation against Lord Palmerston. *He dares not attack him.* He did so once, in order to curry favour with Sir Robert Peel ; and the castigation he received has proved so wholesome a warning, that since then, Lord Palmerston is the only man opposed to him who has not been, at one time or other, the object of his insolent personalities. We question whether he would venture to offend the versatile secretary even with his flatteries.

The character of Mr. Disraeli’s rhetoric is easily described.

His favourite trick, by which he passes himself off for a philosopher and a statesman, is to take some universally known word, phrase, or historical event, and fasten upon it an interpretation never dreamt of before. On this impudent assumption he builds some vast fabric, while his dupes are amazed that such wonderful truths have never before been discovered; and clever men, *whose dupe he is*, are amused with the ingenuity, which serves their purposes quite as well as Mr. Disraeli's. We are persuaded that, if Mr. Disraeli were to take it into his head to re-edit Euclid's Elements, on the first page we should learn that it is quite a mistake to suppose that a straight line is the shortest distance from one point to another. This trick he repeats over and over again, with innumerable variations. In fact, if his speeches are carefully analysed, it will be found that they consist almost entirely of two elements, viz. new interpretations, often very ingenious, on every thing that can bear on the subject of which he is treating; and fierce, sarcastic personalities. He fights with the assassin's weapons, disguises and daggers.

Of his later novels, which are by far his best, we cannot now say any thing; but shall probably call attention to a few of their curiosities in our next. In the meantime, we suggest to the author of the valuable biography of this brilliant adventurer, that if his book reaches the second edition which it really deserves, he should use the pruning-knife with considerable freedom.

OUR PICTURE IN THE CENSUS.

Census of Great Britain, 1851. Religious Worship in England and Wales. Report and Tables presented to both Houses of Parliament, by Command of her Majesty. 1853.

(Second Notice.)

EVERY body is fond of pictures. If you go to the National Gallery in Trafalgar Square any day when it is open to the public, you will see all kinds of people there: some looking at the religious pictures, some looking at the irreligious pictures; some with one degree of admiration, some with other degrees of admiration; many with, many more without, the artistic eye and taste; but all more or less amused and instructed, benefited or injured. In our own time, pictorial teaching bids fair to keep pace with every other. Even children are seduced into the alphabet by embellishments of letters unknown to an earlier and less reading age. Not to be

out of the fashion, therefore, we propose to open a picture-gallery ourselves, in opposition, not to Trafalgar Square, but to the registrar-general's office. We do not wish to take an unfair advantage, and therefore our pictures will all be by native artists,—artists not unknown to fame. We open our gallery with the fullest confidence of eclipsing our rival establishment; and we respectfully solicit the attendance of all “the Christian churches,” of Mr. Horace Mann, and of Dr. Maltby. Let us, by all means, have the countenance of faiths, figures, and finance.

No. 1. By the Hon. and Rev. Sydney Godolphin Osborne. *Subject*: The visitation of an Anglican Protestant bishop. It first appeared in the *Times* of November 3, 1852:

“Once in three years we have a visitation; we are summoned to a neighbouring town to meet the bishop; we follow him to a morning service in the church, and hear one of our brethren preach a controversial sermon. Our names are then called over; we stand before the communion-rails, within which the bishop sits; he, from his chair, proceeds to read a long essay on church matters in general, his own views regarding them, and the particular legal measures on church matters which have been passed since the last visitation, or which may be expected before the next. We receive his blessing, and disperse—until the hour of dinner. This space of time is spent by the clergy in general either at the bookseller's shop-door, discussing the charge and the sermon, or in taking a walk into the country. A small knot, however, generally contrive to get quietly together, and with the bishop's chaplain, determine as to the policy of certain contemplated measures of clerical agitation, to either commence or be furthered a stage by the getting petitions signed at the dinner.

“The bishop in the meantime sees some half-dozen curates or new rectors, to whom he wishes to put some commonplace inquiries, or, perhaps, to administer some gentle rebuke; he then takes up the inn *Times*, and waits with patience the hour of the next stage of the visitation—the dinner. At last all are seated who intend to dine with the bishop; poor curates and indifferent rectors are gone home,—the former cannot afford to dine, the latter it would bore; they know the routine by heart, and gladly avoid its repetition in their own presence. The chaplain and the preacher, and some of the rural deans, are the bishop's neighbours; the dinner is an inn dinner, and in general a very good one; at its conclusion the waiter comes round for its cost—8s.; the rural deans come for the contribution to the Clergy Widow Fund—10s. The bishop's health is drunk, and he is thanked for his admirable charge, and requested to print it; he is modest in his reply, and acquiesces. If the chaplain's sermon has been very strong either way, *his friends* stay to dinner; when his health is drunk, they request him also to print; he blushes, thinks how it will please his wife, and consents. After some small ecclesiastical talk at the episcopal end of the table, and

some good stories from the secretary at his end, relished by his less awed neighbours, a petition or two for or against something is handed round, and gets a few signatures; the bishop rises, bows to all, and goes away for another three years. A neat London-built brougham, with his lordship and the chaplain inside, the episcopal mace in the sword-case, and his butler, who has acted as mace-bearer, on the box, soon takes out of the sight of the assembled clergy and the boys in the street their right rev. chief and counsellor.

"The clergy get into their 'four-wheels' and go home. Rural dean Rubricus tells Mrs. R. 'The charge was able, but evasive. He wants courage, my dear, to speak all he feels about our need of Convocation. The sermon was a sad exposure; a Dissenter might have preached it.' The Rev. C. Lowvein, rector of Gorhamville, tells Mrs. L., with a sigh, 'The charge was able; his lordship is very clever, but it was *very unsound*. It is evident he leans towards Exeter. But, my dear, we cannot be too thankful; Octavius Fresson preached the truth as boldly as if he was on the platform of a C. M. meeting: we have asked him to print it.' Dr. Oldtime, the aged rector of Slowstir, tells his curate the next day, 'It was a slow, dull business; the bishop prosed, the preacher ranted, the Red Lion sherry has given me a headache.'

"My sketch is that of an ordinary diocese, with an ordinary bishop. In an extraordinary diocese, with an ultra Anglo-Catholic ritualistic bishop, there would be some alteration in the details. A communion at the church; a sermon on symbolical architecture or consubstantiation; a charge full of invective against latitudinarianism, *i. e.* every thing which is not *church first*; a deploring of the degeneracy of the day, and imploring the accession of a time when the Church should be purged of untrusting children, have her own Convocation, and by her synodical action repress schism and advance her pure apostolical system, &c. At the dinner the clergy would be dressed like Roman Catholic priests; the waiters like orthodox Protestant parsons. So far as any real *useful end* being answered by the occasion, there would be little difference between the two visitations."

Our sight-seers will have been struck, of course, with the admirable handling of this picture. The broad, genial character of English life, brought out with touches which could only be made by one who had lived in its centre. We propose to describe it in our catalogue as *Reformed Protestant Episcopacy*; and it should be immediately followed by a small, but very striking cabinet group, into which the same characters are introduced, but in different costume. The artist is our incomparable friend in Printing-house Square, who published it to the world on September 10, 1853, on occasion of a circumstance which we need not stop to mention, but which was then exciting a good deal of remark.

"We conceive that it is not our place to suggest how the thing

should be done; for it must be the interest of the bishops themselves either to divest themselves of a seeming responsibility, or to obtain that the fact shall correspond to the appearance. Surely, they ought to feel something—we will not call it shame—but whatever is the corresponding emotion in episcopal bosoms, and colour in episcopal cheeks, at being perched up, session after session, in the House of Lords, all the time going through solemn farces, and making no attempt whatever to be real personages. Many people wonder and wonder why on earth the Bishops sit in the House of Lords, evening after evening, as mute as the rows of well be-wigged faces in our hairdressers' windows."

No. 3, which makes the pair, was published by the same artist on the 28th January in the present year, and represents a lower grade of the same ecclesiastical hierarchy.

"What in the world are our clergy made for, if they cannot undertake the religious education of their young parishioners? Heaven knows, their work is light enough in these days! They have no five o'clock masses—no morning and evening prayers—no two hours of breviary—no tedious routine of ceremonies all the day, and any hour of the day, or night too, wherever they may be called. If they can do any thing with ease, pleasure, and a perfectly safe conscience, it is the religious instruction of their young parishioners—a duty which, with much zeal, unction, and regard to their personal comfort, they are now for throwing on the public money, and upon what many of them describe as a profane and anti-Christian legislature."

Our friends will not be surprised, after having mastered the details of these interesting pieces, when we conduct them to another, not a composition, but an actual passage of real life. Probably some of the party may consider it a consequence of the state of things which is the subject of Mr. Osborne's brilliant composition. The Protestant oracle of the Established Church, in speaking of the Sacrament of Penance (with a "commonly called" before it), describes it as being one of those which "have grown partly of the corrupt following of the apostles, partly are states of life allowed in the Scriptures." We hang up our No. 4, which we borrow from the *West of England Conservative*, and *Plymouth and Devonport Advertiser*, of May 17, 1849, in illustration at once of Protestant doctrine, use, and application.

"DISGRACEFUL SCENE IN A CHURCH.—A gardener, named Smith, having uttered, at a village public-house, certain expressions defamatory of the character of Mrs. James, the wife of the Rector of Fen-Ditton, was condemned by the Court of Arches to 'do penance' in the church of that parish, and to pay the costs of the proceedings. The 'penance' was decreed by the court to be performed on Saturday week, and an eye-witness thus describes the scene:

“ Long before the commencement of service, the churchyard was crowded; and on the doors being opened, a rush took place into the edifice, every available spot of which was occupied in less than five minutes. The screen was covered by men (bargees) sitting astride; even the capitals of the pillars were occupied; and the majority of the audience were standing upon the seats, and fighting for places. The Rev. A. H. Small, of Emanuel College, Cambridge, who had undertaken to do duty for the rector on the occasion, entered the church at eleven o'clock, followed by Mr. and Mrs. James, who took their seats in the rector's pew. No sooner had Mr. Small commenced, than he was saluted with a shout of ‘Speak up, old boy,’ and a chorus of laughter; and similar interruptions were continued throughout. The hymns were omitted, by the rector's especial request to Mr. Small, during the service; and after the conclusion of the prayers, Mr. Small ascended the pulpit, and, taking his text from Matthew vii. 1, ‘Judge not, lest ye be judged,’ delivered an impressive discourse, interrupted by the breaking of windows by the mob outside, cat-calls, whistles, laughter, and other unseemly noises, which increased as he proceeded; until his voice was finally drowned, partly by the noise inside and partly by that outside, consequent upon a dog-fight which had been got up in the churchyard. Several parties were also smoking in the church during this time. At last, the appearance of Smith was announced by a shout from the parties outside, which put a complete stop to the sermon. Smith was received on entering the church with three hearty cheers, clapping of hands, whoops, and other discordant sounds. So great was the press, that he had to be lifted into the churchwarden's pew, where he was mounted on a hassock, on a seat immediately facing the pew of the Rev. Mr. James. Quiet was now in some degree restored by Smith waving over his head the paper from which he was to read his recantation, and Mr. Small made several attempts to continue his discourse; but was as often met by cries of ‘Smith, Smith, one cheer more for Smith,’ the said cheer being most heartily given, and Smith as often calling ‘silence for the minister.’ The uproar continuing, Smith asked Mr. Kent, one of the churchwardens, what was to be done, saying, ‘You see what a state the church is in; you know what is best; I am your prisoner, and will do as you think proper.’ At this moment a broom was hurled across the church, and fell within a yard of the pulpit; then came a hassock, then another; the pews were broken, and the pieces, as well as hassocks, flung in all directions. Mr. Small had by this time descended from the pulpit, and placed himself close to Smith, for the purpose of listening to his recantation; but from the noise, it was impossible to hear a word Smith said. The pulpit had meanwhile been occupied by spectators, who remained there to the end of the proceedings. At last a hassock struck Mr. Small, while Smith, who had just concluded reading his recantation, moved out of the pew to leave the church. He was at once taken up by the mob, amidst shouts of ‘Bravo, Smith; well

done, Smith,' and the most hearty cheers; and carried on men's shoulders to the Plough, where he was called upon for a speech; when he stated that he had formerly been under-gardener at the rectory; and that while he was there, the body of a child was found buried in the garden, and the head, which had been severed therefrom, in another part. Mrs. James had, he said, accused him of bringing this body from the churchyard for scandalous purposes, and the consequence was that he had been out of work ever since. The observation made by him with regard to Mrs. James was, he said, made in a tap-room, when he was half-drunk and half-foolish; and was conveyed by a meddling constable to Mr. James. On his way through the village, the inhabitants rushed out to shake hands with him; and the Plough was filled with his admirers, who consumed the remainder of the afternoon in smoking and drinking. Throughout the day a collection was going on through the village by men with boxes, in May-day fashion, calling out, 'Please to remember Smith;' the object being to assist him in the payment of his costs. Mr. and Mrs. James, on the other hand, were hooted on their exit from the church, and followed by a mob to the rectory-house, some of the windows of which were broken with stones. The following is a copy of Smith's recantation:—'Whereas I, Edward Smith, having uttered and spoken certain scandalous and opprobrious words against Martha James, wife of the Rev. William Brown James, clerk, Rector of Fen-Ditton, in the county of Cambridge, to the great offence of Almighty God and the scandal of the Christian religion, and to the injury and reproach of my neighbour's credit and reputation, by calling her a —, and using other defamatory words of and against her,—I therefore, before God and you, humbly confess and acknowledge such my offence, and that I am heartily sorry for the same, and do ask forgiveness; and do promise hereafter never to offend in like manner, God assisting me.'"

We pass on to a set of pictures of Protestant life, as it is exhibited in its more ordinary phases in Protestant Islington. The original appeared as an advertisement in the *Times* of December 17, 1852; and the numbers attached are not those of our catalogue, but those which appeared in the *Times*. Moreover, we have to inform our sight-seeing party, that No. 3, in this catalogue, is not the same as that which appeared in the catalogue furnished by the same paper in the previous month of May. That of May was so unusually dreadful, that by December even the Islington people thought fit to put another in its place. We shall not reproduce it.

"READ AND REFLECT.—The district of All Saints, Islington, with a population of nearly 20,000, had until lately but one Church (containing 1,116 sittings), a Sunday School, and one Infant School, built for the accommodation of 150 children. As might be expected,

therefore, socialism, infidelity, rationalism, and indifference, prevail in every quarter to a fearful extent.

"This dense darkness is further stimulated by the ceaseless efforts of evil men. Pamphlets and tracts are freely distributed in the district, in which the inspired Books of Moses are called contemptuously 'the foolish and obscure records of a small, remote, and barbarous Eastern tribe,' and religion is proscribed as a fruitful source of 'insanity and suicide.' God, immortality, and hell, are ridiculed as mere creations of the fancy, and 'every man's life' is claimed as 'his own property.'

"The following extracts from the memoranda of the clergy and Scripture readers, show the harvest which such seed has already produced:

"1. — has been to church twice in eighteen years; spends Sunday in a beershop. Occasionally a Bible is produced, the passages which are apparently opposed to each other may be compared. An appeal is then made to the party whether such a book can be from God, and it is condemned as 'a pack of lies.'

"2. None of our family attend church. We are such a blaspheming set that it would be of no use.

"3. — There's no converting going on here; we're too hard of stuff to be worked on.

"4. You are too idle to work for an honest livelihood, and so go about preaching a parcel of infernal lies about Jesus Christ.

"5. — considers religion beneath his notice, a 'bug-a-boo' to frighten weak-minded people with.

"6. God couldn't have loved his Son much, to have given Him up to such sufferings. He can't take my heart out of my body, and give me a new one. When I die I shall be put in a box, and there'll be an end of me.

"7. — had no time for gossip. Be off to all those old fools who have nothing else to amuse themselves with than talking about religion. She then slammed the door in my face.

"8. — had been to church twice in his life—once to be baptised, and once to be married; and he should come but once more—to be buried.

"9. We poor creatures have too much misery to endure here for God to think of punishing us hereafter. Let's hope that there's no such dismal work as weeping and gnashing of teeth in the next world.

"10. 'You're so tough, you'll never die,' were the words in which — addressed his suffering wife."

The "Clerkenwell Church-extension and Spiritual-relief Committee" oblige us with our next picture of domestic history, in an advertisement in the *Times*, December 10, 1855, with some of the usual names at the top. It stands No. 6 in the catalogue of our gallery.

"Although the physical and moral wretchedness of this parish

is vouched and deplored by authors of the most opposite sentiments, and by impartial witnesses, as may be seen in the columns of the *Times* for November, the *Illustrated News*, and in the pages of the work of Mr. Vanderkiste, who for six years traversed its dens, its garrets, and cellars, by day and by night, and although it is testified by the most experienced of the London population, that parts of Clerkenwell exceed in ignorance and depravity any other place known to them,—yet to this hour no adequate remedy has been applied for this appalling state of things.

“One of the above authors has thus described it: ‘In Clerkenwell there is grovelling, starving poverty; in Clerkenwell broods the darkness of utter ignorance; the burglar has his ‘crib’ in Clerkenwell; the pick-pocket has his mart; and the ragged Irish hodman vegetates in the filth of his three-pair back.’

“The Committee, after this recital of facts—and very many more of deeper degradation could readily be adduced—while they gratefully acknowledge the valuable but partial labours of others, venture to invite the Christian public, in all its grades, to aid them in applying the true and only remedy, viz. the Gospel of the blessed God (Tit. ii. 11, 12), through the medium of their own scriptural Church; cheered and encouraged as they have been by the prompt contribution and counsel of their Diocesan, who, being fully alive to this sore spot in his vast charge, will assist the Committee by all means in his lordship’s power, as will also the other authorities.”

Poets and painters have, from immemorial prescription, a certain license of lying. Horace jauntily says:

“Quidlibet audendi semper fuit æqua potestas;”

but he qualifies his dispensation with:

“dabiturque licentia sumpta pudenter.”

Now, agreeing, as we do entirely, in the truth, strength, and rendering of nature in its most unhappy and pitiable shape, here put before us, we take exception to two features in the picture. First, the Irish hodman whom poverty, from ancient confiscation and modern eviction, has driven to work in London and to live as London poor do, although a hodman, is not a burglar, nor even a Protestant. If he is driven into those unfortunate haunts which London Protestantism and London luxury have made for the bodies of those souls which Vanderkiste makes the late Mr. Bickersteth describe as “butchered,” he, at all events, does not share interiorly their pollution. It was not from Catholic lips that the Islington vagrants heard those unspeakably detestable answers to which they invite us for reading and reflection. Nor, in Clerkenwell, can these people who appeal for public support dare to say that the criminals are Catholics. In their eyes the religion of Jesus Christ is itself a crime. But, dearly

as they would love to connect it with the crimes which the perishing multitudes, whom their sham pastors have so long neglected, daily commit, they cannot do it. For the true picture of the religious habits of the Irish in London, forming so bright a contrast to the irreligion, brutality, and immorality confessed and depicted by the patrons of Islington and Clerkenwell Protestantism, we refer the reader to Mr. Mayhew's *London Labour and London Poor*, and to the article upon it which appeared in our own pages in April 1851; as also to the very interesting and important letters which have been recently published by the Rev. J. Kyne. Our second exception to the picture, No. 6, is to the manner of applying what these gentlemen describe as the only true remedy, "the Gospel of the blessed God, through the medium of their own scriptural Church." This remedy, such as it is, has been in their hands for the last three hundred years. What have they been doing all this time? Clerkenwell and Islington have been parishes, according to law, ever since they ceased to be Catholic. How came all these abominations to exist unchecked and undiscovered, except by the police until now? The language, for example, with regard to holy Scripture in Islington, is quite as bad as was ever heard of written; but how did the Scriptures come to be so viewed after so many evangelical generations in Islington? How is it that "Our scriptural Church" didn't stop this enormous vilification of God, at least before it came to its present height? We don't the least mean to say that we approve, or indeed understand, the stupid absurdity of the expression, "scriptural Church;" but if it means any thing, it means something about the letter and purpose of holy Scripture; and here are its fruits. But, further, in this matter are these heathen at Islington a bit more radically wrong in their estimate of holy Scripture than Conyers Middleton, whom we quoted in our last number? If they describe the inspired books of Moses as "the foolish and obscure records of a small remote, and barbarous Eastern tribe," and the whole Bible generally as a "pack of lies," how can they be blamed, when "the Rev. and learned Conyers Middleton," an unrebuked minister of their own Establishment, has, with all the authority of his position and learning, denounced the inspired history of the Fall of Man as fabulous. It is true that Conyers Middleton wrote with the elegance of a scholar, and that he gives the lie to God in a manner not shocking from its impoliteness. But want, dirt, and the stinks of courts, the air of Saffron Hill and the experience of the contents of the Fleet-ditch, are no favourable to politeness and a refinement of manner. Unde

similar circumstances, that is to say, in a back court in Islington or Clerkenwell, Conyers Middleton would possibly not have favoured the world with so urbane an account of his anti-Mosaic views. The actual occupants of those places have only translated into their full, true, and unvarnished sense, the pestilent scepticisms of Conyers Middleton, and a thousand others of his contemporaries.

We except, therefore, with all our hearts, not only as Catholics, but as mere men of the world, as men of common sense, to the contemptible remedy which they propose, that travestie of the Gospel which their so-called "scriptural Church" has been presenting for three hundred years, with results sufficiently expressive of the anger of Almighty God. And we assure them, without the slightest hesitation or doubt, that, in spite of tracts, open Bibles interpreted by all the "Churches" of the census, and any amount of Scripture-readers besides, they will never succeed in converting the inhabitants of these "dens, garrets, and cellars," to their views, if, that is to say, they can ever decide what their views are.

It certainly is a good deal to say of any one thing in this Protestant England, but we really think that on no other subject is more supreme nonsense talked, in and out of Exeter Hall, than on what Protestants call the Sabbath, that is to say, the day known to Christians as the Sunday, or the Lord's Day—the *Dies Dominica*. Whether Sunday is the first day of the week, or the seventh day of the week; whether it is to be kept as a Jewish day of rest, or not; in short, what it is, and what its obligations are, are matters upon which the Protestant religious world, and Mr. Horace Mann's Christian Churches, have no dogmatic statements to offer. However, the day is for the most part called the Sabbath; and the stress of private judgment leans in a very unmistakeable manner towards an outside judaical observance of it. The results of these views we are going to lay before our sight-seers in the shape of a picture of busy life, again supplied by that indefatigable artist, the *Times*. It seems that a meeting was held in October 1852, at Sion College, by the London Establishment ministers, against the opening of the Crystal Palace on Sundays. On Saturday, which all Christendom calls the Sabbath, October 30, 1852, the *Times* gave this picture by way of reply. It is our seventh :

"The results of opening the Crystal Palace on Sunday afternoon, must, of course, for the present, be entirely conjectural; not so, however, the results of having no such resource. There will be no Crystal Palace to-morrow afternoon, nor was there in the Sunday

afternoons of last summer. So we may already see for ourselves, without going to Sion College, the result of a compliance with the address thus agreed to. Do the masses, the people, the working-classes of London, crowd to our churches, morning, afternoon, evening, whenever the bells invite them? Do we see our aisles, our free seats, our galleries, crowded with the pale faces, the horny hands, the fustian jackets, the coarse linen, of those who do the rough work of this vast metropolis? Where are the artisans, the labourers, the porters, the coalwhippers, the lightermen, the sailors, and the myriads of toiling and suffering humanity? Here and there one of them, a marvel of his class, a man to write a book about, the hero perhaps already of half a dozen religious tracts, does go to church, or to meeting, on the Sunday morning, and perhaps the evening also. Will the statist and prophets of Sion College tell us where the others are, the 999 out of a thousand? We presume they will not say with the Pharisees of old, 'this people is accursed,' nor can they imagine that these 999 are engaged in private prayer, or otherwise observing the Sabbath. No; without specifying the various attractions which the existing laws permit on the Sunday afternoon, we may at once reply, that the said 999 are sitting, or sleeping, or talking politics, or reading the Sunday papers, or fighting, or seeing their dogs fight, or rat-catching, or walking in the fields—if there chance to be any within walking distance—or quarrelling with their wives, or simply doing nothing at all, being jaded, wearied, prostrated, in a sort of hebdomadal trance or *coma*—that very minor sort of intoxication into which a very wearied man may be thrown by a single half-glass of bad beer, or a half-dram of bad gin. That is the present state of things; and that is the state which the Venerable Archdeacon and his friends wish to perpetuate, as it certainly would be perpetuated by a compliance with their address.

"Might we beg to suggest to these very excellent gentlemen, that if they really want a task worthy of the high position they claim, they had better leave for a while the old beaten track, and the very easy track, of mere prohibitions, and attempt something of a more substantive, more constructive, or, as the Bible expresses it, more edifying character. Let them endeavour rather more to fill our churches; let them go into the streets and alleys, into the cellars and garrets, and try to reclaim men to a more civilised and religious way of life; and finally, so train the people that they shall of themselves come to church. Most assuredly they will never come to church merely because they can go nowhere else; for a man can always make a beast of himself at home if he has nowhere else to go to, and it will be worse for his wife and children if he does so. But it is quite clear that the lock and key system will not answer. Religion and morality must be in a very bad way when their only trust is in brick walls and oak doors, to keep people inside or outside, as it may be—inside a prison, or outside a place of innocent instruction or recreation. It certainly is not for want of buildings

or endowments or clergy that 'the people's Sabbath' is spent in the way we have described, for there is hardly a working-man in London who has not a church, a clergyman, a school, and all the rest of the parochial apparatus, within a quarter of a mile at the furthest. It is quite evident that neither opening churches nor closing places of amusement will answer without something else. Now, if the dignitaries and other clergy of London would meet to consider how to win the hearts and souls of the people, they might possibly counteract the attractions of the Crystal Palace, without the rude method of simply shutting it up. As it is, the question lies between various kinds of recreation; between the recreations of the gin-palace, the skittle-ground, the prize-ring, and, most innocent of all, the tea-garden, on the one hand, and on the other, an exhibition similar to that which was opened and closed with sacred worship, in the presence of royalty, last year.

“ ‘Oh, but,’ says one of the speakers at Sion College, “are there not the green fields, the comforts of home, and many things that the poor man can enjoy in common with his superiors and neighbours?’ No, Mr. T. B. Murray—for that is the gentleman who talks in this way—the poor man has not green fields, nor the comforts of his home, nor any thing he can enjoy in common with his superiors, except the hard pavement, the London sky—seldom very clear—and the inside of the church, for which hitherto he seems to have but little appreciation. It takes a long time to get to green fields from the centre of London; and when you get to them at last, you find the illusion disappear. You find you must walk between high fences and foul ditches, with huge palings, smelling of gas tar, shutting out the view; you find the ground too damp, and the grass too dirty, to allow you to sit down; and there is no other way to rest your weary limbs if you happen to be tired with your walk; you find crowds of people, still more wearied than yourself, looking about for seats in vain, and evidently at that pass which soon or late comes to all in the evening of life, when pleasure itself is a toil. Nor is this the whole or the worst of your disagreeables. There are on all sides throngs of rude lads, occupied very suitably for their own boyish age, and obeying instincts which you are disposed to regard with indulgence, but somewhat to your present discomfort—that is, throwing stones, pushing one another about, exercising their lungs, and ‘larking’ generally. You also meet numerous ill-conditioned fellows, leading awful-looking bull terriers, with every imaginable vulgarity of body, face, and limb. Among the pleasantest and most available spots near London, at all in the nature of ‘green fields,’ are the various approaches to Hampstead, particularly that over Primrose Hill. Will Mr. T. B. Murray, then, walk to-morrow from Camden Town, by Chalk Farm, to the top of Primrose Hill, and thence through ‘Belsize Park’ to Hampstead Church; and even he will acknowledge that, for Sabbatical peace and devotional retire-

ment, you might as well be roaming through the aisles, the promenades, and the gardens of the Crystal Palace."

After this, what about Sabbath observance, and the Society instituted for that purpose? Why, just this; that until they can make their theology as to the Sabbath clear, the people will naturally continue to please themselves, as they do. The Crystal Palace must, under any circumstances, be a great gain, in comparison with the details of this picture in the *Times*.

One of the groups in this Sabbath picture is quarrelling with their wives. It appears that this is a normal and peculiarly Sabbatical amusement. But it has been pushed of late to so great an extent, as to exceed the bounds of simple matrimonial jars; and has extended itself into results familiar to the law as "assault and battery." And so high has the relish for it become, that in the interest of the weaker sex the legislature has been compelled to interfere, and produce a fresh law to avenge the cause of those who suffer from the strong arms of our highly moral, Protestant, and Bible-reading people. The pictures produced by the police-courts in London, almost daily, are therefore so numerous, and so familiar to every reader of the *Times*, that our only embarrassment is selection from the number lying before us. We shall make a little group, and call it the eighth picture in our catalogue.

"On the 15th of July, 1853, at the Southwark Court, the *Times* reports that the complainant, a decent looking woman, declared that on the previous afternoon she was in the Borough Market, when her husband came up to her, and, without any provocation, struck her a severe blow, and ran away. *She said nothing about that, but went home after her business was over.* She had not been there many minutes before he rushed in after her, and struck her again, on the eye, with great violence." In answer to inquiries from Mr. A'Beckett, she said, "I keep the standing, and support the family; but he handles the money I earn, and beats me. I am sorry to say that my body is covered all over with bruises inflicted by him, but I never liked to complain at this court."

This is the usual type of case, with the occasional variety of the woman being pregnant and kicked, to the imminent peril of her life. Mr. A'Beckett, sending this enlightened husband to gaol, said, "the frequent ill-usage of women, for some years past, had created perfect scandal in the country."

"On the 12th of July, 1853, at Worship Street, a man was brought up for maltreating a woman who had protected his wife, which wife he had cruelly used and neglected, and at length utterly abandoned." That morning he called "at the house of the com-

plainant to ask after his child, which had been taken out by the mother. On this the prisoner called her a liar, and dealt her such a blow on the left side, and beneath the ear, that she instantly dropped on the door-step; . . . she scrambled on to her feet, and fled behind the counter to protect herself. But the prisoner forced her down into a corner, and as he could not strike her about the body, from her stooping position, beat her about the head, throat, face, and neck, in the most brutal manner, for at least a quarter of an hour, declaring all the time that he was determined to murder her, . . . Elizabeth Cashier, a nurse, stated that, while passing the house, she saw the prisoner deal the woman a heavy blow on the head, and afterwards beat her about the head, face, and neck in such a frightful manner that she thought he must have killed her. The complainant was pinned down so helplessly in a corner, that she could not escape from his blows; *and from his beating her in that way, she thought at first she must be his own wife.*"

This figure of the nurse looking in at the window, under the impression that it must be the man's own wife, because he was thumping her with such peculiar science and interest, is, we think, very worthy of attention. We recommend it to our king of men.

But we must close our gallery. And it will give Mr. Horace Mann, no doubt, professional pleasure when we inform him, that it will be with a large picture of deaths, which he has, no doubt, carefully chronicled; perhaps not entirely without suspicion of the realities which we are going to produce. A presentment of the Grand Jury at the Liverpool Special Commission, appeared in the *Times* of December 10th, 1853. Its purport, and some details of the enormities against which it spoke, and the witness and sentiments of the *Times*, appeared in that paper on the 12th of December. We give the picture drawn by the *Times* exactly as it may be seen there. And with it we conclude our present catalogue.

"The foundation of human society, it is commonly felt, is laid in that deep and almost invincible instinct which leads the mother to watch over the life and wellbeing of her child. Except in those terrible cases where the social existence of the mother is at stake, and after a frenzied struggle, the fate of the offspring is sealed ere it be born, the spectacle of a parent deliberately allowing and even compassing the death of the child is more unnatural than suicide, more atrocious than murder, more hideous than sacrilege, and more monstrous than any other extravagance of crime. Yet the Grand Jury at the Liverpool Assizes, presided over by the enlightened and dispassionate member for South Lancashire, are unanimously of opinion that the interference of the Legislature is imperatively called on to arrest the frightful progress of this crime—to arrest it by preventing the pecuniary temptation afforded by Burial Clubs.

As matters now stand, a parent may insure in one or several of these societies, and by a small weekly subscription secure the payment of several pounds in the event of a child's death, for the vain consolation of a handsome funeral. A payment may be secured far beyond the wants of the occasion, and in order to procure a few pounds, that must soon be dissipated, as the wages of crime always are, there are found parents who will put a child into several Burial Clubs, carefully pay up for several weeks, and finish the horrible speculation by the murder of the unsuspecting child, and the mockery of a mournful ceremonial. This crime is said to be increasing. The Grand Jury has no doubt that the system of Burial Clubs operates as a direct incentive to murder, and that many of their fellow-beings are year by year hurried into eternity by those most closely united to them by the ties of nature and blood, if not of affection, for the sake of a few pounds. Such is the state of things, such the tendency, and such the new era opening to us in the middle of the nineteenth century, after generations of philanthropy, education, and reform. The worst scandals of barbarism are revived and surpassed by those of civilisation. To the brutality of the savage is added the mercenary calculations of a civilised age. The homeless wanderer that deserts the child she can no longer feed or carry, the Spartan parent that sacrifices a maimed and therefore useless progeny, the Pagan devotee that offers the blameless victim on the shrine of some hideous deity, and all other forms of infanticide, are surpassed in a new crime, which does all this for the sake of a little money, and the few momentary indulgences it may purchase. In a time of ease, fulness, and security, the worst horror of the besieged city is perpetrated, not to satisfy the ravenous appetite of a delirious mother, but, on a sober calculation, to buy a few days' holiday, a dress or two, and some superfluous comforts. Scores of such cases have been detected and punished; many more are suspected; they are pronounced frequent and increasing; and the Legislature is invoked to withdraw the irresistible pecuniary temptation.

“To stop the practice of Burial Clubs, or to put them under such limitations and rules as shall render the loss of a child no gain to the parent, is a practical measure, which goes to the root of the crime in its actual and developed form. To that there can be no objection, ignominious as it must be to the Senate of this great empire to recognise so hideous a crime, not in a subject tribe, but in its own manufacturing population at home. At the risk of publishing the scandal in the ears of all our enemies and calumniators, this must be done. As to the value of the other suggestion offered by the Grand Jury, there may be different opinions. For our own part, we cannot help fearing that, if Nature prove insufficient to keep the mother from murdering her child, education can do little more. This is not an offence against knowledge, but against instinct, and the first laws of our physical and moral being. “Can a mother forget her sucking child?” Can she learn more than Nature teaches her? Can

she acquire at school a feeling which maternity has failed to generate? Much may be done indeed by the general improvement of the working classes, and by bringing them more under the eye and within the civilising and moralising influence of their superiors. Say what satirists will of the vulgarity of the middle classes, the fireside in that rank of life is the home of domestic virtues, and, as a general rule, may teach some good lessons to the ranks both above and below. But then more must be done than is now done to cement the different orders of society, and introduce them one to another. The great work of this day is to fill up, if it may be, that now almost impassable gulf that yawns between the employers and the employed nowhere so much as in our great manufacturing cities. It is not the village labourer, with his ten hungry mouths to be fed out of as many shillings a week, who does this horrid deed, but the occupant of some cellar or garret under the smoke of tall chimneys, and near the ceaseless buzz of machinery. Uncared for, unvisited, unsought and unknown; buried in sensuality and hardened by want; dark and moody, aimless and miserable, the wretched parent conceives a morbid longing for some indulgences beyond her means, and having no pure and kindly influences to correct the horrid craving, lets it take its course, and sinks to a depth below humanity and brute nature itself.

“But, while the Grand Jury of Liverpool are quietly suggesting legislative remedies, another still more serious comment will suggest itself to many a reflective mind. Such a crime is more than a crime; it is a prodigy—a portent—and has its horrid significance. A deed scarcely more hideous, and substantially the same, but with more temptation, marked the character of an awful siege, and the doom of a protected but then abandoned people. When the mother had forgotten her sucking child, then Heaven forgot its chosen race, and surrendered it to the fury of the nations. The people whose land was thus first defiled, and then profaned, had left their deliverer and the guide of their youth. The general wreck of natural feeling was consummated and represented in one hideous act. But, when we find among ourselves not one act alone, but a prevailing and still increasing practice of the character thus denounced, ought we not to draw the most fearful surmises as to the general depravation of domestic feeling? Here are children born, nursed, nourished, fed, clothed, taught to meet the mother’s smile, to lisp the mother’s name, to stand upright, and make their first essays in the world, where they might act so great a part. This, the work of years and of such cost and trouble, is all done, as it seems, with no more heart than a woman would plant a row of cabbages or let a hen hatch a nestfull of eggs. It is simply a crop to be planted, watered, and then gathered in,—a useful animal to be bred, and converted into money in due time,—a speculation to be wound up at the earliest opportunity. With what amount of heart are families generally reared? What is the inducement? Whose weal, and what weal, is the object of the long toils and sacrifices? When is it a work of

nature, and when a mere pecuniary speculation? When for the child, and when for the parent? Certainly it is one of the scandals of civilisation that it sacrifices nature to schemes of ambition and aggrandisement, in which the more substantial interests, because the more vital and eternal, are sacrificed. Is there not some analogy in these sacrifices to the portentous deeds now so rife, we are told, in the depraved population of the manufacturing districts? A reflection so painful, so delicate, and yet so suggestive, we gladly leave in the hands of our readers, with no further remark than that there does seem something hideously significant in so extensive and so increasing a horror."

And this is England in general, and Liverpool in particular, portrayed by the *Times*! Free, enlightened, Protestant, Scriptural England. This is the result of "open Bible," of suppressing, as far as massacre and penal laws could suppress, the Catholic Church, of stealing her revenues, of spending upwards of five millions a year on the Establishment, of the efforts of all the Christian Protestant Churches in Mr. Horace Mann's paper-basket. And this is the England in which Mr. Chambers fears the existence of *Nuns*. We are ready to drop our pen over our argumentative success. We are awfully avenged. The days of Herod and Queen Elizabeth are paid for by the carnage of Liverpool. In spite of every prayer that a Catholic can utter for his erring neighbour, we are vindicated. We gladly leave so horrible a topic, with the hope that whatever shape the popular religion at Liverpool and elsewhere may take, this state of things may be met as far as possible by the law.

The dearest friends, as Swift has told us, must part; and we are now going to part with Mr. Horace Mann. He will believe us when we say, that we part with him with regret. The next period of his appearance is ten years off; and ten years is a long time in the life of man. Looking to the future, and especially to this interval, which thus stands between the present race and those who may be in existence ten years hence, we propose to offer one or two suggestive remarks by way of peroration to our king of men, who, if he ever had an infancy, must, like Pope, have

— "lisp'd in numbers; for the numbers came."

Will Mr. Horace Mann be so good as to tell us what has become of the Queen's supremacy? It seems to us that he has caught the sacred final court of appeal in the judicial committee of the Privy Council actually napping. Here are all these "Christian Churches," in which he has been running riot, presented to the Queen, and by her presented to both

Houses of Parliament; and yet they all, every one of them, utterly abhor, detest, abjure, and do every thing else that is necessary to declare their rejection of the supremacy of her Majesty in the direction of their affairs, with the one exception of the Established Episcopacy in England. The established Scotch Kirk is no whit behind the rest of the "Christian Churches" in this view, as to its internal discipline and its doctrine. And we have no doubt that Dr. Cumming, in his preaching-house in London, would, if properly provoked, not fail to remind the regal authority of a certain document called the Solemn League and Covenant, which enforces the Genevan views with singular terseness and homeliness of expression. But if her Majesty has been induced, by whatever means, to allow all these "Christian Churches" to be presented to her and to Parliament as such, it is quite clear that her spiritual supremacy over a very large part, probably the large majority, of her English and Welsh subjects is formally given up. The crown is no longer the universal spiritual head.

"Divisum imperium cum Jove Cæsar habet."

It shares that supremacy not only with the Pope, but with Calvin, John Wesley, and Joe Smith, not to mention other equally pleasant names. How much longer then, after such an avowal, is the formula to run on, "in all cases ecclesiastical as well as temporal, within these her dominions supreme?" If we were Anglicans, we should have great fears. Perhaps they have them. Who is this Mr. Horace Mann? By what incantations has he, in a single brown book, shivered that tremendous weapon, so long the terror of England? Can our Anglican friends have forgotten,—surely not *all* of them can have forgotten—the use made of this supremacy in the Gorham case? Were they not crushed by it? Was not its exercise to be the signal to many of them that their slavery was no longer tolerable, and that they must fly to us, who had never owned it, and who had spent a century and a half in death and confiscation—the consequences of our steadily resisting it. We stand now, as we have ever done, and as all these other "Christian Churches" do, utterly free from it. Perhaps by the next census, the endowed Anglican Establishment may have found a more ingenuous and honest position, and be, in this respect, more like the "other Christian Churches."

The royal supremacy, however, may be got rid of, even in England, and Christianity still remain intact. But there is a *Divine* supremacy, which Mr. Mann does not seem disposed to treat with much more consideration than he has treated the

royal supremacy; for what becomes of it after this passage, which occurs on page xlv. of this *Brown Book*?

“Another diversity of sentiment, *sufficiently important to necessitate a separate sect*, is that respecting the doctrine of the Trinity. The Unitarians, therefore, who deny the Divinity of Christ, on that account are *generally* found to form a distinct denomination; though, *to some extent, holders of anti-Trinitarian opinions may be found in other bodies.*”

Pleasant light reading this information of Mr. Horace Mann, told with so much innocence and *bonhomie*, is it not?

But this is a digression. To return to the question of the Royal Supremacy. In the great fuss made in 1850 and 1851 about the re-establishment of the Catholic hierarchy, much stress was laid upon the invasion of the dioceses occupied by Protestant bishops. It was urged that these dioceses already had bishops, and that it was an aggression upon the Queen's authority, and upon the jurisdiction of the Protestant bishops, to introduce Catholic diocesan bishops into the country. Well, on this point we need say nothing now. But if the distribution of the country into dioceses is worth any thing, what is its distribution into parishes? These “Christian Churches” of Mr. Horace Mann's are, by hypothesis, without bishops, except the Moravians and the Irvingites, who have something of the kind. But all of them, also by hypothesis, invade the parochial system. The village meeting-house, which seduces those in the evening who have nodded under the rector of Fudley-cum-Pipes in the morning, is as clear an invasion of the rights of the endowed Protestant Church, as the establishment of a rival Episcopacy. The two aggressions differ in degree, not in kind. The Calvinistic system not only has not, but detests episcopacy; and therefore there is no contest between a Presbyterian and a Protestant bishop. But the blow is struck and has for ages been struck, with great force at the point at which the systems come into collision, namely, in “parochial ministrations.” And against this blow may be read, in the Protestant canons of 1603, some very shrewd and uncompromising statements, which, together with the solemn league and covenant, we recommend to the fraternal reading of that delightful institution, the Protestant alliance, over their witches' broth, and otherwise. And is it then come to this for the Anglicans, that the invaders of their parishes, the traducers of their system, and “that pure and apostolical branch established in these realms,” should be served up, along with themselves, as a dainty dish to set before the Queen? Where is Hooker—the judicious? Where is Andrews? We dare not ask where is Laud? Where is Bramhall? where is Thorn-

dyke? where is Jeremy Taylor? Gorham answers, Where? Horace Mann answers, Where? Lords and Commons answer, Where? Her Majesty herself, if it is her royal pleasure, we beg respectfully to say, may also answer, Where?

Oh, Mr. Horace Mann, it's all you! We shall know more about it by the next census, if we all live so long, and you then divulge the secret of your "sitting." In the meantime, while we are waiting the divulging of that incubation, of all these evils to our established friends and to the cause of "Evangelic truth and Apostolic order," you are the dreadful witness. We would not willingly leave you to the furies of Archdeacon Denison, and to such destiny as might await you from "the restored synodical action of the Church of England in her convocation." Denison will unquestionably move that you shall be delivered over to the secular arm. He will point to the proximity of Palace-yard, and to its being a fit place for the expiation of your offences. He will have many followers. Mr. Montague Villiers, Honourable and Reverend, will plead your cause. Archdeacon Hale, worn out with the burden of his many charges, may perhaps, from a desire to obtain assistant-labourers at any price, be for a mild censure. But take our advice, and don't trust the Lower House. It is in the Upper House, who have ceased to have parishes, that your chance of safety lies. There, although Oxford may denounce, and Exeter gloat over the possibility of witnessing your fate, recollect that you have a Maltby. Dr. Sumner, too, will come heartily to your rescue; and in the instant of the possible triumph of the Denison party, will save you and every thing else by a prorogation. As we have more than once intimated, in the safety and long life of such a man, *tam cari capitis*, we must ever rejoice. And so we end our present acquaintance—too short alas!—with wishing Mr. Horace Mann, what in the lighter and convivial moments of the office must be the professional toast—many, many, many, happy returns.

DR. NEWMAN'S LECTURES ON THE TURKS:

CATHOLIC INSTITUTES.

Lectures on the History of the Turks in its relation to Christianity. By the Author of "Loss and Gain." Dublin: Duffy, 1854.

WE rise from a perusal of this book with a feeling of the *embarrassment of riches*, which makes it difficult to select

from the accumulated mass of wealth, such a portion as we can afford to bestow upon our readers. That the revered and gifted author has here given us what will serve to carry on a now time-honoured claim to both those titles, it is almost superfluous to assure them. We recognise in every page the rare combination of qualities which attach to Dr. Newman's name: the strong grasp of facts and accuracy of detail, the power of rapid historical sketching, and of bringing together names and actions from centuries or regions far apart, to converge upon a principle to be illustrated; and this, with an ease and naturalness, which, while it strikes and convinces, only leaves us to wonder that he, and not ourselves, should have been the first to bring it to light: ὡς ἀληθῶς, ἐγὼ δ' ἡμαρτον. We have, too, besides the vivid geographical pictures, with which it was the office of the lecturer on his present subject to furnish us, the other and more familiar excellences of unstudied yet highly graphic description, acute discrimination of character, and a style alternately copious and terse, playful and earnest, but scholar-like and natural; with here and there perhaps the slightest conceivable slip, to afford internal evidence (as was said of Massillon with far less reason) that the author was thinking of his subject, not of his pen.

Personally, we might feel it to be taking a kind of liberty to have said even thus much, instead of simply making a selection of passages to bring our readers to the conclusion, independently of criticism. But the critic is bound, by the social compact between himself and the community of those who read at second-hand, not to be the mere Pylades of the tragedy, an attendant shadow on the hero of the scene, but to say at least a few words of his own. And we may take this opportunity of saying, that we feel our obligation to the author of these lectures to consist, not simply in his having given us a book containing much history, and suggesting more, an intellectual treat of the most attractive form, and within the compass of even the most occupied. He has done more for us than this. To have rubbed up in our memories the glorious and life-like narratives of old Herodotus; to have linked him on to Sir John Mandeville (*Arcades ambo*), and Gibbon, and Volney, and the modern travellers in the East, would of itself have been no slight boon. But we conceive it to be a yet higher benefit to be enabled to say to our fellow-countrymen, on the authority of a name of European celebrity, and one which even England does not ignore, that a Catholic has free range of thought and play of mind on subjects of general historical interest; that a priest, in this age of over-tasked

powers and scanty time, can, side by side with his missal and his breviary, employ himself on matters which equally engage the statesman and the philosopher; and a theologian turn from his Suarez, and De Lugo, and Viva, to look out upon the great theatre of the world, and summon the history of the Past to illustrate the bearings of an important, if not an anxious Present. To be book-worms on a very small scale when we are not public agitators, seems to be assumed by many as the alternative of a Catholic priest. In their view, he is a being limited to a certain tether of thought and interests; never travelling beyond his confessional and his round of sick calls; nor leaving the pages of his few manuals, except for those of the *Tablet* or the *Lamp*. Now we frankly concede all honour to such zealous missionaries, as, having been called to active and practical work, do not look beside it, but hold straight on with the one idea of saving souls in the definite though rugged path marked out for them. All honour to them, in proportion as their natural tastes, their capacities and antecedents, would have inclined them to strike into some of those many tempting tracks, which to them at least would be a divergence and abandonment of duty. They have left by the way-side, *oculo irretorto*, one of the most attractive of the golden apples that would have stayed their course. Others, meanwhile, have had a more versatile and "many-sided" part to sustain; equally capable of promoting the glory of their Master, and of exhibiting, through the Church, that has a sphere and a department for all, His "manifold Wisdom." We certainly hold it to be no inferior part of the vocation of such a writer as the author of *Loss and Gain* to afford a standing refutation to one deeply-fixed impression in the English mind. We mean the impression, refuted again and again, and then quietly re-assumed as a first principle, that no Catholic is really a free agent in the regions of intellect or history. You must either, it seems, think for yourself and read for yourself, and then you become a bad Catholic, sitting loose to the Church's view of things, and likely at any moment (unless the pride of consistency keep you back) to "scratch in" both your eyes again, like the wise man of Thessaly in the ancient ballad, by a second transit through the hedge that has blinded you. Or you must acquiesce in the Church's view of history, and then you become a timid historian, afraid to look facts in the face, selecting only certain passages from second-rate writers, and those (may be) garbled or glossed. You remain in the Catholic family, but at the price of surrendering your judgment; or you hunger for more *piquant* fare, and insist on enjoying it, but, like Esau, by the loss of your once-cherished

heritage. We shall wait with some little interest to know on which horn of the dilemma the *Lectures on the Turks* are to be impaled.

We have too long detained our readers from the book itself; and we proceed to give some extracts, to illustrate, in the first place, that power of conceiving and representing the material aspect of a country, as influencing the destinies of a race, which we have already represented as one of its remarkable characteristics. The value of such a power in a writer of history need scarcely be dwelt upon. It constitutes the historical painter, whose scenes dwell upon the mind because they are at once vivid and real, recognised as picturesque and poetic, inasmuch as they are not drawn from fancy, but vigorous transcripts of the earth that bears us. The rocks of Salvator Rosa are the actual rocks of Italy; the beeches of Gainsborough are the beeches that overhang many an English lane. We should be poorly compensated by wilder or more graceful forms for the loss of their naturalness and truth. And now we undraw the curtain of a picture, or rather a moving panorama, as faithful to the life as any thing that ever came from pencil, or was given to canvas. The author is describing the wild inhospitable regions in which the Tartars were bred, and the course they naturally took in descending upon more fertile and more civilised lands:

“ I have said that the geographical features of their country carry them forward in those two directions, the south and west; no to say that the ocean forbids them going eastward, and the north does but hold out to them a climate more inclement than their own. Leaving the district of Mongolia in the furthestmost east high above the north of China, and passing through the long and broad valleys which I spoke of just now, the emigrants at length would arrive at the edge of that elevated plateau which constitutes Tartary proper. They would pass over the high region of Pamer, where are the sources of the Oxus; they would descend the terrace of the Bolor, and the steep of Badakshan, and gradually reach a vast region, flat on the whole as the expanse they had left but as strangely depressed beneath the level of the sea, as Tartary is lifted above it. This is the country, forming the two basin of the Aral and the Caspian, which terminates the immense Asiatic plain, and may be vaguely designated by the name of Turkistan. Hitherto the necessity of their route would force them on, in on multitudinous emigration, but now they may diverge, and have diverged. If they were to cross the Jaxartes and the Oxus, and proceed at length southward, they would come to Khorasan, the ancient Bactria, and so to Afghanistan and to Hindostan on the east or to Persia on the west. But if instead they continued their westward course, then they would skirt the north coast of the Aral and

the Caspian, cross the Volga, and there have a second opportunity, if they chose to avail themselves of it, of descending southwards, by Georgia and Armenia, either to Syria or to Asia Minor. Refusing this diversion, and persevering onwards to the west, at length they would pass the Don, and descend upon Europe across the Ukraine, Bessarabia, and the Danube.

"Such are the three routes,—across the Oxus, across the Caucasus, and across the Danube—which the pastoral nations have variously pursued at various times, when their roving habits, their warlike propensities, and their discomforts at home, have combined to precipitate them on the industry, the civilisation, and the luxury of the west and of the south."

We cannot deny our readers the pleasure of the sentences immediately following these, which carry us along over the regions which the author had just sketched in *still life*, with a velocity and force that really constitute the passage a sort of *Mazeppa* in prose.

"At such times, as might be inferred from what has been already said, their invasions have been rather irruptions, inroads, or what are called raids, than proper conquest and occupation of the countries which have been their victims. They would go forward, 200,000 of them at once, at the rate of 1000 miles in ten days, swimming the rivers, galloping over the plains, intoxicated with the excitement of air and speed, as if it were a fox-chase, or full of pride and fury at the reverses which set them in motion; seeking, indeed, their fortunes, but seeking them on no plan; like a flight of locusts, or a swarm of angry wasps smoked out of their nest. They would seek for immediate gratification, and let the future take its course. They would be bloodthirsty and rapacious, and would inflict ruin and misery to any extent; and they would do tenfold more harm to the invaded than benefit to themselves. They would be powerful to break down; helpless to build up. They would in a day undo the labour and the skill of years; but they would not know how to construct a polity, how to administer affairs, how to organise a system of slavery, or to digest a code of laws. Rather they would despise the sciences of politics, law, and finance; and if they honoured any profession or vocation, it would be such as bore immediately and personally on themselves. Thus we find them treating the priest and the physician with respect, when they found such among their captives; but they could not endure the presence of a lawyer. How could it be otherwise with those who may be called the outlaws of the human race? They did but justify the seeming paradox of the traveller's exclamation, who, when at length, after a dreary passage through the wilderness, he came in sight of a gibbet, returned thanks that he had now arrived at a civilised country."

These galloping Tartars, however, have tempted us away, in our attempts to "catch" them, from our immediate object, which was to illustrate the power of philosophical geography,

already referred to. We will quote but one more passage, and then pass from noticing a characteristic which imparts such a charm to this book that we would fain have dwelt longer upon it.

“ We have now arrived at what may literally be called the turning-point of Turkish history. We have seen them gradually descend from the north, and in a certain degree become acclimated in the countries where they settled. They first appear across the Jaxartes in the beginning of the seventh century; they have now come to the beginning of the eleventh. Four centuries or thereabout have they been out of their deserts, gaining experience and educating themselves in such measure as was necessary for playing their part in the civilised world. First they came down into Sogdiana and Khorasan, and the country below it, as conquerors; they continued in it as subjects and slaves. They offered their services to the race which had subdued them; they made their way, by means of their new masters, down to the west and the south; they laid the foundations for their supremacy in Persia at some future time, and, as to the provinces which they had formerly occupied, there they gradually rose upwards through the social fabric to which they had been admitted, till at length they found themselves masters of them again. The sovereign power which they had acquired in the instance of the Gaznevites, drifted off to Hindostan; but still fresh tribes of their race poured down from the north, and filled up the gap; and while one dynasty of Turks was established in the peninsula, a second dynasty arose in the former seat of their power.

“ Now, I call the era at which I have arrived the turning-point of their fortunes, because, when they had descended down to Khorasan and the countries below it, they might have turned to the east or to the west as they chose. They were at liberty to turn their forces against their kindred in Hindostan, or to face towards the west, and make their way thither through the Saracens of Persia and its neighbouring countries. It was an era which determined the history of the world. I recollect once hearing a celebrated professor of geology attempt to draw out the consequences which would have occurred had there not been an outlet for the Thames, which exists, in fact, at a certain point of its course. He said that, had the range of hills been unbroken, it would have streamed off to the north-east, and have streamed into the sea at the Wash in Lincolnshire. An utter change in the political events which came after, another history of England and nothing short of it, would have been the result. An illustration such as this will at least serve to express what I would say of the point at which we now stand in the history of the Turks. Mahmood turned to the east; and had the barbarian tribes which successively descended done the same, they might have conquered the Ghaznevide dynasty, they might have settled themselves, like Timour, at Delhi, and their descendants might have been found there by the British in their conquests during

the last century; but they would have been unknown to Europe, they would have been strange to Constantinople, they would have had little interest for the Church. They rebelled against Mahmood, they drove his family to the East; but they did not pursue them thither; he warned them off the rich territory he had appropriated; he was the obstacle which turned the stream westward; they looked towards Persia, where their brethren had been so long settled, and they directed their course for good and all towards Europe."

This, of course, allies itself with a kindred power already mentioned, that of presenting to the mind brief and vigorous inductions from history, and sometimes by an unusual but (on second thoughts) most natural juxta-position, to confirm or illustrate a given point. Let our readers take the following passages, as bearing out what we mean to express.

"No race casts so broad and dark a shadow on the page of ecclesiastical history, and leaves so painful an impression on the mind of the reader, as the Turkish. The fierce Goths and Vandals, and then again the Lombards, were converted to Catholicism. The Franks yielded to the voice of St. Remigius; and Clovis, their leader, became the eldest son of the Church. The Anglo-Saxons gave up their idols at the preaching of St. Augustine and his companions. The German tribes acknowledged Christ amid their forests, though they martyred St. Boniface and other English and Irish missionaries who came to them. The Magyars in Hungary were led to faith through loyalty to their temporal monarch, their royal missionary, St. Stephen. The heathen Danes reappear as the chivalrous Normans, the haughty but true sons and vassals of St. Peter. The Saracens even, who gave birth to an imposture, withered away at the end of 300 or 400 years, and had not the power, though they had the will, to persevere in their enmity to the Cross. The Tartars had both the will and the power, but they were far off from Christendom, or came down in ephemeral outbreaks, which were rather those of freebooters than persecutors, or were directed as often against the enemies of the Church as against her children. But the unhappy race of whom I am speaking, from the first moment they appear in the history of Christendom, are its unmitigated, its obstinate, its consistent foes. They are inexhaustible in numbers, pouring down upon the South and West, and taking one and the same terrible mould of misbelief, as they successively descend. They have the populousness of the North with the fire of the South; the resources of Tartars, with the fanaticism of Saracens. And when their strength declines, and age steals upon them, there is no softening, no misgiving; they die and make no sign. In the words of the Wise Man, 'Being born, they forthwith ceased to be; and have been able to show no mark of virtue, but are consumed in wickedness.' God's judgments, God's mercies, are inscrutable; one nation is taken, another is left. It is a mystery; but the fact stands; since the year

1048, the Turks have been the great Antichrist among the races of men."

Or take a summary of the relations between the Crescent and the Tiara :

" War with the Turks was his [the Pope's] uninterrupted cry for seven or eight centuries, from the eleventh to the eighteenth ; it is a solitary and *unique* event in the history of the Church. Sylvester II. was the originator of the scheme of a union of Christian nations against them. St. Gregory VII. collected 50,000 men to repel them. Urban II. actually set in motion the long crusade. Honorius II. instituted the order of Knight Templars to protect the pilgrims from their assaults. Eugenius III. sent St. Bernard to preach the Holy War. Innocent III. advocated it in the august council of the Lateran. Nicholas IV. negotiated an alliance with the Tartars for its prosecution. Gregory X. was in the Holy Land in the midst of it, with our Edward I., when he was elected pope. Urban V. received and reconciled the Greek emperor with a view to its renewal. Innocent VI. sent the Blessed Peter Thomas the Carmelite to preach in its behalf. Boniface IX. raised the magnificent army of French, Germans, and Hungarians, who fought the great battle of Nicopolis. Eugenius IV. formed the confederation of Hungarians and Poles who fought the battle of Varna. Nicholas V. sent round St. John Capistran to urge the princes of Christendom against the enemy. Calixtus III. sent the celebrated Hunniades to fight with them. Pius II. addressed to their sultan an apostolic letter of warning and denunciation. Sixtus IV. fitted out a fleet against them. Innocent VIII. made them his mark from the beginning of his pontificate to the end. St. Pius V. added the 'Auxilium Christianorum' to our Lady's Litany, in thankfulness for his victory over them. Gregory XIII., with the same purpose, appointed the Festival of the Rosary. Clement IX. died of grief on account of their successes. The venerable Innocent XI. appointed the Festival of the Holy Name of Mary, for their rout before Vienna. Clement XII. extended the Feast of the Rosary to the whole Church for the great victory over them near Belgrade. These are but some of the many instances which might be given; but they are enough for the purpose of showing the perseverance of the popes."

These quotations, we think, abundantly establish the author's claim to rank as an accurate and powerful historian. We would fain have had space to cite passages of a lighter kind, which exhibit him as the graphic narrator of scenes and anecdotes connected with the different Tartar and Ottoman conquerors whom it was his office to introduce to us. And as a specimen of a higher strain, such as the subject demanded, we cannot but notice the account of St. Pius V. and the battle of Lepanto, which closes the third lecture. For all these things, and many other beauties which we are compelled

to leave unnoticed, our readers must turn to the volume itself.

Apropos, however, of *beauties*, we cannot resist just transferring to our paper the portrait of Attila. The traveller to Rome, who has been accustomed at each successive visit to St. Peter's to lean upon the massive marble rails before the altar of St. Leo, while that fine alto-relievo above him, Algardi's master-piece, has furnished a meditation on the superhuman power of the representative of St. Peter, driving calmly back with a majestic wave of the hand, the wild but heroic figure that represents that baffled Scourge of God, will be cruelly disappointed as he reads the reality. St. Leo, doubtless, may have been in outward presence what he was in inward power; but the man whom he subdued seems to have possessed no quality more impressive than that of intense savagery, unmitigated, unadorned.

"As the Huns were but reproductions of the ancient Scythians, so are they reproduced themselves in various Tartar races of modern times. Tavernier, the French traveller, in the seventeenth century, gives us a similar description of the Kalmuks, some of whom at present are included in the Russian empire. 'They are robust men,' he says, 'but the most ugly and deformed under heaven; a face so flat and broad, that from one eye to the other is a space of five or six fingers. Their eyes are very small; the nose so flat, that two small nostrils are the whole of it; knees turned out, feet turned in.'

"Attila himself did not degenerate in aspect from this unlovely race; for an historian tells us, whom I have already made use of, that 'his features bore the stamp of his national origin; and the portrait of Attila exhibits the genuine deformity of a modern Kalmuck; a large head, a swarthy complexion, small deep-seated eyes, a flat nose, a few hairs in the place of a beard, broad shoulders, and a short square body of nervous strength, though of a disproportioned form.' I should add, that the Tartar eyes are not only far apart, but slant inwards, as do the eyebrows, and are partly covered by the eyelid. Now Attila, this writer continues, 'had a custom of rolling his eyes, as if he wished to enjoy the terror which he inspired.'"

To our minds, the most powerful and philosophical portion of this book is the first part of the fourth lecture, entitled *Barbarism and Civilisation*, in which the author draws out the essential distinction between races or nations barbarous and civilised, in the causes which ultimately lead to their fall and extinction. His pervading idea is, that the latter decline from internal causes, and are brought to naught by the over-development of the very elements which gave them being and growth; while the former remain what they are for a given time, and are then shattered and dispersed from without. The conclusion of these premises is obvious as regards the

prospects of the Turkish empire. And we confess, that were we loyal subjects of that realm, we should not feel comfortable under the vivid description given by Dr. Newman, in the third part of his last lecture, of the degree to which the Turks are *in the way*, and are felt to be so, of the civilised nations on every side of them. We should feel ourselves manifestly *de trop*, and be much disposed, like a clownish intruder who finds himself in the midst of a polite circle, to look about for some fair pretext of effecting our escape to a more congenial neighbourhood. Rather the steppes of Tartary, or the ruined cities of Asia, than be hustled into a corner of Europe, and even *that* invaded by younger and more active powers than ourselves; the toes of our *kabooshes* trodden upon by supercilious tourists and bustling diplomatists, and the steam-engines of the nineteenth century out-smoking our tranquil pipes and damping our very beards with their infidel unquietness.

It only remains to say that these lectures were delivered, and have been dedicated, to the members of a society to which we heartily wish all such success as the zeal and spirit of their founder seem likely to secure. The Catholic Institute of Liverpool will, we trust, gradually become the model of similar institutions in other of our large commercial and manufacturing towns. To draw together the young men of that debatable frontier where the middle classes touch upon the higher; to give them topics of general literary interest, leavened and guided, whether more or less visibly and consciously, with true religion; to convert dangerous leisure-hours into times of improving recreation, and sanctify the spirit of association which has become so intensified in our day, by the temper of a Church-guild, and the patronage of St. Philip: all this is no slight task, and if effected, no slight boon. The Institute, which was opened in Liverpool last year by the Cardinal Archbishop, has already been the means of other lectures on Catholic subjects being written and printed.* And we cannot doubt that in this, and other ways, the Rev. James Nugent, the zealous founder of this infant but vigorous society, will have the consolation of seeing much fruit from his labours, in the supply of two among our most crying needs—a permanent hold upon the youth of our middle classes, and the promotion of a sound Catholic literature.†

* *E. g.* two recent Clifton Tracts on the Inquisition, and on the Albigenses and Waldenses. Also two very clever and interesting popular lectures by the Rev. W. H. Anderdon, answering the questions, *Is there a Church, and What is it?* All of these were first delivered to the Liverpool Catholic Institute.

† We beg to call our readers' attention to the Circular concerning this Institute, to be found among our Advertisements.

An institution of a somewhat similar kind has been established in Cork; and we are delighted to learn from the Second Half-yearly Report of it, which has reached us, that it is flourishing even beyond the most sanguine expectations of its founders. We take a very special interest in this institute, having reason to know that its character, if not determined, was at least greatly influenced and modified, by certain articles which appeared in our own journal some time since. In form it differs somewhat from the Liverpool Institute, as also in name, being called the *Cork Young Men's Society*; but its objects and modes of action are in substance the same. "Our Society," says the Report before us, "is educational, literary, social; but above all, and throughout all, it aims at being religious;" and as, in a former notice of this society, we took exception to some of its rules, as seeming to us somewhat too strict in the matter of religious observances, we feel bound to add, that we have since learnt, from the best authority, that this strictness has been found, practically, not only to be the chief element of stability in the undertaking, but even of attraction. We are informed that at least half of its members are now monthly communicants: all this speaks most highly for the young men of Cork, and of course, where such results can be obtained, they are an infinite addition to the literary and educational advantages which are the more immediate and obvious fruits of these institutes. Our limited space will not allow us to say more on this subject at present; but its importance becomes daily more and more evident. If we are to maintain our position—still more if we are to make any progress—among the rising generation, establishments of this kind, modified in details according to the means and necessities of the various localities, must industriously be multiplied. By these means we may hope to see springing up around us a *Young England* and a *Young Ireland* which will be the salvation, and not the ruin, of their countries.

Short Notices.

THEOLOGY, PHILOSOPHY, &c.

The Right Rev. Dr. Ullathorne has addressed *A Letter to Lord Edward Howard on the proposed Committee of Inquiry into Religious Communities* (London, Richardson and Son), in which he exposes the malice of the Evangelical Alliance and of their tool, Mr. Chambers, in their proposal to limit the inquiry to the cloistered orders, and shows by clear statistics that of these orders there are fewer now in England

than there were fifty years ago. *Then* there were twenty-five houses of religious women keeping enclosure; *now* there are only eighteen; and in eleven of these there can certainly be no mysterious secrecy which could justify the interference of a parliamentary committee, since they have large boarding-schools for young ladies attached to them; and of the remaining seven, at least four teach poor-schools. If facts and plain common sense could make any impression on the bigots of Westminster Hall, this pamphlet ought certainly to do good service.

We have to thank a lady for a very good translation of a valuable work,—*Abridgment of the Catechism of Perseverance* of the Abbé Gaume, by Miss Lucy Ward (London, Dolman). The merits of the original work are too well known to render it necessary for us to say any thing in its praise. The present translation is faithful and English, and is carefully printed in good clear type. "It cannot fail," as the Bishop of Nottingham truly says in his official approbation of the work, "to be of great general utility;" and we heartily wish it success.

Notes at Paris, particularly on the State and Prospects of Religion (London, Rivingtons), is a small and shallow book, evidently from the pen of Dr. Wordsworth, who published a larger work on the same subject, some eight or ten years ago, entitled *A Diary in France*. It is conceived in the worst spirit of petty captiousness, which is so painful a characteristic in some of the latest developments of Anglicanism. We really cannot waste words on a man who can gravely make such assertions as these, that "the result of the Gorham controversy has been to make *the truth more evident*, and to make the doctrine of baptism become more of a living, abiding, indwelling, and energetic principle, exercising more influence on education and conduct!" that "the day may come when the emperor (Napoleon I.) will be canonised, and prayers be addressed to him as to a present deity, and that many things betoken such a result;" that "an air of liveliness and cheerfulness on the countenances of Protestant Sisters of Mercy in Paris presents a contrast to the somewhat gloomy and almost abject look of many of the members of similar Roman Catholic institutions;" that the names of "Sisters of Mercy, Sisters of Charity, and the like, savour of boldness, assumption, and uncharitableness; but that their use is not to be wondered at, since it is too much the practice of the Roman Church in France to speculate on women's weaknesses, and to strengthen herself by them, and to urge them to works of charity by flattery; but that this is done at the sacrifice of the most beautiful and holiest graces of Christian womanhood. It has almost swept away its bloom!" &c. &c. The ravings of Exeter Hall are to us scarcely so loathsome as the positive falsehoods and delicately-expressed inuendos of a writer of this class.

Justo Jucundono, Prince of Japan, by Philalethes (Baltimore, J. Murphy; London, Dolman), is not, as its title would lead one to suppose, "a pretty story," but a very solid and somewhat curious piece of controversial theology, in the shape of the discussions of a certain general council, consisting of five hundred divines "assembled from all parts of the world, and embracing representatives of every known religious sect!" The author has not favoured us with the "prosings" of every one of these eccentric divines, but he has given us very deep and learned arguments from the mouths of the more important amongst them; first for religion generally (against atheists), then for the worship of one God (against polytheism), next for Christianity (against Jews Mahometans, &c.), and finally for Catholicity (against any and every

sect of Protestantism). The arguments are put in a masterly way, but we wish the author had chosen a better title.

We have already, in the course of this Number, had occasion to notice the Rev. W. H. Anderdon's two lectures delivered at Liverpool, entitled *Is there a Church, and What is it?* (Burns and Lambert.) In the first, the author undertakes to prove that there is such a thing as a Church upon earth; and his topics of proof are two: first, the necessity of the case; and secondly, the testimony of those who lived during the time of the Church's early life and growth. In the second, he undertakes to prove that this Church is not a Protestant body; a fact which hardly needed argument indeed, but which we cannot regret that the reverend author made the subject of a distinct lecture, so much pleasure have we derived from its perusal. These lectures are eminently the language of plain, practical common sense, pervaded throughout by a vein of quiet humour, and occasionally enlivened by a more undisguised touch of keen yet just satire. They are calculated to do great good, we imagine, among sober-minded and thoughtful Protestants.

State Rationalism in Education, by the Rev. H. Formby (Dublin, J. Duffy; London, Burns and Lambert), is an examination into the actual working and results of the system of the Board of Commissioners of National Education in Ireland, by an English priest, who has recently returned from a tour in that country; during which he visited a number of poor schools, both National and Catholic, and was greatly shocked by the compromise and the suppression of religious truth and practice, which appeared to be an essential characteristic of the former. Many both of his facts and arguments will be new and striking to the English reader, perhaps also to some Irish readers. The question at issue is most important; and since the National system seems to give no real satisfaction either to Catholics or Protestants, it is far from being an unpractical one. We cannot at present enter into an examination of the difficulties with which it is beset; but we can recommend Mr. Formby's pamphlet, as containing a plain exposition of the principal objections which lie against the National system, and as well deserving a careful perusal.

MISCELLANEOUS LITERATURE.

Lectures on Ancient Ethnography and Geography, by B. G. Niebuhr, translated by Dr. Leonhard Schmitz, F.R.S.E., Rector of the High School of Edinburgh. (London, Walton and Maberly. 2 vols.) Any thing of Niebuhr's must be valuable; but we have found these volumes less so than we expected. The ethnographical details are somewhat superficial, but the geographical part is excellent. The book is often enlivened by sketches of personal or national character. The author's estimate of Lucien Bonaparte, the Prince of Canino, with whom he is very angry for not carrying on the excavations at Tusculum, is amusing: "He has no interest for any thing except works of art, statues and the like; and it is impossible to make him see the importance of the remains of antiquity. He has the most unhistorical mind, and is unable to understand of what interest antiquities can be to history: the most beautiful things have been sold by him. He is one of those men who

enjoy a high degree of celebrity without deserving it; he is lively, but absurd, and an extremely bad epic poet. He has laid out a garden on a hill, and on a box-tree in it he has inscribed in order the names of the greatest epic poets, beginning near the root. Out of modesty he has put his own name lowest, and ascends up to Homer." To have an unhistorical mind is evidently with Niebuhr "flat burglary."

We are glad to see a People's Edition of *Dr. Lingard's History of England* (London, C. Dolman), to be completed in sixty weekly parts. We wish, however, that it had not been printed in that small *double-column* style, which is now happily almost obsolete; we hope also that the frontispiece is not to be taken as a fair sample of the numerous illustrations which we are promised, for it strikes us as any thing rather than an "embellishment." This edition will contain all the latest additions and corrections that were made by the learned author in the edition he published shortly before his death; and it is to be hoped that its cheapness will secure it a place in all our lending-libraries and other similar institutions.

We have reason to believe that *Ince's Outlines of English History* (J. Gilbert, Paternoster Row), are used as a class-book in some Catholic schools and families. *For a Protestant book*, it is remarkably fair and unprejudiced, so that we can, in some degree at least, afford to congratulate the author on its extensive circulation—the copy before us is said to be of the sixty-fifth thousand; occasionally, however, the traditions of Protestantism make their appearance, and are allowed to displace the facts of history, *e. g.* Mary I. is represented as having few qualities either estimable or amiable, and "revenge and tyranny" are said to have been "her too prevailing features;" and the persecutions of her reign are falsely attributed to herself.

The Heir of Redclyffe (Parker and Son); *The Two Guardians*; *Henrietta's Wish* (Masters); *Kenneth*. These are some of the most charming little works of their kind which we have ever read. The class of books to which they belong is one which has but lately, comparatively speaking, sprung up among us; but which is at present extremely popular: it occupies a middle place between the mere child's story-book and the regular novel; and is intended chiefly for the amusement and instruction of young people, more especially girls, who are

"Standing with reluctant feet,
Where the brook and river meet,
Womanhood and childhood fleet."

Accordingly the subject-matter of these books is found in the outward and inward life of very young people; and as life in that early stage is generally, especially in the case of girls, so sheltered and hedged round by the controlling influences of home as to be little exposed to external vicissitude, its real sphere is the inward world of thought and feeling: unlike the regular novel, therefore, these books for the most part present us with no very stirring incident, but trace the development of character through ordinary circumstances. Some of the first works of this class which became popular, were those edited by Mr. Sewell, "*Laneton Parsonage*," "*Amy Herbert*," "*Gertrude*," and others; all works of considerable ability, but with a certain character of stiffness and dryness about them, partly drawn from the dreary theology they in-

culcate, which is to us so great a drawback, that we are inclined to wonder at their having been so successful. Of the works whose titles stand at the head of this notice, some of the earlier ones (*The Two Guardians* for instance) have the same defect: and in all the Puseyite spirit is sufficiently perceptible to detract considerably from their beauty as well as from their usefulness. But there is an elegance of conception, a delicacy in the delineation and working out of the different characters, an airy gracefulness in the conversations, and an artistic skill in giving the personages a real existence in our minds, which are most charming. *The Heir of Redclyffe*, however, we consider very much superior to any of the others; indeed, we have seldom read so delightful a story; not that the plot, if it can be said to have any, is particularly well managed, perhaps rather the contrary; at all events, there are defects in it which show manifestly that the book is written by a lady, and we should say rather a young lady; but the idea of the main character, the Heir of Redclyffe himself, is both original and strikingly beautiful; and very lovely, though not so thoroughly life-like, is that of the sweet little heroine; while the contrast of the other pair, who stand as it were over against these, is admirable; and the clear-seeing, irritable, sick brother, with the gentle, judicious, sympathising mamma, fill out the canvas in a way which leaves us nothing to desire. Another peculiar charm in the book is a little halo of the highest and purest kind of romance thrown round the small incidents of daily life, and that so skilfully as not to give them any thing of a far-fetched or improbable character, and the delicately indicated analogy between the character and destiny of the Heir of Redclyffe and Lamotte Fouqué's Sintram; the foreign artist's sketching his face for an imaginative picture of Sir Galahad, and the allusions to a kind of destiny, the punishment of ancestral sin, hanging over his family. Another thing we very much admire is the successful way in which the authoress has contrived to make us not only submit to what would be called a melancholy termination of the book, but welcome it as we might a sorrow to ourselves, for the sake of the moral good it works or develops. The point of the book is, the contrast between a dry, systematic, secretly conceited piece of perfection, who, having been always respected and looked up to, has gained a quiet belief in his own infallibility, and placidly lays down the law for all around him, with a character of strong impulses, acute sensibilities, and intense conscientiousness, coupled with the strongest power of self-discipline, and at the same time entire unconsciousness of its own excellence. One thing, however, we must remark by the by; that the first of these characters, Philip, the conceited piece of perfection, is one which it would be next to impossible to find among Catholics, and therefore one which, except to those among us who have associated much with Protestants, especially Puseyites, will not perhaps appear natural. The constant practice of confession, which a man such as Philip is represented to be, really conscientious, would not fail, if a Catholic, to have recourse to, would very soon clear away the scales from his moral vision: besides that, even the most ordinary Catholics are in the habit of studying, in the lives of the saints, models so very far above them, and of a character so altogether supernatural, that they can scarcely rate their own performances very high, when they have nothing more to show than a regularly ordered life, and what they may consider a well-disciplined mind. We don't mean, of course, that there are no such things as conceited Catholics: Catholics, like other people, are liable to be vain of beauty, or talent, or rank, or wealth, or any other such worldly advantages; and, of course, even the most devout of them are by no means exempt from the danger of spi-

ritual pride ; but what we mean is, that the self-relying, compass-and-rule sort of character embodied in Philip, is one of which the specimens are happily scarce among us. That of Guy, on the other hand, has much in it that is Catholic ; though even there we cannot help feeling what a high blessing he would have found in the mild governance of the Church, and how comparatively easy the over-mastering grace of her sacraments would have rendered his struggles against the fierce nature he had inherited. Our readers will see that we are speaking of Guy and Philip, and almost praying for their conversion, as if they were real people ; a mistake for which our best apology must be to beg them to make acquaintance with these personages themselves ; and then, if they are too wise to pray for these creatures of the fancy, they may transfer their prayers to the account of the fair and beautifully-gifted authoress, which is the least we can do in return for the present she has made to our literature.

The little Duke, or Richard the Fearless, by the author of the "Heir of Redclyffe" (Parker and Son, London), is a beautiful little story. There is no preface to it to tell us on what it is founded, but it gives one the idea of having been amplified from an old chronicle or series of ballads, and it has the fresh charm which belongs to writings of this character. The spirit of it, too, is thoroughly Catholic, except only that we must protest against the Mass being always designated as "the service," the "Holy Communion service," "morning service in the chapel," which we consider as a Puseyite affectation quite unworthy of the author. These, however, are mere specks ; and altogether we can cordially recommend the book to Catholic parents, as one in every way unobjectionable, and particularly attractive to children.

The Progress of a Painter in the Nineteenth Century, containing conversations and remarks upon art, by John Burnet, author of "Hints upon Painting," &c. (London, Bogue). "*Miscuit utile dulci*" is a very good motto for those who cheat children into taking their medicine by mixing up the powders in jam ; but we feel some disgust at a person who coolly tells us grown men and women that what he has to communicate is so deep and difficult that he does not think we can ever fathom its profundities unless he envelops it in a vehicle suited to our intellectual digestion, especially when the vehicle, as in this case, is a series of deadlively dinner or tea-table conversations, strung on the thread of a trivial story, the moral of which appears to be, that in order to be a painter it is necessary to be a Scotchman. The technicalities of the art are no doubt very good in themselves ; but concerning the book as a whole, we cannot help agreeing with the author's own estimate of its value, when he calls it "a feeble attempt, which he throws upon a favourable construction by the public."

Journal of a Cruise among the Islands of the Western Pacific, in H. M. S. Havannah, by J. E. Erskine, Capt. R.N. (London, Murray). We feel bound to mention this book, as giving an apparently authentic account of considerable progress made by the Wesleyan missionaries in converting the savages of these islands to their own superstition. At present their success has been numerically greater than that of the Catholics ; but it must be remembered that they were the first comers, that their numbers and wealth are much greater, that they are supported by all the prestige of the English and American naval and mercantile marine, and that they are sadly unscrupulous in what they say of the Catholic missionaries. M. Calañon, the priest of the Tongan Islands, complained that some of them had denounced the Catholics as men who had been obliged to fly their own country, and were habitually

addicted to every description of vice and immorality. Our author's test of the success of these missionaries is the gradual extinction of cannibalism. With regard to any further development in civilisation, he does not seem to expect much from the followers of John Wesley; in fact, he rather despises them and their journals; of these he writes (p. 279): "To say nothing of a phraseology which is always repugnant to English readers of ordinary taste, some of the accounts lately published by members of the Wesleyan body, (who, leading for the greater part of their time easy lives in New Zealand, consider a periodical visitation of their working brethren a task of severe hardship,) are so full of exaggerated accounts of the ordinary dangers and privations of a sea-voyage, unfounded insinuations of a want of protection and sympathy on the part of the small naval force in these seas, and aggravations of the difficulties under which the business of the mission is carried on, as to repel the reader who desires information on subjects of more interest and importance; whilst tedious accounts of love-feasts, and of miraculous interferences in favour of the Christians against their spiritual enemies, might almost induce one to suppose that the effect of missionary success would only be the supplanting of the old superstitions of the natives by almost equally gross delusions of their own."

The following is a specimen of the savage logic of a cannibal: "A young man in one of the Feejee islands once pretended to be a priest, in order to obtain food. His imposture was so successful, that he made a fine trade of it, and came out as a great man. The chief sent for him, and said to him: 'Who are you that you should set up priest, and make yourself somebody? I will kill you and eat you to-day; and if your god be a true god, he will eat me.' And he was as good as his word too; for he clubbed him on the spot, put him into an oven, and baked and ate him. He had to eat him alone, as the people dare not eat a priest" (p. 251). It is not stated whether the poor young man's god did or did not kill and eat the chief in return.

The History of Yucatan, from its discovery to the close of the Seventeenth Century, by C. St. John Fancourt, Esq., recently H. M. Superintendent of the British Settlements in the bay of Honduras (London, Murray), is an able and unprejudiced compilation from the almost unknown Spanish writers on the discovery and first colonisation of Central America. The conduct of the Conquistadors towards the Indians is represented in a much better light than by the general run of English historians, and, on the whole, contrasts favourably with the conduct of Anglo-Saxon settlers in similar circumstances.

The Divine Comedy of Dante; rendered into English by F. Pollock, Esq., with illustrations by G. Scharfe, jun. (London, Chapman and Hall). Mr. Pollock has attempted in this translation to make each line a representation of the corresponding verse of the original, and even to retain the order of the words; he has also shown a very laudable care not to dilute the vigorous words of Dante, or to insert epithets. The opening of the first canto of the "Inferno" fully warrants the professions of the translator; and if the whole had been rendered in the same way, this would have been by far the best English transcript of the great Florentine poet. But in parts, especially in the philosophical questions, which occupy so large a portion of the "Purgatory" and the "Paradise," Mr. Pollock fails sadly. He neither represents the meaning of the original, nor supplies any intelligible sense in its place; where Dante gives us at least philosophy, if not poetry, Mr. Pollock gives us neither rhyme nor reason. The fact is, that to translate Dante, a man

should be a good metaphysician as well as a poet; if he does not understand the philosophy of St. Thomas, he cannot render the poetry of Dante intelligible. Mr. Pollock does not understand this philosophy, and therefore he makes nonsense of the poetry. For instance, *Inferno*, canto 3, Dante talks of the wicked having lost "*il ben dell' intelletto*," *i. e.* God, as the final end, or chief good of the rational soul; "the intelligible good;" Mr. Pollock makes this good simply subjective, and calls it "the good gifts of the mind." So, again, when Dante speaks of the soul being aroused by pleasure into act, Mr. Pollock dilutes the technical phrase into "waking to pleased activity." (*Purg.* 18.) But we will give a connected passage: Dante, in *Purgatory*, cant. 17, shows that sins there punished arise from a misdirected love. "Love," he says, "is either instinctive (natural), or deliberate (of the mind); the former admits not error. The other may err, either in its object or in its amount." Then Mr. Pollock proceeds:

"While it is well directed primally,
Or secondarily restrains itself,
It cannot be the cause of wicked joy.
But when it turns to ill, or with more zeal
Or less than should be, after good it runs,
Against the Maker—then the thing made works.
Hence thou mayest understand how needs must be
Love the seed in you of all excellence,
And of all acts deserving punishment.
Further, since cannot from the benefit
Of its own subject, love be ever turned,
From hating of themselves all things are safe;
And because cannot in division life,
Or standing by itself, what comes from God,
From hating Him all passion is shut out."

These few lines sufficiently demonstrate the hopelessness of being able to retain the order of the lines and words, and yet to preserve the sense. Though in this instance, we think a little more familiarity with philosophical studies would have enabled the translator, even with his own canons of translation, at least to avoid talking nonsense. For instance, in the first two lines, which look so enigmatical, Dante simply says, "when love is well directed in the first" (*i. e.* in its ends or objects), "and in the second" (its amount of vigour) "moderates itself," it cannot occasion a guilty delight.

Again, nothing can be more barbarous than the fourth and fifth triplets, nor more unsuggestive of the meaning of the Italian. Dante says nearly word for word as follows:

"Now since love cannot from the happiness
Of its own subject ever turn its gaze,
From hating self all beings are secure.
And since we cannot think that aught, cut off
From the first cause, can by itself subsist,
From hating Him is all affection barred."

He means, that the first error of love is the choice of a wrong object, namely, evil instead of good; but no person capable of loving can desire his own misery and evil; therefore, it is not possible absolutely to hate oneself, or to love one's own evil for its own sake. Again, nothing can be conceived to exist absolutely separated from God; therefore nothing can desire this absolute separation; therefore no being can hate God as the Creator and Preserver. It remains, then, that if we love evil, it must be our neighbour's evil that we love; and this misdirected love is either anger, hatred, or envy. Such is the meaning which is quite clear

on the surface of the Italian; it would puzzle us to extract it from Mr. Pollock's translation, without looking at the original.

Mr. Pollock is more successful in passages of passion; in fact, in what must be owned to be the real poetry of Dante. In such places he often expresses himself as felicitously as we could desire. On the whole, we can only praise the industry and good taste which could lead a man to spend so much time on a poet who will never be popular in England; and we only lament, that as he has often succeeded so well, he should have, in other passages, laid himself open to the blame which we have found it necessary to award to him. We yet want a translation of Dante by a Catholic who understands the theology and philosophy of which his works are full.

With regard to Mr. Scharfe's illustrations, *distinguendum est*. Those from the old Italian masters are really what they profess to be; those from Flaxman could easily be spared: they are all carefully executed in outline.

Spanish Literature, by Alex. F. Foster (Edinburgh, Chambers), is a tolerably well-executed sketch of the different periods of so much of Spanish literature as is contained in its poetry and prose romances. Of its deep theology and philosophy the author is completely ignorant. It is not to be expected that we can recommend a book whose object is "briefly to trace the early progress of the Spanish intellect, and to mark its premature decay under the blighting influence of civil and religious despotism." The author culls a few flowers of poetry and fancy, and then regrets that "little of a more substantial nature was produced." The substantial literature of the countrymen of Balmez cannot be so meagre as this one-sided writer would persuade us. In fact, we have but just noticed a very interesting book, which is almost entirely compiled from Spanish histories of the conquest of Mexico.

Stumpingtonford, a Tale of the Protestant Alliance; Jonah; and La Salette (Richardson and Son), is a most clever and amusing little tale—a true tale of the times. We do not mean that the incidents narrated in these pages have any where happened precisely in the order and manner here recorded; but they are such as *might* have happened in any town in England, and something very like what actually *has* happened within the last two or three years. The vein of satire which runs through the whole book, especially the earlier and latter portions of it, is irresistibly ludicrous; and yet the tale is a *picture* of the times, not a *caricature*. Indeed, it is the truth of the satire which gives it all its point. The conversion and death of the hero are most skilfully managed, and very effectively told. In a word, we have both laughed and cried over these pages. Need we say more to recommend them to our readers?

We cordially agree with Mr. T. A. Buckley, in his estimate both of the usefulness and the entertaining nature of the plan of teaching history which he has adopted in his *Ancient Cities of the World* (Routledge): not, of course, as a means of teaching history to the real *bonâ fide* student, but as furnishing others with certain general outlines, which may "be filled up by the gradual maturing of their own thoughts and reading in historic lore." This book is intended "as a reading-book rather than a school book;" and contains lively historical sketches of Babylon, Nineveh, Damascus, Tyre, Petra, Peking, Jerusalem, Athens, Rome, &c. It is a good book for lending-libraries of the better class. *The Great Cities of the Middle Ages*, by the same author, and on the same plan, cannot be recommended to Catholics. It suggests

an admirable idea, however, which we should be glad to see taken up and acted upon by some competent Catholic writer.

Natural History in Stories, by M. S. C.; and *Pretty Poll*, a parrot's own history (Addey and Co.), are charming little books for little people. Mrs. Loudon's *Young Naturalist's Journey* is of the same kind, only of more pretensions, and suited to children of a more advanced age. It is full of interesting stories of natural history, which have the very great advantage, the authoress assures us, of being "strictly true."

A Year with the Turks, or Sketches of Travel in the European and Asiatic Dominions of the Sultan, by Warington W. Smyth, M. A. (London, J. W. Parker). A very good book of travels in itself, independently of its present interest. The author has given an ethnographical map, showing the distribution of the different races in the dominions of the Sultan, which will be found useful by many readers.

Lady Lee's Widowhood, by Edward Bruce Hamley, Capt. R.A. (Edinburgh, Blackwood. 2 vols.), is a novel reprinted from a magazine; scampish, melodramatic, and flashy, some people might even say trashy; but withal very amusing.

The British Museum, historical and descriptive, with numerous wood engravings (Edinburgh, Chambers). Well enough to give country-folks an idea of the contents of our national museum, but as a handbook decidedly out of date.

FOREIGN LITERATURE.

La Cosmogonie de la Bible devant les Sciences perfectionnées : ou, la Révélation primitive démontrée par l'accord suivi des faits cosmogoniques avec les Principes de la Science générale, par M. l'Abbé A. Sorignet (Paris, Gaume, frères), is a book open to the same kind of objections as those which we brought against the volume of C. B. on the same subject, reviewed in a late number of our last series.

Philosophie. De la Connaissance de Dieu, par A. Gratry, Prêtre de l'Oratoire de l'Immaculée Conception, 2 tom. (Paris, Douniol et Lecoffre). This is the first instalment of a series of treatises on philosophy; it is to be followed by works on psychology, logic, and ethics. The author begins with the science of God (including the science of the soul elevating itself to God), because this is the beginning as well as end of all philosophy; in it are involved the method, the logic, the ethics; the metaphysics and ideology, and the psychology of the system. "In this sense the science of God is the whole of philosophy." He undertakes to prove that the inductive process, or logic of invention, is as rigorously scientific as the deductive; it consists in setting out from any finite being or quality, and after suppressing all limits, in affirming the Infinite Being, or infinite perfections corresponding to the finite quality under our notice. Every use of this process of the reason is in its very nature a proof of the being and attributes of God. It is always true; it is as valid in geometry (in the infinitesimal calculus) as in ontology. But in its metaphysical use, it requires the co-operation of the intellect and will.

Such is the thesis of the book, and it appears to be treated with distinguished ability. Though we have not had time to make more than a

cursory examination of it, we have seen quite enough to be able to recommend it as a thoughtful Catholic work, and well deserving the attention of the student of philosophy.

Le Pape en tous les temps, et spécialement au XIX^e siècle, par Dr. Don Juan Gonzalez, traduit de l'Espagnol par le Comte Ch. de Reynold Chaurancy (Paris, Vaton, 1854), is a cursory view of the influence of the Papacy on the religious, political, social, and intellectual movements of Europe from the earliest times. We are afraid that its numerous allusions will prevent its being understood by the less learned, while better-read persons will find that it contains nothing which they did not know before. The argument is, that the influence of the Pope has always been for the best; that this influence is impossible without independence; and that independence implies a temporal sovereignty; and that this is to be preserved to the Pope at all risks. The author is, perhaps, rather too one-sided in his views: he owns that wherever he looks he can see nothing but Rome. "Partout où Rome jette sa parole de condamnation, tout devient stérile; partout où Rome jette sa parole de salut, tout se vivifie. Où est aujourd'hui cette grande Eglise d'Orient, &c.? . . . Luther avec son génie et ses œuvres, Napoléon avec ses armées et ses victoires, où sont ils? Je cherche à les voir encore; mais ils ont disparu." On the contrary, all these things exist in vital energy. The Greek Church is the soul of the Russian war. Luther has set in motion the whole infidel and sensual philosophy of Europe. Napoleon, perhaps, has founded a dynasty which may work good or evil to the Church to an incalculable amount. If all that is not the Church, always, as a matter of course, came to nothing, what would she have to oppose? where our need of the author's argument?

Esprit des Saints illustres, auteurs ascétiques et moralistes, non compris au nombre des Pères et Docteurs de l'Eglise, par M. l'Abbe L. Grimes (6 vols. 8vo, Paris, Sagnier et Bray), is made up of extracts from the writings of saints, preceded by a notice of their life and literary productions. A book of the highest class for spiritual reading, although from its very nature somewhat deficient in unity or continuity of subject.

Harmonie du Catholicisme avec la Nature Humaine, par Mde. L. de Challié (Paris, Gaume). Faith is the motive of the most splendid of human actions; the soul ought always to mourn its doubts. Therefore there must be some institution like the Church, which gives us faith, and answers our doubts; therefore the Church is true. Madame de Challié has treated her subject cleverly and learnedly; but we need hardly tell her that her proof is not demonstrative.

Histoire de l'Eglise de France pendant la Révolution, par M. l'Abbé Jager (3 tom. Bruxelles, Goemaere). The learned abbé traces the principles of the Revolution to Voltaire and Rousseau, and attributes its outbreak to financial difficulties; he traces the decline of the popularity of the clergy, coinciding with the spread of anarchy, and gives a strong picture of the atrocities endured with such Christian fortitude by the martyred priests of the Revolution. We highly recommend these volumes; though we think that the principles of the Revolution may be traced rather further back than to Voltaire. The Brahmin teaches that the world rests on the back of a tortoise. But what does the tortoise stand on? asks an over-curious disciple.

Correspondence.

CHURCH CHOIRS AND CHORAL SCHOOLS.

To the Editor of the Rambler.

DEAR SIR,—A regular and well-organised system for the training of choristers is, as a contributor to your February Number observes, one of the *desiderata* of our time. And perhaps you will not consider it a waste of your space to admit a few observations on the whole subject of Church choirs, from a priest in charge of an important London mission, who has long felt experimentally the anomalies and difficulties to which your Reviewer alludes, and done his best, whether with greater or less success, to remedy them.

The plan of a school, whether central or local, of which education in music and ecclesiastical proprieties shall form the characteristic feature, seems to me open to some objections. I cannot help thinking, that the object which should give its character and tone to every Catholic school, is religious and moral training; into which I fully admit that the proposed instruction should (in all cases where it is applicable) enter, but of which it should form but part; important, indeed, but strictly subordinate. A boy who has a voice, and a "soul for music," has not the less a soul to be saved; and I seem to fancy that, if musical capacity were to be made the principle of selection, and its cultivation the main object of care, there would be very great danger of the arrangements of the school being made to bear disproportionately upon this one point. I say this, not in the spirit of cavil or opposition, far from it, but simply as feeling how necessary it is that plans of this kind should be duly "ventilated" before they are carried out; one great evil of the present day being, as I think, a tendency to hasty legislation. Let us try and imagine some of the practical difficulties of such an undertaking. Are the musical and ceremonial, or ecclesiastical department, on the one hand, and the moral and general, on the other, to be conducted by different masters, or by the same? If the former, I think it would be far better to graft the musical education (much more efficient and satisfactory, however, than any thing we have at present) upon poor and middle schools, than to draw off the musical boys of either class to a separate place of instruction, designed especially for them. If, however, the two branches are to be united in one and the same master, where, I ask, are we to find our men? *Quis instruet ipsos instructores?* We want the school to educate the masters, before we have got the masters to educate the school. Where are we to find the man, at least among such as are not occupied in other duties, who is at once theologian, disciplinarian, and scientific musician, to say nothing of the various other qualifications necessary for such a schoolmaster? I fear that one or the other of two naturally unconnected qualities, namely, religious knowledge and musical skill, would have in the long-run to be sacrificed; and thus, that our school would end in producing either indifferent musicians, or, what would be infinitely worse, *mere* musicians. I shall come presently to the other alternative, that of a separate instruction in the two departments, which appears far more feasible.

But there is a further question to be considered. What are we to do in the mean time? We want for our choirs, and want at once, boys and men; trebles, and altos, and tenors, and basses. However efficient,

then, our projected music-school, we should have to wait years before it would furnish an adequate supply of voices. It takes a long time, as every one knows, for a good boy's voice to mature into a good man's voice; and often, I believe, it happens that the voice, once lost, never comes back. Observe, too, when our school has trained its lad, it sends him out, for better for worse, into a church choir; from which, when no longer of use, he passes, not back to the school, but forward into the world; where, ten to one, he loses his ecclesiastical spirit along with his voice; and when his voice returns, and he enters a choir again, he has forgotten all about Antiphons and Alleluias.

It is a very practical question. How are we to stock our choirs at the present time; drawn asunder, as we are, by the most opposite principles, and hedged in between the most awkward prohibitions? I am almost reminded of the Prince Regent's lament:

“A strait waistcoat on him, and restrictions on me,
A more ‘limited monarchy’ scarcely could be.”

The Synod of Oscott warns us against “*fœminæ, præsertim conductæ*.” On the other hand, many persons feel that Protestant singers are not merely undesirable in fact, but wrong in principle. The synod (remarkably enough) abstains from all mention of *Protestants*, though, of course, amply cognisant of their existence in a large majority of the choirs in England; and, what gives effect to this silence, specifies females (especially when hired), only to *object* to them. Our problem, then, is, “How to make a good choir without either ladies or Protestants.”*

Now, if we be pressed to construct such a choir at an hour's notice, I must say that I believe the thing to be simply impossible; and that we must make our option between a class of singers against which we are thus warned by authority, and one which, however we may dislike, has received no similar condemnation; although, of course, tolerated only, not liked. And this, of course, if it be a strict alternative, leaves practically no choice to a priest who is actuated by the spirit of obedience. If a choir can be formed of male Catholics only, sufficient for the purpose of such music as our congregations expect, and as the Church, as a general rule, presupposes, I for one would gladly sacrifice excellence of performance to the benefit of so strictly ecclesiastical an arrangement. But I can only say that, after four years' experience, during which the attempt has been sincerely and anxiously made, I pronounce it simply impracticable.

On the other hand, I am prepared to show that, if we had but time allowed us, the end might be gained; and that by a method which for several reasons appears preferable to a school of which a musical education should be the principal feature. I think that, although a thoroughly ecclesiastical arrangement of choirs cannot possibly (as, indeed, all admit) be reached *per saltum*, yet that we may make a continual approximation towards it in easy and obvious ways; by availing ourselves of materials ready to our hand, and keeping clear, in the mean while, of any collision with either the words or the wishes of ecclesiastical authority.

My idea—fully borne out, I should say, by the opinion of my colleague, who, unlike myself, is a perfect master of music—is, that we may do great things towards creating an efficient choir of *Catholics*;

* In London, I think I am correct in saying that there are *no* choirs from which Protestants, and but two from which females, are excluded.

first, by introducing a superior musical education into our actual poor and middle schools; secondly, by bringing into play the musical capacity which is distributed throughout the male portion of our congregations. The advantages of this plan (if feasible, which is a point I am coming to) are manifold. 1. It requires no new machinery. 2. It goes to form a tie, of the very best kind, between our own people and the Church. 3. It gives us a hold upon boys after they leave school. 4. It cuts up the *professional* spirit in our choirs. 5. It is very economical. 6. It tends to make the choir (what it ought to be) a part of the Church *establishment*. 7. It secures uniformity in the style of music, and consequent unity of spirit in the choir. 8. It enables you to have a choir far more at your command than is possible when you depend on strangers. It has all these advantages in comparison with a merely professional choir; it has some of them in comparison with the plan which your Reviewer temperately advocates.

To show you that here I am not setting up a chimera, I will tell you what has been done, under my own eye, in this church, and yet but as a mere essay towards the plan I have just sketched out. First, as to the school. For the last three years and a half we have paid an experienced musical teacher (of course, a *mere* musician, for no more is here necessary) twelve or fifteen pounds a-year, to give superior musical instruction twice a-week to such boys in the poor-school, among others, as exhibited any fitness for it; *all* the boys in that school being *regularly* instructed in the *rudiments* of music as part of the school work. The results have been—1. that our own school-boys can now sing a little easy mass on all days of devotion; 2. that, even in our Sunday choir, we have at present no trebles *but our own boys*. Secondly, as to the class of adults. Every Thursday evening, all the young men of the congregation who have ears and voices assemble in our house, and practise for two hours, under the direction of my colleague. The effect of this arrangement has been, that we have a *native* choir, independent altogether of Protestants, ladies, and externs, who are always ready for vespers or feasts of devotion, and sing them (as our kind friend, Dr. Maguire, our vicar-general, who always when he can attends them, can attest) with great spirit and precision. It is, of course, unnecessary to add, that in this church all the parts of the mass and vespers are sung with every practicable attention to rubrical accuracy. The same home-choir assist, as far as possible, at solemn mass on days of devotion, and at the offices of Holy Week. It consists not merely of Catholics *only*, but of Catholics *regular at their religious duties*. In addition to this provision for the more *proficient*, the young men of our congregation have lately, of their own accord and at their own cost, formed a class of *beginners*; so that we have now two sets of boys and two sets of adults, receiving constant instruction according to their several degrees of advancement.

How much of any success which has attended this experiment may be owing to the fact of my having a colleague who is a perfect proficient in music, and who devotes himself with the greatest assiduity to superintending the choral arrangements, is more than I can say. But this advantage might, to a certain extent, be compensated (where there is no priest similarly qualified), by the direction of a layman of competent musical attainments and thoroughly ecclesiastical spirit.

Still, however, we cannot manage to construct a *Sunday* choir, sung as the people expect, without a sprinkling of Protestants. It is true that we have fewer of them than most churches in London; that is to say, we have three out of twenty; and among these three, two are Ca-

tholics at heart. But if a *principle* be at stake, it is violated by three as much as by thirty.

Pending, however, an authoritative decision against admitting them, and with an intimation in the Oscott decrees against female singers, which (like the parallel declaration in favour of Roman vestments in the same decrees) is, though not conclusive against *existing* arrangements, yet quite decisive, in the estimate of obedience, against making *this* the time for introducing them, I cannot see my way towards breaking up a choir on account of two or three Protestants, reverent in behaviour, and, as to disposition, quite as much Catholics as they are any thing else. I do not feel with your Reviewer, that such persons are wholly out of their right place in enunciating the words of the creed, or in following, whenever they do so, an "Image of the Blessed Virgin," with the chorus of supplicants; though not obliged to join it, if their conscience forbids. As things are, I incline to think we must content ourselves with merely *external* criteria of propriety; judged by which, I am sorry to say that Protestants sometimes appear to advantage by the side of nominal Catholics. Here, indeed, I am reminded of another difficulty. On strict *ecclesiastical* principles, to admit into our choirs an *unpractising* Catholic, is surely but one degree, if at all, less irregular than to admit a "non-Catholic." The plan I have just proposed *tends* to a *thoroughly* ecclesiastical arrangement; for it would be a priest's duty to require the observance of the Paschal precept in the members of his choir, as in those who assist in the sanctuary. But the test of a merely nominal faith obviously does not go far enough.

I must add a few words on the advantage of open and visible choirs. Whatever irregularity goes on in *them* can be instantly put down; and the momentary scandal of the congregation, produced by such irregularity, is an infinitely less evil than the habitual irreverence and objectionable freedoms of which *concealed* choirs (especially where both sexes are admitted) are, according to my experience, the too frequent occasions. The change in this matter which, through the kind aid of Mr. Burns, I was enabled to carry out on first coming to the mission four years ago, has obtained me, in more than one instance, the *thanks* of those very ladies whose feelings (even had it been effected, as I fear it was not, with all that scrupulous care to avoid offence, which your Reviewer describes as having been practised in some similar case which has fallen under his experience) it had so obvious a tendency to hurt.

I am, Sir,

Your faithful servant,

F. CANON OAKELEY.

St. John's, Islington.

Feast of St. Gregory the Great.

TURKS AND CHRISTIANS.

Note to the second article in our last Number.

[The kindness of a correspondent has placed at our disposal the following extract from a private letter. Its appositiveness, as an illustration of the article in our last Number on the relative position of Turks and Christians under Turkish rule, will make it interesting to all our readers. At the same time, we must protest against being supposed to have any sympathy with the Russians. We could heartily wish that the contending parties might realise the fable of the Kilkenny cats.]

Constantinople, August 1841.—Will you like a sheet of news from Istambol, warranted thoroughly Turkish? What do you think these wretched infidels, that we have been upholding and endeavouring to reform these many years past, have done as a recompense for our unreasonable liberality? Since I have been here, there has not been a single public execution; which in an Oriental country, where one expects to hear of heads and tails as plentiful as water-melons, is no slight thing to be said in favour of the clemency of a government; and since the late Sultan Mahmoud ascended the throne, a public execution for faith, *i. e.* a martyrdom, has never been dreamt of. But the priests or ulemas of the present day having regained some of their old influence, a barbarity has been committed which equals any committed in the days of fanaticism.

Last year, a young Armenian was taken up for a quarrel with some neighbours in the streets, and was ordered the bastinado. Being in liquor at the time, and dreading the punishment, he said he would turn Turk. Whereupon the license was sent for, and he was named Mahomet; but the whole process was not gone through necessary to establish his conversion. When he came to his senses he resolved not to be a Turk, and bolted to Syra; whence he returned a few months since, hoping the affair had blown over. Going one night to his sister's house, in his old quarter (in Frank clothes, for disguise), he was taken up for having no lantern (it being the rule that every one out after sunset should have a lantern), and recognised by the officer of the guard, and thrown into prison. The ulemas, hearing of it, insisted upon his decapitation. The poor young man's mother and sister and aunt came to us, and begged us to interest ourselves, and do our best to save him. We recommended them to go to the embassy, and ask help there. This advice they followed, and the minister exerted himself most zealously, and actually obtained a promise from the Grand Vizier that at least the poor fellow should not be put to death, in these strong words, "If a drop of his blood is shed, take it from mine."

Notwithstanding, after twenty days of daily torture applied to make him acknowledge Islamism; after leading him out as if to execution, and striking him with the back of the sword; after every species of intimidation and torture had failed, he was finally led out to the fish-market, and his head was hacked off his shoulders in the rudest and most disgusting manner. The body was exposed three days, and subjected to every insult by the fanatical Turks; after which, a petition having been presented for it by the Armenian patriarch, and torn up, it was thrown into the Bosphorus. When the poor mother heard of his execution, she flew about the streets, tearing her hair, and quite out of her senses; and finally, went and threw herself upon the corpse, and was only taken away by force.

Is it not a shocking tale? And what do you think of the politics of your country, in upholding such wretches in Europe; when the single word "Go," pronounced unanimously by the Christian nations, would suffice to turn them out? However, the day cannot be far off.

The Rambler.

PART V.

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To Correspondents.

R. R. Declined with thanks.

Correspondents who require answers in private are requested to send their complete address, a precaution not always observed.

We cannot undertake to return rejected communications.

All communications must be *postpaid*. Communications respecting *Advertisements* must be addressed to the publishers, Messrs. BURNS and LAMBERT; but communications intended for the Editor himself should be addressed to the care of Mr. MAHER, 101 New Street, Birmingham.

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PART V.

NUNS, MONKS, AND JESUITS.

A NUN! a Monk! a Jesuit! What suggestive words! How can we furnish to the simple mind an idea of the thoughts these dark syllables convey? Language alone cannot do it. We can think of but one process by which the uninitiated may realise the feelings experienced by thousands at the repetition of these mysterious symbols of thought. Let a man spend his afternoon and evening in rummaging through the theatrical "properties" provided for some very bloody Adelphi melodrama; handling, till his arms ache, black masks, sanguineous daggers, clanking swords, cups of poison, white dominos, and instruments of torture; when he is dog-tired and famished, let him go home, and sup most intemperately on cold pork; finally, let him spend half an hour in reading the most tremendous scenes in some awfully horrible novel, such as *Whitefriars*, or Lewis's *Monk*, or Bulwer's *Lucretia*, and then go to bed. Within an hour or two he will be in perfect condition for sympathising with the fathers, the mothers, and the grandmothers of England, on the subject of nuns, monks, and Jesuits. Nothing less will enable him to appreciate the appalling horrors of that threefold nightmare which sits upon the soul of our shuddering country.

O England! O my country! Thou who didst win Trafalgar and Waterloo, and art about to crumple up the Czar; with thy bankers in London, and thy merchants in Liverpool, and thy cotton-lords at Manchester, and thine iron-lords at Birmingham; with thy police in every village, and thy fifteen thousand established clergy (not to mention Dissenting ministers); with thy doctors without end, and thy lawyers innumerable; with thy House of Lords and House of Commons, thy *Times* and thy *Morning Herald*; is it possible that thou

art at thy wit's end because of a few poor women shut up in convents, and a dozen or two houses of men who get up at three o'clock in the morning and go to bed at eight? Cannot sensible England, and canny Scotland, and peppery Wales, guard themselves from the rascalities of a few units of their population by the ordinary defences of society, without flying to special laws to worry the lives out of their dreaded victims? Is the lion constrained to seek an Act of Parliament to protect himself from the sheep? Is the navy of England about to strike its flag at the approach of half-a-dozen cock-boats?

Shakspeare, speaking by the mouth of Hamlet, exclaims, "What a piece of work is man! how noble in reason! how infinite in faculties! in form and moving, how express and admirable! in action, how like an angel! in apprehension, how like a god!" We are of opinion that the heroic Dane would have demurred to this exalted eulogy on humanity, if he had been acquainted with the existence of a class of men who owned Lord Shaftesbury for their sovereign pontiff, the Rev. John Cumming for their doctor in theology, and Mr. Montague Chambers for their inquisitor-general. "In apprehension, how like a god!" Spooner and Newdegate to wit! Can bathos be carried further?

We put it, then, to the more rational of our fellow-countrymen, whether it is right that they should suffer themselves to be led by the nose by such a set as this, in their dealings with about a quarter, or a third, of the inhabitants of the United Kingdom. In the name of common sense and true patriotism, is it not time to settle this convent question, without reference to the domestic panics of Islington and Clapham? Surely the internal peace of the empire, the loyalty of one-third of the British army, and the social intercourse of all people of tolerable composure, is not to be perilled at the dictates of a knot of "pious" admirals and captains, in deference to the hebdomadal "testimonies against the Scarlet Lady of Babylon," with which a certain school of preachers are wont to arouse the attention of their drowsy congregations. Sir Frederick Thesiger and Mr. Walpole are lawyers; Lord Palmerston is a man of the world; Sir John Pakington and Mr. Adderley are really not mere country justices of the peace; we put it to such men as these, whether the laws of an empire like this, comprising a population divided into endless sects, and though tranquil now, undermined with materials for the most frightful explosions,—whether, we say, the laws of such an empire are to be framed in accordance with actual facts, or with the prophetic reveries of a sect, which would balance its

utter ignorance of things as they are, by a claim to an insight into things as they are about to be. We do not ask the House of Commons to view the affairs of Catholics from a Catholic point of view. We do not want honourable members to uphold convents, to endow convents, or to protect convents, as such. We call for nothing more than the undisturbed exercise of those rights which the laws of the land guarantee to every British subject, until it is *proved* that he voluntarily and grossly abuses them.

Dismissing, therefore, all interpretations of the Apocalypse, and the rhapsodies of hirelings who get their bread by denunciations of Popery, let us look the facts of the case fairly in the face. As men with sound heads, clear eyes, calm tempers, and healthy digestions, let us quietly see how matters stand with these monks and nuns.

Scattered up and down the country are to be seen a few score of buildings, most of them in appearance private houses (and very ugly ones too), but others intensely monastic and Gothic in outward seeming, wherein popular report and the Catholic directories assert that there are congregated small societies of men or women, who have devoted themselves to a mode of life the most disagreeable that can be conceived in the ideas of members of parliament and noble lords. They are all unmarried, they eat and drink by rule, they give up their private property (when they are lucky enough to have any to give) to the body to which they belong, and they obey the commands of certain individuals of their own orders with willing (though Mr. Chambers thinks it unwilling) obedience. Some of these communities,—*i.e.* a minority of them, and those which are making the slowest progress,—spend their days chiefly in prayer. But the greater part are, if they are men, engaged in some measure in the works of the pastoral office; and if they are women, in teaching the poor and visiting the sick and miserable. Besides this, all the women, and some of the men, are guilty of the extreme bad taste of not dressing themselves like the rest of the world. The women neither curl their hair nor wear it in bands or plaits, but remorselessly cut it off. Some of the men disfigure themselves (to speak the language of a barber) by a tonsorial process most unpleasant to the Protestant eye. Their average costume is wholly unparalleled off the stage, and fascinates the gaze of those who behold it for the first time in an actual room, and neither in a tragedy, a comedy, or an opera, with a power unprecedented in the annals of dress. On the whole, these friars and these nuns are a most strange, incomprehensible, unparalleled, and *consequently* a most disagreeable and dan-

gerous class of individuals, whose proceedings must be stopped by the arm of the law, at any cost of wrong to themselves.

Now, we ask, *is* all this a foundation for instituting a tormenting inquiry into the private lives, past history, and pecuniary regulations of these most un-Protestant-looking persons? What have they done, which every Englishman and every Englishwoman (so far as her husband or father will permit) is not doing every day of his or her life? These ladies, instead of choosing husbands to rule them *at their own will*, choose a community, in which they will be governed by an individual superioress, it is true,—but *not according to her personal caprices*; for she is bound by rules from which all husbands are free. Have they not as good a right to do this, if they like it, as other girls and women have to refuse or accept an offer of marriage? Is the House of Commons prepared to adopt the practice of the Moravian sect, and to take into its own hands the providing of husbands for all the marriageable young damsels of the United Kingdom? It is asserted that sometimes these silly women bind themselves rashly to a monastic community, and rue the vow they have made through a long life of unknown suffering. That such things *may* occur, we admit; but they are rare in the extreme, whatever the Protestant Inquisition may think. And is there no such a thing in the world as “marrying in haste and repenting at leisure?” How many marriages, we should like to know, are productive of the enjoyment which the “happy pair” anticipated, when they bound themselves by *more* stringent vows than those which fetter a Catholic monk or nun? In how many cases does not a certain incompatibility of character display itself before one year is passed away? How often does not the nuptial tie prove an iron chain, to gall, to wound, and torture the unhappy couple whom it binds together, till death dissolves their bonds? We have no hesitation in saying—and there is not a Catholic who has friends or kindred in convents or monasteries who will not confirm what we say—that the proportion of unhappy “religious professions” to happy ones is *immeasurably* smaller than the proportion of unhappy to happy marriages.

Is it not monstrous, then, to put forward the sacred name of justice as a sanction for these tyrannical interferences in our religious houses? What wretched cant to talk of the rights of Englishmen and Englishwomen, when a poor nun or friar is to be bullied, while the miseries of domestic life are left undressed! If you want to bully us, and our monks and nuns, say so like men; persecute us, if you dare; and crush us, if you can. But put aside your transparent hypocrisy. Say

nothing of your pity for the deceived and persecuted, until you have made it penal for any persons to marry until they have had a year's trial of their future partner's temper and principles, when tested by the most irritating influences. And when the year's trial is over, do for "persons about to marry" what the Catholic Church does for a person about to become a nun, shut them up singly with some sharp individual, who will question them as to their real feelings and wishes, and forbid the nuptials if he can detect the action of any external pressure upon their inclinations. If there turns out to be some worldly-minded mother, who wants to get her daughter off her hands; or some hard-hearted father, who cares nothing for true love, and refuses to pay his son's debts unless he will marry the heiress who is willing to take him; if a foolish girl is captivated by a uniform, or a pair of handsome cheeks and whiskers, or a lover's ball-room flatteries; if there is a fond youth, who imagines that melting eyes are all that is necessary to connubial felicity, or that a sweet voice in singing can never scold in unmusical talking,—cut short the hymeneal project with a stern decree, and bid the expectant pair go about their business and learn prudence for the future.

These ugly dresses, too, which evidently add so much bitterness to the anti-convent wrath, what have they to do with the matter? The affairs of human life are not to be settled by the principles on which a drama is brought upon the stage. What if a cold, crawling, uncomfortable sensation creeps over the limbs of some amiable matron, or some managing squire, at the sight of these indescribable costumes, and suggests ideas of mystery unfelt before? Are we Catholics on this account not to be allowed to dress as we like? Or, if some of us do choose to shave the crowns of our heads, or to put on veils, and tie up our faces in garments which would make a fashionable tailor or *modiste* stand aghast, is that a reason for imputing to us a violation of the commonest feelings of the human breast? Is the heart of a nun as dead to all natural sweetness and tenderness and justice, as her habit is unlike the ball-dresses of Almack's, and the court-dresses of St. James's?

Really, if people are to be bullied by Act of Parliament because they clothe themselves after their own fashion, the House of Commons must begin at home. There is Mr. Muntz with his beard, Mr. Bright with his coat, Mr. Disraeli with his curls, and Colonel Sibthorp with a *tout ensemble* perfectly unique. If the personal appearance of these gentlemen happens to be disagreeable to me, am I therefore justified in petitioning for a commission to inquire whether they do not beat their wives, swindle their brothers and sisters, and keep a brace

or so of daughters stowed away in their wine-cellars? If these personages are to please themselves, notwithstanding my disapprobation, why may not the inmates of our convents please themselves also; especially as they happen to wear costumes rendered venerable by centuries and centuries of unbroken use, and, as a matter of fact, appropriate and pleasing in *our* eyes?

Moreover, the pretence of redressing the wrongs of enthralled nuns and imprisoned friars is rendered doubly absurd by the circumstances, that if they have any wrongs to redress, there are abundance of means by which justice can be done them, as affairs now stand. Do Protestants really imagine that when a woman becomes a nun, her friends and kindred actually lose sight of her from that day forth for ever? Do they imagine that, if there was found to exist the smallest difficulty in the way of their seeing and conversing with her whenever they wished, consistently with the rules of the conventual life, their suspicions would not be instantly aroused; or that, if those suspicions were aroused, they would not be acted upon with a decision which, without calling in the aid of a parliamentary commission, would settle her affairs to their perfect satisfaction? An affectionate father and mother give their daughter in marriage to an apparently deserving husband. After a time they discover, though probably not from her complaints (for *wives* suffer in willing silence), that she is miserable, and that she is bound for life to a heartless persecutor or a cold despot. What can they do? Nothing. Yet, compared to a wife, a nun is free as air. If she suffers ill-usage, her friends *can* protect her. She is not hopelessly given over to the caprices of a domestic tyrant, who at once makes and administers his own laws, and inflicts punishment on those who disobey them. Religious communities are governed according to precise rules, which bind the governors as well as the governed; while appeals against their infraction can at all times be made to those ecclesiastical authorities who have no interest whatever in upholding the abuses which may creep into such establishments. We repeat it; the friends and relations of nuns are perfectly competent to secure them a complete liberty of voluntary action. The vulgar attacks on our convents refute themselves. It is simply incredible that the aristocracy and gentry of this country should tolerate one twentieth part of the misdemeanours popularly attributed to the communities in which their daughters and sisters are living. There is hardly a Catholic family of respectability in the kingdom which has not a relation or a friend in some religious establishment, either of men or women. Will any person of common sense, then, pretend

that, having the access we have to them, we should be content to permit them to be made the victims of duplicity, cruelty, or of other crimes too abominable for description? The very notion is monstrous. If monks and Jesuits are such scoundrels as our enemies profess to think them, why are their numbers perpetually recruited from the ranks of those who, having passed their boyhood and youth in these supposed dens of infamy, go out into the world, try *its* fascinations, and then voluntarily return, and commit themselves for life with eagerness to the society of their ancient deceivers? Three out of every four of our daughters are educated by these wicked nuns. What suicidal madness, then, possesses them, that they must needs be so delighted to keep up through life the most friendly and affectionate communications with their former mistresses, to return to them as nuns themselves, and to send their own children to be brought up in these hated establishments? Do Protestant girls, as a rule, form similar attachments to *their* schoolmistresses and governesses? Does their young experience tempt *them* to desire to be a governess or to keep a school?

Popular opinion looks upon nuns, monks, and Jesuits, as so many hard-hearted, isolated beings, impervious to any feeling but those of abject superstition, crafty duplicity, or luxurious self-indulgence; who live but to victimise one another and their fellow-creatures in general. Now, we should be delighted to place the religious communities of this country in *real* comparison with the families of married persons in the English world in general. Suppose that some fifty of our convents and monasteries—beginning, if you like, with those double-dyed villains, the sons of Loyola, were placed side by side with an equal number of households, chosen at random from May-fair, Belgravia, or Bloomsbury, or any respectable locality in the country; we have not the shadow of a doubt that *the Christian law of love* would be found to be practically prevailing in the Catholic communities to an extent with which the average affectionateness and friendship of the Protestant firesides would not bear an instant's comparison. We do not say that any religious house is absolutely immaculate. The infirmities of human nature are eradicated only by the hand of death. But we do say that it would be most monstrous and hypocritical tyranny to interfere with the private affairs of monks and nuns, on the pretence that they *deserved* a rigour of supervision uncalled for by the circumstances of the married life of ordinary families.

All we ask is equality with our fellow-countrymen. A convent is a private house, as much as Windsor Castle, or

Chatsworth, or Blenheim. You might as reasonably assert that a Brighton or Harrowgate boarding-house is not a private establishment, because its owner has many lodgers, as attack a convent because it has many inmates not bound together by the ties of blood. If these persons choose to live together, and follow certain regulations, what is that to any one else? What is it to their neighbours if they like to wear black gowns and veils, or to get up at three o'clock in the morning and recite long Latin prayers? If they break any of those laws of the land which bind *every* Englishman and Englishwoman, indict them for the offence without scruple. We want no special immunities for them. We demand only that they shall be allowed the liberty which every one else possesses. We Catholics are loyal and obedient, as long as we are subjected to the same laws as the rest of our fellow-citizens. It is our duty to be so; and we defy the malice of our tormentors to prove that we are otherwise. What folly, what madness, therefore, it is to drive us to disloyalty and hatred to the British constitution, by enacting laws *against us!* What blindness, to force us against our wills to regret that we are Englishmen; to annoy us with petty persecutions and make us feel that it is only want of power in our enemies which saves us from the thumb-screw, the rack, and the gibbet!

People say we should make no objection to any inquisitorial proceedings against our convents. "Why don't you throw them all open at once, and silence your enemies?" say many really kind and well-meaning persons. Put the case as one of your own, we reply. How would you like a commission to be appointed to inquire into *your* affairs, on the presumption that you were rogues, swindlers, despots, and worse still? No man likes to be insulted; to have it presumed that he is a scoundrel; to be called up before a committee personally hostile to himself, in order that he may lay bare his domestic affairs, and convince his examiners that he has not been guilty of all sorts of abominable crimes. We say that it is an intolerable insult to *us*, and a most wanton outrage against our religious communities, to subject them to these harsh and exceptional proceedings. *Why* should we throw open our convent-doors for the intrusion of every impertinent and coarse-minded fool, whose only desire is to gratify his curiosity by prying into the affairs of nuns, or to wreak his sound Protestant vengeance on the heads of a few defenceless women? Would Lord Shaftesbury, and Mr. Adderley, and Sir Frederick Thesiger, like their wives, sisters and daughters, to be placed under an ordeal such as this

The very thought of such a thing would be unendurable to them.

Let this, further, be remembered, that when once the legislature sets about interfering with convents, the investigation infallibly falls into the hands of the most offensive and odious of our adversaries. Gentlemen, not merely by position, but by personal character, shirk such ungentlemanly duties. Men of sense, with kind and amiable hearts, however stanch their Protestantism, cannot help seeing that, to a woman whose life has been spent in the retirement of a conventual life, and in that absence from all but female society which belongs even to the most active of the unenclosed orders, contact with a parliamentary inquisition must cause an amount of suffering which every gentleman would shrink from personally inflicting. They would feel themselves degraded by bullying a woman, even though she were a nun. Can you ask us, then, to *like* these things? Can you suppose that, however conscious we are of deserving no such treatment, we should feel no irritation against those who would thus degrade our friends, our sisters, our daughters, to the level of notorious criminals, arraigned by universal accusation, and condemned by their own open violations of the laws of God and man? It is impossible. We have a sense of our rights as Englishmen and Irishmen; we have hearts of flesh and blood, and not of stone; we have the memory of three centuries of intolerable wrongs to quicken our sensitiveness to any renewal of former cruelties; we *love* the nuns, the monks, and the Jesuits, whom our enemies *hate*. Yet the world is astonished that we are not so ready to turn our convents inside out to the prurient gaze of a Drummond or a Chambers, as to tell the tax-gatherer the rent of our house, or to name the sums at which we are assessed to the poor-rate. We wish our enemies no worse punishment than that they should be subjected to the same inflictions which they would impose on us.

Once more, then, we repeat, that we claim to stand on the same footing as the rest of our fellow-countrymen. We want no mysteries, no secesies, no special immunities. We have no wish to convert our religious establishments into so many lodges of freemasons, or associations of carbonari, whose affairs must not see the light of day. If it really is important for the English people to be better acquainted with the systems and practices of our religious orders, we are ready to furnish them with the amplest information, provided they will apply as friends and as gentlemen, and in the proper quarters. Convents and monasteries have no title to any secrets except those to which every private household has a right. The

Bishops of the Catholic Church, the Provincial Superiors and the Generals of the various orders, and his Holiness the Pope himself, are perfectly accessible persons; and neither on principle nor through inclination would they throw the smallest obstacle in the way of any inquiry which one man has a right to make of another. Secret societies are hateful in the judgment of the Church, and are rigorously condemned by her laws. The laws of the Church, and the constitutions of the religious orders, are much more easily to be got at than the laws of England. If the English Government has reason to suppose that English nuns, monks, and Jesuits, are setting up secret rules for themselves, unsanctioned by the highest ecclesiastical power, we can assure it that the authorities at Rome will be most thankful for any information it can afford on the subject. But while our convents and monasteries remain exempt from any such charges, and while they present examples of obedience to the laws, and of internal peace, which the families of Established and Dissenting Protestants would do well to imitate, we protest with all our souls against the renewal of those penal enactments with which we are now yearly threatened, and which our enemies declare they will never cease to push forward until they have their victims once more within their grasp.

ON THE PERSECUTION OF NUNS AND RELIGIOUS WOMEN DURING THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

MUCH truth is embodied in the well-known line, "The world knows nothing of its greatest men;" and those who have been in the habit of reading the history of their kind only in the records of the historian, or of the ordinary biographer, form but a very incomplete and one-sided idea of human nature. They are carried away with the triumphant march of the victorious general, or wrapt up in the tortuous career of the politician, or engrossed in the speculations of the transcendental philosopher, or have all their sympathies excited by the struggles of unaided genius, and fancy that they are engaged in studying the history of mind in its highest and noblest aspects.

Little do the ordinary readers of history know the lofty qualities, and the amount of heroism, which, whether shown in braving the actual presence of approaching death, or exhibited in the passive endurance of protracted suffering, lies hid beneath the surface; and still less are they aware of the strange and unearthly interest which is imparted by the presence of

the religious element in the mind of the sufferer. There are, to use the words of the poet already quoted,* "many thousands that die betimes, whose story is a fragment known to few," whose lives would, not only in the higher view of edification, but even psychologically considered as rare specimens of human nature, prove of the deepest interest. This may be considered as a self-evident proposition, and one which is hardly worth insisting upon; but it is to the bearing of such intimate and accurate details of the lives and sufferings of individuals upon history, that we wish to call the attention of our readers.

In proportion as any given period of history is marked by those startling events and exciting incidents which take a firm and enduring hold upon the public mind, will naturally and almost necessarily be the amount of unknown and unappreciated virtue that is evoked; while, from the engrossing character of the events by which it is surrounded and overlaid, it finds more difficulty in winning its way to the ear, and arresting the attention, than it would have done had it been displayed in less troublous times. The French Revolution is just one of the periods to which we refer. The world has never beheld a time in which so much of public and universal interest was crowded into a few short years; and the variety of the events which encumber the pages of the historian, and of the persons who fill his canvas, carry the mind away with an all-absorbing interest, and prevent it from resting on the details which make up the picture, and the understanding and appreciation of which add materially to its truth and local colour. The fountains of the great deep were broken up; all existing institutions, religious, political, moral, and social, were swept away by the devouring flood, or whelmed for a time beneath its waters; and in the contemplation of a catastrophe so vast, so sudden, and so tremendous, it is difficult to spare time or attention for the fate of individual sufferers. And yet we are sure that, without some such care, it is impossible fairly to recognise the causes, or to appreciate the results, of that awful visitation. Every year adds to the difficulty of obtaining authentic information of the class to which we allude. The world sweeps on; and when we desire to chronicle its progress, we find that we have "lost the links that bound its changes," and are fain to resort to hypothesis or to fiction, in order to account for that which would explain itself, had we but the daily life and death of those who have lived and died unhonoured and unknown, to which to submit our theories, and by which to test our prepossessions.

In this respect the Catholic student of history possesses a

* H. Taylor.

great advantage, and one which we are inclined to think is not always sufficiently appreciated. He has always the inward life of the Church, as detailed in the lives of her Saints and Martyrs, to which to refer; and it is no exaggeration to say, that more light will often arise, amidst the darkness of an ambiguous period of history, from some simple fact or humble record thus unconsciously preserved, than from volumes of learned dissertation or fantastic controversy. Thus, we believe that M. Leon Aubineau, in the memoir which we published some time since,* not only furnished a very interesting portrait of a remarkable character, but made a valuable contribution to the history of the awful dispensation which drowned France in torrents of her own best blood, and sent eight hundred of her most faithful ecclesiastics to perish in the bagnes of Rochefort. But it was not reserved to the stronger sex alone to glorify by their death the Redeemer to whom their lives had been devoted. It is our intention to give a pendant to the picture which M. Aubineau has drawn, and to place before our readers a few authentic relations, illustrating the condition of nuns and religious women during the same dread period. Materials have fortunately been preserved for an essay of this description in the work entitled *Mémoires pour servir à l'Histoire de la Persécution française*, by l'Abbé d'Hesmivy d'Auribeau. The reverend author of the work to which we are indebted was archdeacon and vicar-general of the diocese of Digne. The documents which he has edited were collected by order of Pope Pius VI., who was pleased to accept the dedication of them. They form a mass of very interesting matter, collected from various sources. They bear internal evidence of accuracy and honesty; and the author, or rather editor, was evidently a devout and conscientious man. Here, however, all praise of the work must end; it is bad in style, and the materials which go to its composition are so ill digested, and arranged in such a slovenly fashion, as to make it a difficult task to wade through its pages, and to induce a feeling of regret and disappointment, that a commission of such importance should not have been intrusted to more able or more experienced hands.

We will preface these narrations by a brief and rapid sketch of the progress of the Revolution in so far as it affected conventual establishments.

On the 12th of February, 1790, religious vows were abolished in France, and all convents and monastic orders suppressed, by a decree of the Constituent Assembly. This was one of the first blows levelled against religion, and almost the

* See the *Rambler* for September and October 1853.

first step openly taken upon that declivity at whose foot lay the abyss of infidelity, of blasphemy, and of sacrilege. The originators of this and similar propositions do not seem to have been aware of the full consequences of the acts which they were perpetrating; and some of them, at least, would have shrunk back with horror, could they have foreseen the results of the policy which they were blindly advocating. They believed themselves to be engaged in the task of reforming the Church of France; and their efforts were directed to the same objects which have in all ages excited the zeal of so-called religious reformers. After having introduced a principle of uniformity into the administration of justice and the civil constitution of the country, they thought that nothing was more natural than to proceed "to regularise religion, and to constitute it on the same plan with the other branches of the public service."* These alterations, as they were called, which may have appeared to some of their advocates to have been of a merely superficial and unimportant character, while in reality they struck at the very root of all religion, were not proposed by the fiercest and most forward of the revolutionary party. Camus and other Jansenists, who are numbered by M. Thiers amongst the most pious of the deputies, were the authors of what was called the civil constitution of the clergy.

It was Treilhard, a lawyer, and the advocate of the clergy, also a Jansenist, who, after having, on the 17th of December in the former year, proposed the dissolution of religious corporations, and the payment of their members by a state salary, proposed on the 12th of February the decree to which we have called the attention of our readers. Finally, it was on the motion of Barnave, a Protestant, that on the next day but one permission was given to all the religious of both sexes to leave the cloister, and to secularise themselves.

It is a curious and interesting subject of speculation, to trace the similarity of the process by which the enemies of the Church invariably arrive at their conclusions, however those conclusions may differ among themselves. There is no subject upon which Protestants are fonder of descanting than on the French Revolution; and they imagine that they are using an unanswerable argument against the Catholic religion, when they point at what they are pleased to call a whole nation of Catholics giving themselves up to infidelity, and leaving the worship of the true God for the service of the Goddess of Reason. They would, however, be surprised, were it pointed out to them, as it easily might be, that the origin of the movement

* Thiers, *Histoire de la Révolution*, vol. i. chap. 5.

was precisely the same as that which they regard as the charter of their religious liberties; that the tendency of their own principles was in the same direction; and that it is to be attributed to accidental circumstances of time and place, that the Anglican reformation in the sixteenth century did not produce the same results as the French reformation of 1790. More than this, the apparent success of their English forerunners had, we doubt not, a large share in exciting the weak and mischievous charlatans, who commenced the attack upon the Church in France, to follow their example. It has often been said that "Truth is one, while error is various;" and it is perfectly true, so far as their manifestations are concerned. In reasoning upon external phenomena the axiom is a most valuable touchstone, enabling us to discriminate with unerring accuracy upon the class of questions to which it applies. In religious matters, however, it may be said that the origin of error is as single as the antagonistic truth which it controverts. The Church is always before mankind in its unity and completeness; and the principle which opposes it, whether distinctly contradictory of it, or more cautiously contrary to it is universally the same. Error may and does become multi-form in its development; but in its origin it is as one as truth. Those who will pursue with this idea the study of the so-called philosophic school in France will be astonished to find how invariably the same points of attack are selected by them as those which we are accustomed to find chosen by the opponents of the Church in England: and many religious and earnest-minded Protestants would be shocked to find themselves sailing in the same boat, and using nearly the same language, with men whose opinions they believe themselves to abhor, and in whose company they would scarcely like to march through Coventry. We may briefly instance, in illustration of these ideas, the peculiar hostility shown by the partisans of the new views in France to the Blessed Virgin, whose images at the corners of the streets were proscribed and rigorously suppressed. We will also just allude to the decree which passed the Convention at the recommendation of Chaumette, by which the sale of every kind of trumpery (*toutes espèces de jonglerie*) was forbidden; and Agnus-Dei, Ecce-homos, crosses, images of the Virgin, handkerchiefs of St. Veronica, &c. are particularly mentioned as coming under this denomination. The parallel between the conduct of the revolutionary party in France and the schismatical Greek Church is no less remarkable. The whole question of the intrusive bishops will of itself suggest many points of comparison, and the sufferings endured by the religious women of France in consequence

their resistance to the unwarrantable assumption of authority by the apostates, recal with painful distinctness the tortures so lately borne with the same constancy by the nuns of Minsk in defence of the same principle.

Although the fatal decree, which was only the prelude to the severer trials which awaited the inmates of the cloister, had gone forth, yet much still remained to be done. The people of France were not so wedded to the cause of theological progress, or so convinced of the necessity for a reformation, as their representatives and rulers. Already, in the tumults which had preceded this period, evidence had been given that the populace, although prepared to go all lengths in the way of political excitement, was not yet worked up to the necessary pitch of frenzy to rise against all its old traditions of religious reverence. On the 14th of July in the preceding year, the Convent of the Visitation, which was in the immediate neighbourhood of the Bastille, had been forced by the infuriated mob who were engaged in the destruction of that fortress. A cannon-ball entered the choir when the community were assembled at vespers, and shattered one of the pillars, without causing any interruption in the office; and the bandits, who shortly afterwards entered with the ferocity of tigers, retired like lambs, remarking to one another, "Look at these poor nuns! See how quiet they are, in the midst of all this uproar!" Much was yet to be done, before the holy labours of the Sisters of Charity could be forgotten by those whom they had nursed and tended; and to effect this was now the unceasing endeavour of the infamous *méneurs*, who saw furthest and deepest into the chaos which they were labouring to reproduce. The public mind required to be excited by some patent and flagrant scandal, which should induce it to believe, on the one hand, that, in the words of Garat, the monastic life was not only contrary to reason and to policy, but to religion; and, on the other, that the effect of opening the doors of the convents would be either to deliver from them unwilling victims pining within their walls, or to purge them from unworthy inmates who dishonoured them. Accordingly, on the night which followed the proposition of Barnave, the Palais Royal was filled with women the most abandoned of their kind, disguised in the habits of different orders, walking arm-in-arm with soldiers of the National Guard, and insulting public decency by every kind of ribaldry. Some of these were recognised; and on being questioned, admitted that, in their own words, "they got thirty francs and the dress for the night's exhibition" (*pour jouer cette farce*). Even this was not enough. A real unmistakeable nun was wanted to out-

rage religion, and to give a public spectacle of impiety to the assembly and the populace. A wretched creature, who had long before broken her vows and eloped from her convent at St. Maudé, was procured by means of a bribe of fifty louis. She was duly provided with a discourse filled with denunciations of the monastic life in general, and the house of which she had been a member in particular, which had been previously read and approved at the Jacobin Club. At the evening sitting of the 11th of March the miserable wretch appeared at the bar of the Constituent Assembly, and having with trembling lips recited this infamous production, she was complimented by the president on the patriotic use which she was making of her newly-acquired liberty. These were not the only means adopted for influencing and giving a direction to the public mind. The stage, that all-important engine with the excitable population of Paris, was pressed into the service, and sixty-four consecutive representations were given of an atrocious piece entitled *Les Regrets du Cloître*, in which, as well as in other plays produced about the same time, the religious of both sexes were introduced with circumstances of the grossest scandal.

The Assembly was not, however, long left in doubt as to the real sentiments of the religious communities with regard to the freedom offered to them by the dispensation from their vows, a measure which they foresaw was soon to become compulsory, or to be resisted only under pain of the most appalling sacrifices. Supplications of the most earnest and pressing kind were addressed to the legislature by the members of many houses, and we intend to offer to our readers one from the order of Carmelites, which may be read with advantage in the present day by some of those gentlemen who are so eager to interpose on behalf of those whom they are pleased to call the "victims of the conventual system."

"The Address of the Carmelites of France to the National Assembly.

"NOSSEIGNEURS,—We were engaged in imploring God for the success of your labours, the preservation of the king, and the prosperity of France, when we received notice that you had suspended the pronunciation of vows in all communities of both sexes. It is not for us to judge of the motives which have induced you to pronounce this suspension: the terms of the decree lead us to hope that it is intended to be only of a temporary character; and, until it shall please your wisdom to repeal it, our duty is to conform to it. But we have been informed that it is the intention of the National Assembly to proceed to the destruction of several religious houses; and that, in spite of the alarm which such a project is calculated to

inflict upon the peace of the cloister and the tranquillity of families, it is nearer to its accomplishment than we are inclined to believe. Can it be possible that establishments, of which some exercise so favourable an influence upon religion by means of charity, and of which others are so necessary for the education of the female sex, while all are useful to innocence by the safe retreat which they afford,—can have been irrevocably proscribed? Are we to fear that an order which in all ages has deserved the protection of sovereigns, the esteem of the people, the gratitude of so many private individuals, has been devoted to a disastrous reduction of its numbers? And will you suffer the house in which the august aunt of a citizen monarch has just closed the happiest years of her life, and in which she had refused every mark of distinction, to be doomed to destruction?

“The riches of the Carmelites have never offered any temptation to cupidity; while their wants have not importunately assailed the benevolent. Our fortune is that evangelical poverty which, after duly acquitting all social duties, finds further means of assisting the unfortunate and succouring our country, while it in all times and places makes us rejoice in our privations. The most entire liberty presides over our vows, the most perfect equality reigns in our establishments. Here we know neither the word *rich* nor *noble*, and our sole dependence is upon the law.

“How can a state of life whose unceasing object it is to offer succours to the necessitous, asylums to the virtuous, and bulwarks to the weak, be placed under the ban of reprobation by an assembly which has established itself as the protector of virtue, of public morality, and of the indigent citizen?

“Deign, gentlemen, to inform yourselves of the life which is led in all the communities of our order, and do not allow your judgment to be biassed either by the prejudices of the multitude or the apprehensions of humanity. The world is fond of publishing that the only inhabitants of monasteries are victims slowly pining beneath a load of unavailing regret; but we protest, in the presence of God, that if true happiness exists upon earth, we enjoy it under the shadow of the sanctuary; and that if we had now once more to choose between the world and the cloister, there is not one of us who would not ratify her choice, with even more joy than when her vows were first pronounced.

“You will not have forgotten, gentlemen, that when the Canadian provinces passed from the dominion of France under that of another power which professes a religion different from our own, not only did their new masters respect the orders which they found established there, but took them under their protection. May we not expect from the justice of a protecting assembly that which our brethren and our sisters obtained from the generosity of a victorious people? While you are labouring with so much zeal for the common weal, would you wish to spread amongst us a general conster-

nation? And after solemnly asserting the liberty of man, would you force us to believe that we are no longer free?

"No! you will not tear us by violence from those retreats where we find the source of every consolation. You will open them once more, both to the piety which brings to them an assured vocation, and to the misery to which they offer an honourable retreat. You will remember those respected foreigners who have thrown themselves with confidence upon this hospitable nation, and have found shelter and consolation within our walls; and you will think that female citizens, who, under the protection of the law, voluntarily entered upon a state which makes the happiness of their lives, are only reclaiming the most inviolable of all rights when they conjure you to let them die in it in peace.

"It is in the name of all our sisters, whose monasteries are scattered over the different provinces of the kingdom, that we have the honour to lay this address at your feet. Each has signed, and would have gladly done so with her blood, that she would prefer a thousand deaths to a change of state, which would be to her a martyrdom. The proofs of their fidelity are in the hands of a deputy of your august Assembly,* who will produce them to you when you may be pleased to require them. We venture to express the most entire accordance with their sentiments: we should look upon an act which should disturb asylums that we have been accustomed to regard as secure and inviolable, as a most unjust and a most barbarous oppression.

"We are, with most profound respect,

"Nosseigneurs,

"THE SUPERIOR AND RELIGIOUS OF THE CARMELITE ORDER."

This is in every respect a remarkable production. While it breathes in every line that respect for constituted authorities; and that desire to pay them due obedience in every thing that does not interfere with higher and holier obligations, which invariably marks an earnest Catholic, there is in it a firmness and largeness of view which is not unworthy of the daughters of S. Teresa; and at the same time the contrast between the professions and incipient performances of the Assembly is touched on with what we had almost called a sly vein of humour. We cannot forbear once more remarking how apposite much of this remonstrance is to the case of nuns in our own country, against whom a somewhat similar crusade has been attempted. The claim on the forbearance of the nation, of those who have sought its hospitality, is as strong or stronger at the present time in England than it was in France, inasmuch as large investments have been made by foreign orders,

* The Bishop of Clermont.

on the faith of that hospitality, liberally conceded by this country at the time of the French dispersion.

We must give one more specimen of the feeling which inspired the religious communities at this time, in the petition of the Poor Clares of Amiens:

“NOSSEIGNEURS,—Your decree, obliging all religious communities to make a declaration of their property, has been signified to us as well as to the endowed houses. We, the poor nuns of St. Clare, of the town of Amiens, have the honour to set before you that we have absolutely no other revenue to which to look for subsistence than the free charity of the faithful. For three hundred and forty-five years that our monastery has been in existence, Divine Providence has always provided for our wants according to the austerity of our life and the simplicity of our condition. The zeal of our first mothers induced them, with unvarying constancy, to refuse every endowment which was offered to them. Amongst other persons who were desirous of making a foundation for us, M. le Blanc, so famous in the bank-note affair, was one of the most ardent. As he had a sister in our house, it was his intention to purchase the estate of Alonville, near Amiens, and to settle it upon us. But he met with so much opposition on the part of his sister and the whole community, that he could not succeed in accomplishing his design. As he was not able to overcome their delicacy of conscience upon this point, he wished at least to make them a present of a hundred thousand crowns. This sum was, in fact, passed into our house by the *tour*, but it did not remain there. It was passed out again, and distributed to the poor of every parish in the town, without allowing the monastery to profit by it to the extent of a single sou.

“Such were the generous views entertained by our first mothers as to the observance of their rule; and we thank God that such are still our own; so that no greater affliction could befall us, than to find ourselves controlled upon this point of our obligations, which we regard with such peculiar jealousy. We venture then, one and all, being thirty-five in number, humbly to present ourselves before the august National Assembly of this most Christian kingdom, and to implore it, in the name of God, not to give us any property or income, but to leave us in peace, to the enjoyment of the state of holy poverty which it is our glory to profess. Our gratitude for this favour will be eternal; and never will we cease to pray that God will pour His most abundant blessings upon the French nation and upon its king.

“Such are the true sentiments of those who have the honour to subscribe themselves, with the most profound respect,

“Nosseigneurs,

“Your very humble and very obedient servants,

“S. DE S. HUGUES, ABBESS,”

&c. &c. &c.

There is a touching simplicity about this document which goes at once to the heart. The idea that a legislative assembly of any kind, much more such a one as was now engaged in its constitutional labours in France, was likely to busy itself in forcing unwilling endowments upon religious communities, could never have entered into heads less innocent or more versed in the ways of the world than those of these Poor Clares. The identification of the nation with the Christianity it was so soon to reject, and with the king whom it was so soon to immolate, is an additional proof of the little knowledge which the holy inmates of the cloister of Amiens had of the storm which was raging without their walls, and was shortly to drive them from their cherished shelter. But to proceed.

It might have been hoped that protests and petitions such as those we have reported, pouring in from every quarter of the country, would have stayed the progress of the Church reformers; but this was not to be. The persecution, once fairly inaugurated, proceeded with fierce rapidity. It was about Easter 1791 that the first definite steps towards the suppression of monasteries seem to have been taken. On the 10th April the preachers of all churches not parochial were interdicted, and the convent churches shut. The principal object of this arbitrary act appears to have been to force upon the superiors of nunneries the recognition of the intrusive priests who had taken the oath of fidelity to the new civil constitution of the clergy. This was in all cases steadily refused; and did the limits of this article permit, we could give very curious and interesting details of the various means taken to induce compliance. As in the case of the nuns of Minsk, whose sufferings, as we have already remarked, had a similar origin, cajolery and stratagem were tried, before the more violent means of overt persecution were resorted to. The Convent of the Visitation was again the first attacked; and the nuns, as well as some ladies who were in the habit of coming to confession and communion in the interior of the house, were exposed to insult and to outrage. Again and again were they summoned by the intrusive curate, and by the commissioners of the Assembly, to accept his ministrations. Their reply was, "We do not recognise the authority of the Assembly in spiritual things; but we eagerly seize this occasion of renewing to God the promise that, by the help of His grace, we will remain faithful to our sacred engagements until death." For two months previous to their final expulsion, they were deprived of the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, of confession and of communion, by the municipality, who threatened that any

priest who dared to enter the walls should be massacred upon the threshold. On the day of their foundress, St. Jane Frances de Chantal, the curate Brugières again offered his services through the medium of the commissaries. Their reply was short and clear: "We had rather never hear Mass again, than assist at one said by an apostate." Like answers were given, and a similar course was pursued, by the superiors of many sisterhoods both in Paris and in the provinces; and it became evident that nothing was to be hoped from any endeavours to shake their constancy, or to induce them either to lend active assistance, or to become passive participators in the movement. Though they could not be induced to swerve from the fixed purpose of their soul, they could at least be punished for their firmness. The time for actual martyrdom had not yet arrived; and their persecutors, with infernal ingenuity, determined to subject them to insults which should cast reproach upon them and ridicule upon religion, while at the same time the faith should reap no harvest of glory from their sufferings. The spouses of Christ were destined to follow in the footsteps of their Lord; the scourge preceded Calvary; and to flagellations of the most barbarous and infamous kind these Christian virgins were submitted. It will hardly be believed that Condorcet, one of the lights of the philosophic school, was the originator of this atrocious proposition, and did not blush publicly to recommend its adoption. The horrible monsters who, disgracing the name of women, figured in all the worst atrocities of the revolution, and were subsequently known as the furies of the guillotine, lent themselves as the willing instruments of these horrors, though they were reported to have complained that twenty sous a day was but poor pay for all they had to do. The watch-word of *aristocrate* was now exchanged for that of *dévôte*. Under this denomination were included not only nuns, but women of the world of known piety; and to scourge the saints (*fouetter les dévotes*) became one of the new spectacles and excitements of the mob of Paris. It is no less sad than strange that the sisters of St. Vincent of Paul, whose ministrations had brought consolation to the homes and hearths of thousands of their persecutors, were the chief sufferers by this barbarity. Two of their number, one of them eighty years of age, died victims of the cruel scourgings which they received on the 19th April, 1791. We have the most undoubted testimony to these facts in the eloquent language of M. Necker, himself a Protestant, and an authority beyond suspicion. "It is," says he, "on the holy sisters of charity that a band, excited to frenzy, have lately dared to lay their impious hands; and, in despite of the purity of their sex, and the innocence of their

hearts, it is by insult more barbarous than death that they have dared to exhibit their madness." He continues, in a strain of animated description, to relate the unwearied charities and unceasing benevolence of these incomparable women, and concludes with the following address to their tormentors: "But you, perhaps, venture to believe that they will add the patient endurance of the indignities which you inflict upon them to the innumerable sacrifices they have imposed upon themselves. Yes, they will do so; even to that point their unimaginable virtue will extend. But there is a God of justice, who will accept this homage at their hand, and with what eyes will He regard their ungrateful oppressors?"*

We have already, perhaps, given too much time to the species of introduction which we have thought it well to make; and we will not, therefore, pursue the painful history of these saintly sisterhoods through the yet more stormy period of the reign of terror. Our readers are well aware of the numbers who mounted the fatal cart at the doors of the Abbaye or the Conciergerie, and, after consoling their fellow-sufferers during the brief journey to the scaffold, meekly bowed their heads beneath the knife of the guillotine.

While these scenes were being enacted in Paris, the same career of madness and of blood was run in most of the departments; and it is from the records of the revolution in its more distant localities that we are best enabled to procure examples of individual virtue and heroism, such as those to which we alluded in the beginning of this article. It was more difficult to preserve such memorials among the numberless victims who perished in Paris. Throughout the whole of that extraordinary period, event followed event with such rapidity, and the catalogue of the proscribed was so large, that the last moments of even the most important actors have been but scantily chronicled. In the provinces, however, this was not the case in the same degree. The existence of a more restricted population, united by ties of kindred and of neighbourhood, and long accustomed to a constant personal intercourse with each other, although it did not prevent the spread of the moral plague which desolated France, yet had a tendency to check its course, and at all events to excite an interest in the fate of individual sufferers. It is to the south that we are principally to look for detailed and intimate pictures of the period. The hot Provençal blood, capable, according to the direction given to it, either of the most atrocious crimes or of acts of the most exalted virtue, was stirred to its inmost depths. The part which was played by the southern provinces in the political

* Sur l'Administration de M. Necker, p. 4.

history of the time is known to every one, and their share in the religious movement was not less remarkable. For this there were other reasons, upon which this is not the time to enter; but we may briefly remind the reader that, so far back as the days of St. Dominic and of Innocent III., heresy had established itself in that fair land, and that the element of religious discord has never since entirely ceased to exercise its baneful influence there. This fact would alone suffice to account for the peculiar ferocity which was there displayed at the period upon which we are engaged, and for the constancy with which it was met. There too, as at Paris, the instigators of brutality and outrage were not contented to leave things to take their own course; money was freely spent as an incentive to crime; and the following anecdote, bearing upon this point, is related upon good authority.

At Casoul, a small town in the diocese of Béziers, Sister Cassin, a nun twenty-two years of age, was stopped by a savage in the uniform of the National Guard. "Wretch," said he, "when are you coming to the parish church?" "When my legitimate pastor returns thither," was her reply, "and not before." He drew his sword, with curses on her fanaticism. "Sir," said the sister, calmly, "give me a few moments to recommend myself to God." She knelt down, and after a short prayer thus addressed him: "I am ready, strike when you please. May God forgive you, as I do." The wretched man was completely disarmed by this gentle firmness. He raised her from her knees, saying, "I was paid to kill one of you. We want a head to carry round to all your houses on a pike, and to see what intimidation will do among your sisters. But I have not the heart to take yours."

In common with other districts of France, the south had its revolutionary tribunal, holding its head-quarters at Orange. This tribunal had been established at the instance of Maignet, who had been for some time exercising a complete dictatorship in the department of the Vaucluse. It was formed upon the model of the revolutionary tribunal of Paris, which, in accordance with the law of the 22d Prairial (the 10th of June), suppressed all inconvenient formalities, and contented itself with obtaining any thing which might fall under the general denomination of moral evidence against those submitted to it. The court of Orange varied from its prototype in having even less of the ordinary forms of justice. It made no pretence at a jury, but was composed of five irresponsible judges, whose functions consisted in condemning the unfortunates brought before them by Maignet, who, as the *Représentant en Mission*, kept the tribunal supplied by continually patrolling the

country in search of victims. The history of a certain number of these shall be told in the words of their unknown historian. The account is very touching, from its extreme simplicity, and the unpretending way in which it places the last days of the nuns, who are the subject of it, before our eyes. It leaves to the imagination of the reader to supply all that is wanting to complete the picture of these pure souls maintaining the cherished routine of their community life amidst all the horrors and distractions of a prison, and supplying the loss of that Presence which had been their consolation upon earth, by an unceasing preparation for the beatific vision which they were shortly to enjoy in heaven.

It was on the 2d of May, 1794, that forty-two nuns of Bollène were transferred to the prison of Orange. They immediately began to prepare for their final sacrifice by the exercise of all the virtues of religion, by continued prayer, by profound silence and recollection, and by increased abstinence both with regard to food and to sleep. Their rule of life was as follows :

Punctually at 5 o'clock their pious exercises began with an hour of community prayer, followed by the office and the recital of the Mass prayers.

At 8 o'clock they reassembled, and united in the litanies of the saints, the preparation for death, the prayers for confession, for spiritual communion received by way of Viaticum, and for extreme unction. They then renewed their baptismal and confirmation promises, as well as their religious vows. At this time it was not uncommon for some of them to exclaim in the transports of their fervour, "Yes, I am a nun; and this is my greatest consolation. I thank Thee, O Lord, for having vouchsafed me this grace." 9 o'clock was the hour for the muster of the prisoners, when each of them joyfully prepared herself to appear before the revolutionary tribunal. One or other would frequently volunteer to take the first turn for trial, particularly the two sisters Roumillon, who were nevertheless separated, one being carried off, and the other left for the next day. They all felt that it was but a short parting; and they left one another without regret, in the hope of soon once more meeting in heaven. From the moment when their loved companions left them to be led before the judges, those who remained betook themselves to prayer, in order to implore the light of the Holy Spirit in the dread hour of trial.

Then were thousands of Hail Maries addressed to the Blessed Virgin; then arose a concert of unnumbered litanies; then were the words of Jesus on the cross prayed over and meditated upon again and again; in short, it was a season of

uninterrupted prayer until 5 P.M., when office was said. When the roll of the drum announced that the victims of the day were being led to execution, the prayers for the recommendation of a soul were recited. After 6 o'clock was a moment of mutual congratulation, in which the members of the community whose sisters had just been sent to heaven had the largest share; and the *Laudate* was chanted with a foretaste of celestial joy. Each of the victims of this chosen band endeavoured to prepare for martyrdom by the most stainless purity of conscience; they accused themselves to their superior of their slightest faults, keeping a continual retreat and an unbroken silence. Although belonging to different communities, they lived in common like the early Christians, and had mingled in a common stock their little stores of linen, of provisions, and of assignats. They were, as we have said, forty-two religious, who had doomed themselves to a voluntary death by refusing to take the oath of liberty and equality. Among these, it pleased their Heavenly Spouse to choose thirty-two; and the ten who remained lamented that they were not allowed to follow their companions to the marriage of the Bridegroom. Five were acquitted by the judges to satisfy the people; and the tribunal was closed before the last five could be tried.

The joy which illumined the faces of these holy maidens after their sentence was a source of great encouragement to the other condemned prisoners, and served to inspire them with the desire of death. It often happened that men who were overwhelmed with anxiety at the thought of their wives and children were induced to make an entire and hearty sacrifice of them, by the gentle and touching exhortations of the nuns. On one occasion they spent half an hour in prayer with their arms extended (*en croix*). They were interceding and imploring strength for the father of a numerous family, who was giving himself up to despair. Their prayers were answered, and they had the consolation of accompanying him to the scaffold in a thoroughly Christian frame of mind. "We have been hindered from saying our vespers," observed some of them, when all was over; "never mind, we will sing them in heaven." "Oh, that will be too good news," cried Sister des Anges Rocher; "perhaps it may not be true."

The lay sister, S. André Sage fell into a fit of great sadness on the day before her death, and said to one of her companions, "I fear that God does not think me worthy of martyrdom." Sister S. Bernard Roumillon had long been in the habit of praying to the Blessed Virgin that she might die on Saturday, or on a day consecrated by one of her feasts; she obtained her desire, having been martyred on the day of

Our Lady of Mount Carmel. The same had been the prayer of Sister Just of the Blessed Sacrament, continued for a period of thirteen years. She, too, had the happiness of making the sacrifice of her life on the same day. "We owe more," said she in the presence of the gaolers,—“we owe more to our judges than to our fathers and mothers. Our parents only gave us temporal existence, but our judges are the means of securing us eternal life.” One of the guards was softened to tears at this remark, and a peasant came forward to touch her hand. She could not restrain the expression of the divine love with which her heart was on fire, and repeatedly exclaimed, “What bliss! I shall soon be in heaven. I cannot support this excess of joy.” S. St. Françoise, an Ursuline of Carpentras, said on the eve of her death, “What joy! we are going to behold our Spouse.” Some of them were at first impressed with a terror of death; but this wore off day by day, and as the hour of execution approached, they enjoyed the most perfect calm and the profoundest peace.

Some gens-d’armes, who were witnesses of this unshaken constancy, were heard to exclaim to others, in a blasphemous and sneering tone, “Look at these . . . , every one of them dies with a smile on her face.”

“Who are you?” said one of the judges to Sister Thérèse Consolant. “I am a daughter of the Church,” was her reply. “And who are you?” said he to Sister Claire du Bas. “I am a nun,” said she, “and will remain so till I die.” Sister Gertrude d’Alausier thanked her judges for the happiness which through their means she was about to enjoy, and kissed the guillotine on reaching it. At her awaking on the morning of her death, she found herself possessed by a sense of unaccustomed joy, which found relief in tears. “I am in ecstasy,” she repeated again and again: “I am beside myself. I am sure that I shall die to-day.” She was afterwards seized with apprehension lest this might have been an emotion of pride, and the others were obliged to reassure and tranquillise her. Sister St. Pélagie Bès, after her condemnation, took a box of bonbons out of her pocket, and distributed them to all those who had been sentenced with her, saying, “These are my wedding sweetmeats;” and they were eaten with a simple and innocent joy. Sister des Anges de Rocher was residing with her father, when circumstances led her to believe that she might possibly be arrested; she begged her venerable parent, an old man of eighty, to advise her whether she ought to endeavour to escape this danger; “Daughter,” said he, “you can have no difficulty in concealing yourself; but first consider well, in the sight of God, whether by so doing you may not be

interfering with His adorable designs upon you, in case He may have chosen you to be one of the victims destined to appease His wrath. I would say to you as Mardochai said to Esther, 'You are not on the throne for yourself, but for your people.'” This Christian counsel, inspired by God Himself, made a lively impression on the mind and heart of his daughter. She joyfully submitted to be arrested; and as a reward for her fidelity, the Lord gave her an interior consciousness of the day appointed for the consummation of her sacrifice. The evening before her death, at the night prayers, she asked pardon of all her companions, and entreated their earnest prayers, as she was to suffer the next day. After her sentence had been read, she thanked the judges with much cheerfulness, for procuring her the happiness of going to be united with the holy angels.

The names of these holy women follow; and we will not withhold from our readers the satisfaction of becoming, as it were, personally acquainted with the meek sufferers, with whose fate we are sure they will have sympathised; and of thus more vividly realising their existence, and investing them with the interest which attaches to personal identity. In the words of the cry which, used in hideous mockery by the news-vendors, daily announced to the inmates of the Parisian prisons the list of those who had perished during the day, but which we now adopt in serious and thoughtful earnest, “*Voici celles qui ont gagné à la loterie de la sainte guillotine.*”

“Sisters S. Bernard, Susanne Guillard, Marie Anne Cochet, Marie Magdeleine Guillancier, Agnès Roumillon, Gertrude d’Alausier, Elizabeth Pellissier, Pélagie Bès, Marguerite Barraud, Martin du St. Sacrement, Magdeleine, Eléonore, Catherine, Marie Louise, Marie Anne, Elizabeth, S. Alexis, Anastasie, Françoise, Henriette, Aimée, Marie S. André, Marie Anne, Jeanne, Françoise, Marie Thérèse Consolant, Claire du Bas, Guarliet, Magdeleine Catherine, Marguerite Bone.”

But few of the family names, simple and unhonoured as they are, are given; most of them are only distinguished by their names of baptism or of religion, the symbols of the vows, their fidelity to which was preserved at the price of life itself. Of the forty-two who were imprisoned, eleven were Ursulines, twelve of the order of the Blessed Sacrament, and nineteen were sisters of other communities, belonging some to Avignon, and some to Pont St. Esprit.

It is difficult to suppress a feeling of satisfaction at learning that a sure though slow retribution overtook the members of the unhallowed tribunal which condemned them. They

were executed, in pursuance of legal sentence, early in the month of July 1795, among the first offerings made by the southern provinces to the unfailing Nemesis of reaction, which began to vindicate its eternal claim in Paris on the memorable 8th of Thermidor, 1794.

Reviews.

THE LIFE OF A CONSPIRATOR.

Lorenzo Benoni; or, Passages in the Life of an Italian.
 Edited by a Friend. Edinburgh: Constable and Co.

WHEN a rogue confirms what a Jesuit has made known, it is probable that there is some truth in the statement. To this maxim the majority of our fellow-countrymen would object that, Jesuits and rogues being convertible terms, the supposed statement was purely *ex parte*, after all. As, however, we differ from the majority on this point as well as on many others, we are about to take occasion to confirm certain astonishing Jesuit assertions made not long ago in the *Rambler*, on the authority of a very pretty rogue, of the very kind implicated in the accusations brought forward by our Jesuit authority.

The *Jew of Verona*, reviewed in the *Rambler* of last October, made certain revelations respecting the secret societies of Italy, which were not a little astonishing to many of our readers, till then unacquainted with the proceedings of those double-dyed villains, the Italian revolutionists. To a quiet Englishman, living in a land where Protestantism and infidelity are uppermost, and consequently are not driven to betake themselves to the dark for plotting the overthrow of a Catholic government, the history of Italian carbonarism, and other underground machinery, sounds like a wild romance. One fancies that such things could not be in this day of ours. We entertain so profound a conviction that the nineteenth century has found out *every thing*, divine and human, that it seems incredible that unknown associations should still exist, comprehending every rank and age in their vast numbers, bound together by iron ties and frightful oaths, and prepared for every wickedness which the caution of their leaders may think practicable. Still, these societies are existing at this very hour. They are spread like a network through Italian society, and they are but branches of other societies existing in France, Germany, Switzerland, and elsewhere. Whether the Czar keeps them out of Russia, we do not know; probably very

far from it. In China similar associations exist to an immense extent. In fact, there are few parts of the world where they are not ever at work, or preparing to work. In this country, the Freemasons are the only secret society of any importance; and mischievous as freemasonry was in former ages, its English adherents have now become a mere community of foolish persons, who love good dinners and the farce of harmless mystification. They are forbidden by the Church, because *every* secret society is forbidden, as the principle of secrecy is totally incompatible with the enforcement of divine and human laws.

Since we wrote our remarks on the Jesuit Father Bresciani's *Jew of Verona*, we have met with some curious corroborations of his statements in a book lately published by a Sardinian revolutionist, under the title of *Lorenzo Benoni; or, Passages in the Life of an Italian*. The real name of the author is said to be Ruffini, and his book is nothing else than a history of his own life, from his childhood till the period when, having joined the secret societies, he fled from Italy on the explosion of the revolutionary plots in Sardinia in 1833. A large portion of Signor Ruffini's story is extremely tedious, detailing the events of school and college life with a commonplace minuteness any thing but graphic or interesting. The most amusing part of his recollections occurs at the very beginning of his book, and is worth quoting:

"Every day, as surely as the day came, when the clock struck eleven, my uncle the canon invariably said Mass, at which I invariably officiated as his assistant. This ceremony had long lost the attraction of novelty, having been repeated daily for two whole years; and as, besides, my uncle's Mass was very long, it is needless to say that I went through it with a feeling of intense *ennui*. So, when, at a certain moment, after having helped the priest to the wine and water, it was my duty to replace the sacred phials behind a curtain on the left of the altar, I never failed, by way of relief, to take, under cover of that same curtain, a long pull at the phial of wine. This was only for the fun, as wine was not with me a favourite beverage.

"Mass over, while my uncle laid aside his robes, and returned thanks in the vestry, I regularly went to the post-office to fetch his letters, which I as regularly placed upon his table-napkin; for, by the time that I got home, it was nearly twelve o'clock, our dinner-hour, and the table was laid.

"My uncle, my father's eldest brother, lived in a small country town, about half-way between Genoa and Nice, where he managed but indifferently well my mother's estates, consisting chiefly of olive plantations. I do not know the motives which induced my father, who resided in Genoa (my mother I do not mention, because she was not allowed a deliberative voice in any matter whatever),

to send his first-born, as soon as he attained the age of seven years, to the little country town above mentioned, there to commence his education under the direction of the aforesaid uncle the canon. All I know is, that this precedent had been strictly adhered to with my second brother Cæsar, and with myself, the third-born, who, each in our turn, had been disposed of in the same way; that is, sent to be fashioned in manners, and initiated in the rudiments of the Latin tongue, under the shade of our maternal olive-trees; from thence to pass to the Royal College of Genoa, which was the second and unavoidable stage of our progress in life.

"My uncle was a weak-minded, rather good than bad sort of man, about sixty, who spent one half of the year in expecting wonders from the approaching crop, and the other half in bewailing the failure of his hopes; thus for ever oscillating between the two extremes of unbounded expectation and utter despair. My uncle had only one distinct idea in his brain—olives; only one interest in life—olives; only one topic of discussion, either at home or abroad—olives. Olives of every size and description—salted olives, dried olives, pickled olives—encumbered the table at dinner and supper, and no dish was served without the seasoning of olives. All my uncle's walks, in which I was regularly ordered to accompany him, had for their sole object to observe the appearance of the olives on the trees, and to watch their progress; and at a certain period of the year we literally trod on olives, which were strewed a foot deep on the floor of our large hall. The very air we breathed was impregnated with olive emanations.

"The rare intervals in which olives were let alone were employed by my uncle in abusing France and Frenchmen. This was a sort of secondary hobby with him. What France or the French had done to the old canon I do not know, but I well remember a certain anecdote on the subject, which he would repeat over and over again, with ever-renewed mirth, and no little pride. Being once in the vicinity of the Var, where this river separates the Sardinian States from France, he had crossed the bridge, gone over to the French side, bit his thumb at France, and come back triumphant. Let France get out of it as she can!

"My uncle, as I said, was good rather than bad. Unfortunately, Margherita, his old housekeeper, who led him completely by the nose, was bad rather than good. This lady eyed me in the light of an intruder in *her* house, and treated me accordingly. She grudged me every crumb of bread I ate: she it was who used to help me at table, and she managed it so nicely, that though my plate appeared tolerably well furnished, still I could scarcely make out of its contents wherewithal to satisfy the moderate cravings of an appetite far from voracious. The regular meals once over, Margherita would lock up so strictly all the remnants, that the most accurate search throughout the house could not have brought about the discovery of eatables sufficient to treat a mouse with. Really, I felt at times so hungry, that I could almost have eaten the soles of my shoes.

Margherita was not moved by argument or entreaty; and any appeal to my uncle made the matter worse, inasmuch as it drew upon me an indefinite number of smart boxes on the ear from the worthy lady—a summary proceeding which seemed to afford her a good deal of gratification, and in which she indulged much oftener than necessary, considering the little, puny, sickly, quiet creature that I was, with any thing, God knows, but exuberant life about me.

“A tall, lanky, sallow-faced, half-starved young abbé used to come every day after dinner to initiate me into the mysteries of the Latin language, at the rate of threepence an hour. Three-penny Latin cannot be expected to be first-rate, which will account for my master’s teaching me to decline *bonus*, *bonius*, comparative *bonior*, superlative *bonissimus*. What struck me most in this worthy gentleman was a mysterious complaint of the stomach under which he laboured, attacks of which would seize him every day, just at the very moment when my uncle shut the house-door as he went out to walk. The poor man suffered excruciating pains, which could only be alleviated by repeated applications to a certain huge green wine-bottle which stood in a corner of the pantry, wine being the only article of consumption which, owing to my not liking it, was not kept under lock and key. That wine should act as a specific against stomach-complaints was singular enough; but what was still more so was, that whenever my uncle happened to stay at home during the lesson, my worthy friend would have no attack at all, but, by way of compensation, would grow so ill-tempered, that he found fault with every thing I did or said.”

The young gentleman who thus began life, speedily grew up as he commenced. He “assisted,” against his uncle’s commands, at a tremendous assault of marrow-bones and cleavers, occasioned by the second marriage of a friend of the canon’s, at the age of seventy-four. In consequence, our juvenile serenader was locked up until he acknowledged his fault; more, it seems, through Margherita’s harshness than by the uncle’s wishes. But our youngster was determined; and, rather than submit, he ran away home to his father and mother. His parents made the best of the job, and put the boy to school; and then, for about 200 pages, does Signor Ruffini relate a series of as uninteresting a collection of schoolboy and youthful follies, successes, failures, and vagaries, as ever conceit put down upon paper.

As he grew up, his master-passion came to be the desire of admittance among the Carbonari; and he details the efforts he made for the attainment of his end. Carbonarism, or rather the name *carbonaro*, arose in the kingdom of Naples during the French occupation. The word comes from *carbone* (charcoal), the making of which supplied the means of existence to certain Neapolitans who fled into the Abruzzi from the French,

and who banded themselves together for political purposes. The term *vendita* (sale), originally referring to the occasions when they sold their charcoal, was applied to the various groups into which the association was divided, and became their permanent appellation throughout Italy. About 1830, says Signor Ruffini,

“Carbonarism was being organised throughout Tuscany, and Vendite were already established in all the principal towns; but a special order from the original Vendita at Bologna, confined the work to Tuscany alone, with an express prohibition against going beyond. This was indispensable, said they, for securing secrecy and unity. Each province had its centre of action limited to the province itself, and without any contact with those of the other provinces of the Peninsula. The supreme Vendita alone, stationed in Paris, held in its grasp all the threads of these different centres, and could at any chosen moment put them in communication with each other. Our Tuscan friends could, therefore, do nothing for us, but send the name and address of one of the chief members of the Vendita at Bologna. The two young delegates had no directions for the *Good Cousins* (another appellation for Carbonari) in Genoa; but they were sure, they said, that the work was progressing here as elsewhere; for the sect was every where.

“Carbonarism was an immense net that enveloped all Europe. A sign from the supreme Vendita in Paris could set the whole Continent on fire. The kingdom of Naples alone counted forty thousand affiliated members. The initiated of the mysterious association were to be found on the steps of the throne, and in the most humble cottage. The judge upon his judgment-seat, and the accused in the dock, by means of an imperceptible sign, recognised each other as brothers. A man who had been condemned to death (his name and the country where the thing had happened were quoted), and who was to have been executed the next day, had had his fetters loosened, and been furnished with the means of escape, during the night. By a word which the prisoner had dropped, one of the guards charged with the watch had discovered him to be a brother Carbonaro, and aided in his escape.”

The history of Ruffini's initiation is not without that mixture of solemn farce which almost always attends such affairs; but the serious element sufficiently predominated to show what a frightful engine is wielded by those who hold the reins in such associations. On the night of Shrove-Tuesday, the embryo Carbonaro was enjoying himself at a masked ball in the Ridotto of the Carlo Felice theatre at Genoa, when, just after midnight, he observed that from time to time a mask would scream out his name, or shake her finger threateningly at him. By and by two black-masked dominos stopped at th

threshold of the room to which Ruffini had withdrawn himself, then looked around, and darted towards him.

"The taller of the two called me by my name. 'What are you doing all alone?' 'Looking at fools, as you see.' 'Expecting some one?' chimed in the short domino, evidently a man, but accoutred as a woman. 'Exactly so; expecting somebody.' 'A lady, I'll lay any wager?' continued the short one. 'A black whiskered one, at all events,' said I. 'A beautiful fair one; I know her,' added the tall domino. 'If so, you know more than I do.' 'I know her name, and will whisper it to you.' The tall domino stooped, and let fall into my ear these words: '*The hour has struck!*' I started as with an electric shock, and said, rising, 'At last! I am ready.' 'Then follow us!' They led the way through the thronged rooms, down the stairs and into the street. I followed closely at their heels; and so entered an obscure neighbouring alley, where my leaders stopped. 'I beg your pardon,' said the taller of them, 'but it is indispensable that we should bind your eyes.' I nodded acquiescence, and a handkerchief was tied round my head. It was cold, wet, and dark, and we were all wrapped in our cloaks. As directed, I turned the collar of mine up round my face. My companions took me each by one arm; and so we proceeded in perfect silence, sometimes to the right, sometimes to the left, and sometimes, as it appeared to me, turning back again. Two persons, as far as I could judge by the sound of steps, followed near. At length we stopped. I had not the slightest idea where we were. I heard a key turn in a lock; in we went, and up two flights of stairs. A door was pushed open, a passage traversed, and we had reached our destination.

"My eyes were now unbound, and I found myself in a vast chamber, rather richly than elegantly furnished. A huge fire burned in an enormous chimney, and a heavy lamp with an alabaster globe shed a mild soft light around. There was a thick dark-red carpet upon the floor; a wide drapery, in flowered damask of the same colour, hung in rich folds at the upper end of the room, and probably concealed an alcove. We were five persons in the room; the two who had been my escorts, two others, equally shrouded in black dominos—apparently those who had followed us, and myself. The tall black domino, who appeared to be the chief, and whom I shall henceforth call the president, placed himself in an arm-chair; the two last-comers seated themselves upon chairs on his right and left, and the domino dressed as a woman behind him. The president then motioned to me to advance, which I did; and there I stood facing the four men, and in front of the alcove. After a short pause, a kind of examination began. It was the tall domino who spoke, and he always addressed me in the second person singular: 'What was my name, christian name, and age?' I told them. 'Did I guess the purpose of my presence there?' I believed I did. 'Did I persist in the intention of entering the confraternity of the *Good*

Cousins? I did with all my heart. 'Had I formed a clear idea of the terrible duties that I took upon myself? Did I know that, as soon as I should have taken the solemn oath, my arm, my faculties, my life, my whole being, would no longer belong to myself, but to the order? Was I ready to die a thousand times rather than reveal the secrets of the order? Was I ready blindly to obey, and to abdicate my will before the will of my superiors in the order?' Of course I was. If I had been told to open the window and throw myself out of it head foremost, I should not have hesitated. 'What claim had I to enter into the brotherhood of free men?' I had none save my love for my country, and my unalterable determination to contribute to its liberation, or to die in the attempt. As words to this effect gushed forth hot as lava from my inner soul, I saw, or thought I saw, the curtains of the alcove gently move. Was it an illusion, or was there some one hidden behind? I did not dwell upon the circumstance; for what signified a mystery more or less in this great mystery?

"The examination having been brought to a close, the president made me kneel down and repeat the form of oath, which he pronounced in a loud and distinct voice, dwelling with emphasis on the phrases most pregnant with meaning. This done, he added, 'Take a chair and sit down; you may do so now that you are one of us.' I obeyed. A name of adoption was then chosen for me, and some mysterious words and signs, by which I could make myself known to my brethren of the order, were imparted to me; but with an express injunction not to use them, except in cases of necessity. 'I must now,' added the president, 'give you some explanations and directions. You now belong to the first grade of the order, which, however, is only a stage of probation. You have no rights, not even that of presentation; you have only duties; but these will be easy. Keep your secret religiously, wait patiently, in a spirit of faith and submission, and hold yourself ready for the moment of action. In due time you will know the Vendita of which you are to form part, and the chief from whom you will have to receive direct orders. In the meanwhile, if there are any orders for you, they will be transmitted by the cousin who has presented you, and whom you already know. The order to which you belong has eyes and ears every where; and from this moment, wherever you may be, whatever you may do, it will see you. Bear this in mind, and act accordingly. The sitting is at an end.'

"Here the president rose, and through the beard of his mask kissed me on each cheek, and on the mouth. All present did the same. I had a certain sum to pay, destined to the poor and infirm among the brethren; my eyes were once more bound, and we went out. The way back was shorter than it had been in going, but quite as irregular. 'We will separate here,' said the voice of the tall domino as we stopped; 'pursue your way without looking back; this is the first act of obedience that I require of you.' So saying, he untied the handkerchief which covered my eyes. Obedient to

his order, I went on without turning, and came out upon the Piazza of the Carlo Felice theatre. The street whence I issued was that same dark alley where, two hours before, I had joined my mysterious companions, and where they had blindfolded me. I should have liked to take a good walk ; but it rained hard, so I went home to bed."

The movement in the curtains here mentioned was not an illusion : it was the work of a certain young lady, a widow, the sister of the individual who played the part of president in the initiation, and who was himself a Genoese nobleman. This lady, here called Lilla, was loitering in her brother's rooms, unknown to him ; and not wishing to be seen, when she heard the approach of footsteps she had hidden herself in the alcove, little dreaming what a ceremony she was about to witness. Forthwith she takes an interest in the fate of the young Ruffini ; makes love to him, or something equivalent thereto, while he returns her passion ; though, from prudential causes, the attachment is kept secret from the friends of both parties. Her suspicions and caprices, and his own consequent jealousies and self-tormentings, occupy a prominent place in the subsequent story. In the end the attachment comes to nothing, owing to the premature explosion of the revolutionary plots, and the flight of Ruffini from the Sardinian territory. The *imbroglio* is further augmented by a vehement love which Ruffini, quite innocently and unconsciously, awakes in the bosom of a simple-hearted servant-girl in his parental household. The whole story is a curious illustration of Italian feelings and Italian manners ; and, we suppose, is to be taken as substantially, and perhaps in all its details, a true narrative.

A part of the discipline to which the younger members of the secret societies are subjected seems to consist in practising obedience in feigned moments of crisis and action. One such incident is told by Signor Ruffini, in which he had the gratification of learning that the whole affair was a piece of dramatic tomfoolery ; and that it was merely to keep the neophytes in good training that such melodramatic scenes were contrived and performed.

"Fantasio came to me early one morning, looking bright and in high spirits. 'Did I not tell you so, you faithless man? I have an order for you.' At the word 'order,' I pricked up my ears like a war-horse, left long at rest, at sound of trumpet. 'At last!' exclaimed I, drawing a long breath of satisfaction ; 'and what is the news?' 'The news is, that you must have the goodness to betake yourself, at twelve o'clock to-night, to the bridge of Carignano. We are all convoked there.' 'God bless you! are we really?' replied I ; 'and to what purpose?' 'I cannot tell,' returned Fan-

tasio ; 'all I know is, that we are to go armed ; such are the orders.' Armed ! this was more than enough to fire my imagination. 'Armed, did you say ? this looks like a rising, Fantasio, does it not ?' 'If it does not, I do not know what does,' was the answer. 'At all events, we shall see. Do you and Cæsar come, and call for me at my house about half-past ten o'clock ;—good bye !'

"No doubt the decisive moment is come at last. If it were not for action, of what use would arms be ? All my enthusiasm rekindles. How I reproach myself for my unreasonable distrust—how odiously absurd I seem to myself ! I will shed the last drop of my blood, if need be, to make amends. Not a moment to be lost. Quick ! Cæsar and I ransack the house ; all the forgotten old arms we can find pass a strict examination ; we make a selection, and we go out to buy ammunition.—The day seemed dreadfully long. At last ten o'clock struck. In a moment we were armed like two highwaymen, each of us with a sword-stick, two pocket and two horse pistols. Thus accoutred, and enveloped to the chin in our cloaks, we sallied forth with the resolute step of men determined to conquer or to die.

"Fantasio was ready, armed to the teeth ; and we set out arm in arm. From the Acquaverde, where Fantasio lived, to the bridge of Carignano, is a pretty good distance ; but it did not appear long to us, so earnestly were we discussing impending events. We laid down our plan of campaign, and solemnly engaged, whatever might happen, to keep together, and not be separated in the affray. The night was just such as conspirators could wish, dark as pitch, and pretty cold for the season. As we came upon the bridge of Carignano some notes from an accordion were heard. The melancholy modulations took me quite by surprise, and had a singularly powerful effect upon me. A chill ran through me from head to foot. Fantasio pressed my arm. The accordion was the instrument adopted by the Good Cousins to transmit signals to a distance. We made towards the point whence the sounds proceeded, and found a man wrapped in a cloak, with whom we exchanged some words of recognition. The man bade us follow him. We took to the left of the church of Santa Maria, and passing through a little lane came to a solitary open square space, where once stood the palace of Fieschi. Here we were told to stop, and had to wait some time. The retired and secluded spot was well chosen for the occasion. 'It seems that we are the first,' whispered I to Fantasio, seeing no one. 'Look to the left of the square,' answered Fantasio, 'and you will see that we are not alone.' And in truth, by dint of straining my eyes, I did think that I distinguished on the spot to which he pointed some human forms. 'This square is very small,' observed I ; 'and if the convocation is general, I do not know how it can hold us all. Have you any idea of the number of Good Cousins in Genoa ?' 'Thousands and thousands,' answered Fantasio ; 'but it is probable there may be partial convocations at several points.'

"Our guide, who had vanished, now reappeared, and desired us

to follow him onwards ; which we did. A movement towards the left of the square took place simultaneously among the living shadows scattered about, till, at the word 'halt!' from our guide, all stopped. There were four small distinct groups, including ours, standing at short distances from each other—in all fifteen persons. I counted them, but without being able to recognise individuals wrapped in cloaks, and in the shade of night. A short pause. Twelve began to strike at the church of Carignano, close by. With the first stroke, a tall figure, hitherto concealed in a dark corner, rose to view, like a ghost from under ground, and pronounced in a hollow voice the following words: 'Pray for the soul of —— of Cadiz, sentenced to death by the high Vendita, for perjury and treason to the order. Before the twelfth stroke has died away, he will have ceased to live.' The clock tolled slowly on. The echo of the last chime was still vibrating, when the voice added, 'Disperse!' and each group moved off.

"What effect this scene—well got up certainly, only too well—may have had upon the rest of the spectators, I never had an opportunity of knowing; but the too evident melodramatic arrangement of the whole thing was an entire failure as regarded us three. It might perhaps have been otherwise, had our minds been less worked up beforehand. As it was, we saw at a glance, instinctively, that all this bloody tale was, thank God, a mere fiction, and that, if our cousin of Cadiz had no worse mishap than the one alluded to by the sepulchral voice, he might live to a good old age. So the stirring emotions of this endless day, this mystery, this arming, had all been for the mere purpose of figuring in a miserable stage-trick, in bad taste, and of listening to a goblin story scarce fit to frighten children. It was too bad."

After a few months' experience, our hero found that mystical initiations and midnight melodramas were very far from constituting the staple of a conspirator's life. Signor Ruffini himself appears to have been by no means one of the worst class of revolutionists, and his folly must have been fully equal to his villany. He was evidently the tool of men more crafty, more unscrupulous, and more bloodthirsty than himself. He gives us the benefit of his acquaintanceship with this kind of life, so full of romantic attraction for persons of small brains and still less principle.

"Verily, I assure you, the path of a conspirator is not strewn with roses, least of all of conspirators situated as we were, viz. known by and accessible to every body. I know of no existence which requires such continual self-abnegation and endurance. A conspirator has to listen to all sorts of gossip, to soothe every variety of vanity, discuss nonsense seriously, feel sick and stifling under the pressure of empty talk, idle boasting, and vulgarity, and yet maintain an unmoved and complacent countenance. A conspi-

rator ceases to belong to himself, and becomes the toy of any one he may meet ; he must go out when he would rather stay at home, and stay at home when he would rather go out ; he has to talk when he would be silent, and to hold vigils when longing to be in bed. Verily, I say, it is a miserable life. It has, it is true, its compensations, few but sweet ; the occasional intercourse with lofty minds and devoted souls ; the glimpse of the silver lining of the dark cloud, and the conviction that all this wear and tear is smoothing the way, inch by inch, towards a noble and holy end.

“This conviction we had, and it kept us up on our weary way. In six months of incessant labour, we had obtained results at which we were ourselves astonished. Not a single town of any importance in the kingdom but had its committee at work ; not a considerable village that lacked its propagandist leader. We had succeeded in establishing regular and sure means of communication between the several committees in the interior, and we corresponded abroad, through affiliated travellers, with Tuscany and Rome, through Leghorn and Civita Vecchia, and so on to Naples. The number of adepts had multiplied to such an extent, that we soon felt the necessity of slackening the impulse. People of all classes joined us—nobles, commoners, lawyers, men employed under government, merchant-captains, sailors, artisans, priests, and monks.”

As is well known, the whole of these preparations proved abortive. The government got scent of what was about to be done, perhaps only just in time. At any rate, the conspirators were not ready, and the bloody hand of justice proceeded to claim its victims. Among others was Cæsar, the autobiographer's brother, while he himself had the narrowest possible escape. After passing many perils, including an almost incredible passage of the river Var, he found himself safe on French ground, whence he ultimately came to England, where he has formed one of that band of exiles whom we have the happiness of cherishing on our shores. Would that we could hope that the days were come when the crimes of such men as Ruffini had become solely matters of history. What must not a country have yet to go through, which, like Italy, is over-spread with such a curse as these secret associations, condemned by the laws of God, and reprobated even by men of the world not wholly dead to all sense of honour and prudence ?

THE HEBRAISMS AND CATHOLICISMS OF DISRAELI'S NOVELS.

The Young Duke; Coningsby; Sibyl; Tancred, &c. &c. By Disraeli. New editions. David Bryce, London.

It is a common saying, that a man's character is revealed by his writings; and it is especially true in those cases where the writings consist mainly of portraitures of character. And when a novelist comes to be a Cabinet Minister, and moreover aspires to influence the character of his generation, and is, in fact, the recognised leader of a great party in Parliament, it is obvious that such expressions of character, and such expositions of his own ideas as are afforded in his compositions, must have no ordinary interest. This is all the more so in the case of Disraeli, since he has for years written with a purpose, and a political purpose. His avowed object has been to influence the mind of the nation, through the medium of his novels, in favour of the ideas he has espoused; and it is plain that this has been with a view to assist his own political career. In short, he has enlisted his imagination in the service of his ambition; and under cover of an advocacy of his political opinions, he has sought to conciliate public support by attracting admiration to his personal character.

Some of our readers may be surprised to learn that Disraeli's first novel appeared above a quarter of a century ago. It was in 1826 that *Vivian Grey* was published; that is to say, its first part. Its author could not have been much more than twenty. There is nothing, however, very remarkable in it, or indeed in any of the earlier ones; although they all reveal something more than the mere novelist, and point towards that subjecting of his imagination to his ambition, which, as we have said, is so plainly to be recognised in all his later productions. *The Young Duke* (as the author says in his advertisement to its recent republication) was written "when George the Fourth was king." It was about the time of Catholic Emancipation, and perhaps it was from this circumstance that Catholic characters are brought upon the scene. It is curious to observe the tone in which they are spoken of. It is far from unfavourable; and might almost be termed friendly. The heroine is a Catholic, and a most lovely and loveable character.

"Her creed had made her in ancient Christendom feel less an alien; but when she returned to that mother-country which she

had never forgotten, she found that creed her degradation. Her indignant spirit clung with renewed ardour to the crushed altars of her faith; and not before those proud shrines where cardinals officiate, and a thousand acolytes fling their censers, had she bowed with half the abandonment of spirit with which she invoked the Virgin in her oratory at home."

Then the "great Catholic families" are described; the modern race of the Howards and the Cliffords, the Talbots, the Arundels, and the Jerninghams, were not unworthy of their proud progenitors.

"The heroine observed with respect," we are told, "the mild dignity, the noble patience, the proud humility, the calm hope, the uncompromising courage with which they sustained their oppression, and lived as proscribed in the nation they had created."

In all his subsequent novels Catholic characters appear, and are always patronised with a certain amount of sympathy. In *Venetia* the reconciliation of the hero and heroine is effected through the intervention of a monk, who is represented in a very pleasing light. In *Henrietta Temple* the hero is the heir of an old Catholic family, to whom the disinterested devotion of an aged priest is very pathetically described. It is not easy to conceive a more beautiful and venerable character.

Up to this time there does not appear to have been any political purpose in the writings of Disraeli; and if there was any aim at an ambitious object, it was only in the remote and indirect way of attaining literary celebrity. His next novel was still more purely imaginative than any of the preceding; nevertheless it betrays some slight admixture of a political element. It also exhibits, along with a more decided tendency to Catholicity, a slight inclination to that *Hebraism* which in subsequent works was so strikingly manifested. *Contarini Fleming* was written in 1831, when the author must have been about six-and-twenty. It is a portraiture of a poet by himself, and Disraeli does not now affect to conceal that he depicts his own character. *Contarini* is melancholy and miserable; how indeed could he be otherwise? since, by his own account, he was an egotistical dreamer. In this state of mind he finds himself, after a long and solitary walk, in a Catholic church. The high-altar was redolent of perfumes and adorned with flowers. A magical light was thrown upon a Magdalen.

"I gazed upon this pictured form with a strange fascination. I came forward and placed myself near the altar. At that moment the organ burst forth as if heaven were opening; clouds of incense rose and wreathed round the rich and vaulted roof; the priest advanced and revealed a God, which I fell down and worshipped. From that moment I became a Catholic."

There was a mystery in the creed full of delight. "Adoration was ever a resource teeming with rapture; for a creed is imagination." Here was a fatal error. He mistook the imagination for faith. His religion was dreamy; it was fancy. His creative power was exercised in the production of celestial visitants; wherever he moved, he perceived (that is, he fancied he perceived) "the flashing of white wings, the streaming of radiant air." But one mundane desire mingled with these celestial aspirations. He languished for Italy. It was a strong longing. Nothing, he says, but the liveliness of his faith could have solaced and supported him under the want of its gratification. He pined for the land where true religion flourished in becoming glory, the land where he should behold temples worthy of the beautiful mystery celebrated within those sumptuous walls; the land which the Vicar of God and the Ruler of kings honoured and sanctified by his everlasting presence.

By and by *Contarini* suddenly loses, like *Vivian Grey*, the being who constituted his bliss. The catastrophe is so similar that it seems like truth. Both novels end in the same tone. A friend tells him:

"The period has arrived in your life when you must renounce meditation. Action is now your part. It is well to think, until a man has discovered his genius and developed his faculties; but then let him put his intelligence into motion. Act; act; act; act without ceasing: and you will no longer talk of the vanity of life."

The author appears to have taken the advice thus given to his hero. It does not seem altogether a casual coincidence that, in one of the subsequent novels, a character which we suspect more than any other to be that of Disraeli, is spoken of as having travelled five years; which is the interval between the appearance of *Contarini* and his next novel *Venetia*.

Coningsby was published in 1844. In the original preface the author declared his object to be to scatter suggestions that might tend to elevate the tone of public life, and induce men for the future to distinguish more carefully between facts and phrases, realities and phantoms. In his preface to the fifth edition, in 1849, he says: "the main purpose of its writer was to vindicate the just claims of the Tory party to be the popular political confederation of the country; a purpose he had pursued from a very early period of his life. The occasion was favourable. The faithful mind of England had just recovered from the inebriation of the great Conservative triumph of 1841, and was beginning to inquire what, after all, they had conquered to preserve. It was opportune, therefore, to show that Toryism was not a phrase, but a fact; and that our

political institutions were the embodiment of our popular necessities." There was, however, another object the author had now in view. It is in this novel that his *Hebraisms* appear. Our readers are aware—the name itself informs them—that Disraeli is of a Hebrew family: any one who has ever seen him knows how strongly his face betrays the Hebrew descent. It is curious to see how he explains his own Hebraisms.

"In considering the Tory scheme, the author recognised in the Church the most powerful agent in the previous development of England; and the most efficient means for that renovation of the national spirit at which he aims. The Church is a sacred corporation for the promulgation and maintenance in Europe of *certain Asian principles (!)*, which, though local in their birth, are of divine origin, and of universal and eternal application. In asserting the paramount character of the ecclesiastical polity, and the majesty of the theocratic principle, it became necessary to ascend to the origin of the Christian Church, and meet the position of the descendants of that race who were the founders of Christianity."

We can conceive our readers' surprise at this very Hebrew way of describing Christianity:—"certain Asian principles." Before we have gone much further, however, their surprise will have disappeared, and perhaps another feeling will be substituted for it. Let our author proceed to explain his purpose.

"The modern Jews have long laboured under the odium of mediæval malevolence. In the dark ages they were looked upon as an accursed race,—the especial foes of Christianity. No one paused to reflect that Christianity was founded by Jews. The European nations were then only recently converted to a belief in Moses and in Christ, and thought they atoned for their past idolatry by wreaking their vengeance on a race to whom—and to whom alone—they were indebted for the race which had founded Christianity. In vindicating the sovereign *right of the Church to be the perpetual regenerator of man*, the writer thought the time had arrived when some attempt should be made to do justice to the race which had founded Christianity."

In order to carry out his object, Disraeli introduces a striking character on the scene, Sidonia, a Spanish Jew; and it is to this character we particularly call attention, because however others may exhibit the author's ideal—or his affected ideal,—it is Sidonia which exhibits himself. We say so for this reason principally, that in describing Sidonia—of course speaking in his own person as the author—he exhibits perfect sympathy with his Hebrew hero; for, after all, *Coningsby* is meant for the *reader's* hero, *Sidonia* is evidently the author's.

Speaking in his own person, Disraeli says :

"Sidonia was descended from a very ancient and noble family of Arragon, that in the course of ages had given to the state many distinguished citizens. In the priesthood its members had been peculiarly eminent. Besides several prelates, they counted among their number an Archbishop of Toledo; and a Sidonia had exercised, for a series of years, the paramount office of Grand Inquisitor. Yet, strange as it may sound, this illustrious family, during all that period, in common with two-thirds of the Arragonese nobility, secretly adhered to the ancient faith and ceremonies of their fathers, the rites and observances of the law of Moses."

The soul shudders and sickens at the horrible profanations and sacrilege which must have been perpetrated by these diabolical dissemblers during these centuries of sordid hypocrisy and infernal malignancy! Yet this atrocity Disraeli deliberately defends.

"The Council of Toledo, during the sixth and seventh centuries, attempted, by a series of decrees worthy of the barbarians who promulgated them, to root the Jewish Arabs out of the land. There is no doubt this led, as much as the lust of Roderick, to the invasion of Spain by the Moslem Arabs. The Jews, suffering under persecution, looked to their sympathising brethren of the Crescent; and the overthrow of the Gothic kingdoms was as much achieved by the superior information which the Saracens received from their suffering kinsmen, as by the resistless valour of the desert."

In other words, these malignant miscreants, enraged at being prevented from perpetrating their awful profanations of the sacred mysteries of the Christian faith for the sake of the meanest and most mercenary motives, betrayed the country to their brother infidels, the Mahometans; and for centuries rushed it under their obscene yoke. It is plain that the sympathies of Disraeli are with these wretches, not with their pious and chivalrous victims. Hear how he speaks of the endeavours made by Ferdinand and Isabella to rid their fair realms of this foul oppression :

"Where the Jewish population were scanty, they were obliged to conform, under the title of 'nuevos Christianos.' At length, the union of the two crowns under Ferdinand and Isabella brought the crisis of their fate both to these new Christians and the non-conforming Hebrews. The Inquisition appeared, which was established against the protest of the Cortes. [The reason for this Disraeli himself had already unconsciously furnished; and in the next sentence he alludes to it again.] The first individuals summoned before them were the Duke de Medina Sidonia [whose name indicates an Eastern origin] and others of the most considerable personages in Spain."

How should it be otherwise, when he had already informed his readers that *two-thirds* of the Arragonese nobility were *secret Jews*, whilst professing and openly practising the Catholic religion! And yet Disraeli is quite incensed at the idea of a Catholic sovereign attempting to root out so execrable a system! How could this be done but by means of an Inquisition? Is it too much to say that for such a disease no remedy could be effectual which was not sharp? "Those who were convicted of secret Judaism were dragged to the stake." "Having purged the new Christians, the Inquisitors turned their attention to the old Hebrews. Baptism or exile was the alternative." We rather question the value of the alternative. There had been ample experience of "conforming Jews." "More than six hundred thousand* would not desert the religion of their fathers" [rather, they could not longer *conceal* it]. "For this they gave up the delightful land in which they had lived for centuries" [rather, they were thrust out with disgust and execration]. "Who, after this, should say that the Jews are by nature a sordid people?" This is really the *ne plus ultra* of audacity! After revealing on the part of the people an hypocrisy never before equalled, the habitual and hereditary assumption of a faith they really hated and all for the sake of sordid pelf and mercenary gain, it is a stretch of impudence perfectly amazing for their apologist to presume to repel the imputation of a sordid character. "The Sidonias of Arragon were *nuevos Christianos*;" i.e. professing Catholicism for the sake of gain and gold. At the peace, Sidonia came to England; and no sooner was he established in England, than he professed Judaism, which "Torquemada flattered himself he had drained out of the family three centuries ago. He sent over also for several of his brothers, who were good Catholics in Spain, but who made an offering in the synagogue in gratitude for their safe voyage on their arrival in England." And "who after this shall say the Jews are by nature a sordid people?" Who shall say they are *not*? Where and when was simulation more systematic, more sordid, more shameless! And Disraeli, speaking in his own person, his own sentiments, his own spirit, scruples not to express his sympathy with these sordid dissemblers, these hereditary hypocrites, this wretched race of mercenary impostors!

This most strange and striking revelation of his hidden mind raises sad suspicions as to the sincerity of his own profession of Christian faith. He who can sympathise with such execrable assumption of that faith as he has thus described, with so much obvious exultation, and so ill-concealed a sense of triumph

* Really, about 160,000. See No. 58 of the Clifton Tracts, p. 25.

umph at the deception for centuries practised, and of scorn for the deceived;—is it uncharitable to suspect, or to conceive, that we might possibly find in its defender an *imitator* as well as an *admirer*? And if we see throughout his works, together with a deep sense of religion, an unmistakeable reverence for Judaism, and an undisguised contempt for all forms of Christianity, save so far as its *Catholic* form seems to harmonise with Judaism, or may be deemed to be its development,—this suspicion is strengthened into an inference of painful force. If it be sound, *Sidonia*, not *Coningsby*, is the *true* portraiture of Disraeli. The one is the author as he is, the other as he seems; the one embodies what he feels, the other what he assumes. And, in truth, there are many involuntary indications of this: *Sidonia* influences *Coningsby*, who represents that new generation of English youth whom Disraeli seeks to influence. *Sidonia* cares for nothing but intellect; he is impervious to feeling; his mind is wrapt in impenetrable mystery; he is devoid of sympathy. Though unreserved in his manners, his frankness was limited to the surface. He observed every thing, thought ever, but avoided serious discussion. Though affable, it was impossible to penetrate him. Observers of Disraeli will recognise resemblances here; all is pictured in that cold impassive countenance, and the dark depths of that unfathomable eye.

However, we must not forget the reader's hero *Coningsby*. He is pictured as possessed of the "heart of one who, notwithstanding all his high resolves and daring thoughts, was blessed with that tenderness of soul which is sometimes linked with an ardent imagination and a strong will;" and as yearning for "the companionship of an equal or superior mind." His heart and his intellect seemed to need a companion. Books, action, and deep thought might in time supply the want of that intellectual guide; but for the heart, where can he find solace? Disraeli finds him a companion in the person of *Sidonia*; who, let us recollect, is a man "without affections, and caring only for intellect." Such a man must have had a secret contempt for *Coningsby*, who is somewhat a dreamer. And so we suspect Disraeli has a secret contempt for his Anglican associates—for "Young England," as they were called a few years ago—such men as Lord John Manners; who, by the by, answers to the description of *Coningsby*, as Disraeli does to that of *Sidonia*.

Sidonia is a philosopher, and the instructor of *Coningsby*; and he at least is sincere enough in contempt for the Church of England. Scorn and sarcasm are quite congenial to him; and the Establishment affords him a fine subject for their ex-

pression. Of course, it is only at the existing order of things that he sneers; Young England would not like their Church itself to be scoffed at. But an intellectual Hebrew like Sidonia must needs have a supreme contempt for the whole system. And at the same time it is equally obvious that he would have a kind of æsthetic sympathy for Catholicity. A friend of ours, once conversing with a Jew, asked him what he thought of Catholics, and received for answer that "they were nearest the truth." This *must* be the feeling of every Hebrew; who acknowledges in Catholicity, at all events, the only form of Christianity he could ever receive, supposing him to submit to any.

Coningsby reappears in the next novel, but is a nonentity. It is only a nominal resemblance. His character is continued in *Tancred*, who, like Coningsby, talks strong Young Englandism:

"I cannot find it a part of my duty to maintain the order of things (for I will not call it system) which at present prevails in our country. It seems to me that it cannot last, as nothing can endure, or ought to endure, that is not founded upon principle, and its principle I have not discovered. In nothing, whether it be religion or government, sacred, political, or social life, do I find *faith*; and if there be no *faith*, how can there be *duty*? Is there such a thing as religious truth? Is there such a thing as political right? Are these *facts*, or mere phrases? And if facts, where are they to be found in England? *Is truth in our Church?*"

The reader will wonder when he hears how he proposes to find out truth. He soon talks Hebraisms stronger than his Anglicanisms. He electrifies his noble father by saying:

"It is the Holy Land that occupies my thoughts; and I propose to make a pilgrimage to the Sepulchre of my Saviour!" "Yes: the Holy Sepulchre! When I remember that the Creator, since light sprung out of darkness, has deigned to reveal Himself to His creatures only in one land; that in that land He assumed a manly form, and met a human death, I feel persuaded that the country sanctified by such intercourse and such events must be endowed with marvellous qualities. It is these qualities which drew Europe to Asia during the middle ages. Our castle has before this sent a De Montacute to Palestine. For three days and three nights he knelt at the shrine of our Redeemer. Six centuries have elapsed since that great enterprise. It is time to restore and renovate our communications with the Most High. I too would kneel at that tomb. I, surrounded by the holy hills and sacred groves of Jerusalem, would lift up my voice to Heaven, and ask what is duty? what is faith? what ought I to *do*? what ought I to *believe*?"

This of course staggers the Duke and Duchess of Bella-

mont, who are quiet Church-of-England people; indeed the Duchess is an Evangelical. In despair, she gets a bishop to reason with her son. In describing this prelate Disraeli exerts all his powers of sarcasm; and it is Dr. Blomfield who stands portrayed. It is amusing to see the author at once gratifying his Hebrew contempt for a Protestant high-priest and slaking the revenge of his Anglican associates.

"About the time of the marriage of the Duchess of Bellamont, her noble family and a few of their friends (some of whom also believed in the millennium) were persuaded that the conversion of the Roman Catholics to the true faith (which was their own) had arrived. They had subscribed very liberally for the purpose, and formed several sub-committees. *As long as their funds lasted, their missionaries found proselytes.* It was the last desperate effort of a Church that had from the first betrayed her trust. Twenty years ago, the people of England being in the full efflorescence of their ignorance, which permitted them to believe themselves the most enlightened nation in the world, it was an established doctrine that what was wanted for Ireland was more Protestantism; and it was supposed to be not more difficult to supply the Irish with Protestantism than it had proved, in the instance of a famine, to supply them with potatoes. What was principally wanted in both cases was *subscriptions.*

"When the English public, therefore, were assured by their co-religionists on the other side of the Channel that at last the good work was doing, that the flame spread rapidly, that not only parishes but provinces were agog, and that town and country were in a heat of proselytism, they began to believe that at last the scarlet lady was about to be dethroned; they loosened their purse-strings; fathers of families contributed their zealous five pounds, followed by every member of the household to the babe in arms, who subscribed its fanatical five shillings. The journals teemed with lists of proselytes and cases of conversion; and even orderly orthodox people, who were firm in their own faith, but wished others to be permitted to pursue their course in peace, began to congratulate each other on the prospects of our at last becoming a united Protestant people."

Dr. M'Hale himself could scarcely exhibit in more odious or more powerful colours Protestant proselytism. Then here is a slight but faithful sketch of the Anglican Episcopate:

"The Church of England, *mainly from its deficiency of oriental knowledge* [we imagine our readers will probably accept the fact without this queer reason, or will conceive the *next* reason rather better], and from a *misconception of the priestly character* (which has been a consequence of that want), has fallen of late years into great straits. About five-and-twenty years ago it began to be observed that the times had gone by—at least in England—for bi-

shoprics to serve as appanages for the younger sons of great families. But the Premier's notions of clerical capacity did not soar higher than a private tutor who had suckled a young noble into university honours; and his test of priestly celebrity was the decent editorship of a Greek play. He sought for the successors of the Apostles among third-rate hunters after syllables.

"These men, with one exception, subsided into their native insignificance; and during our agitated age, when alike in senate and market-place the doctrine and discipline of the Church have been impugned, its power assailed, its authority denied, not a voice has been raised by these *mitred nullities* to warn or to vindicate; not a phrase has escaped their lips or their pens which has ever influenced public opinion, touched the heart of the nation, or guided the conscience of a perplexed people. If they were ever heard of, it was when they were pelted in a riot."

No one who recalls the events of the last few years, and recollects how Disraeli put himself at the head of the Young-England party, can doubt that the Anglicans cordially entered into all this. We can personally testify that it is not in the least stronger than the sort of language the Anglican clergy commonly held of their bishops a few years ago.

But all this forms only the background for the bishop's portrait, which is thus powerfully drawn:

"In the blaze and thick of the affair,—Irish Protestants jubilant, Irish Papists denouncing the whole movement as fraud and trumpery, John Bull perplexed, but excited and still subscribing,—a young bishop rose in his place in the House of Lords, and, with a vehemence there unusual, declared that he saw the finger of God in this second reformation; and pursuing the prophetic vein and manner, denounced woe to those who should presume to lift up their hands and voices in vain and impotent attempts to stem the flood of light that was bursting over Ireland. In him who thus plainly discerned the finger of God, the young duchess recognised the man of God; and the right rev. prelate became her infallible instructor, although the impending second reformation did chance to take the untoward form of the emancipation of the Roman Catholics, followed, in due season, by the destruction of Protestant bishoprics, the sequestration of Protestant tithes, and the endowment of Maynooth. The ready audacity with which the right rev. prelate had stood sponsor for the second reformation was a key to his character. Bustling, energetic, versatile, stimulated by an ambition that knew no repose, and an inordinate capacity for affairs, he could permit nothing to be done without his interference, and consequently was perpetually involved in transactions which were either failures or blunders. He was one of those leaders who are not guides. Having little real knowledge, his lordship, when he received those frequent appeals which were the necessary consequence of his religious life, became obscure, confused, contradictory, inconsistent. The

oracle was always dark. Placed in a high post in an age of political analysis, the bustling intermeddler was unable to supply society with a single solution. Enunciating second-hand with characteristic precipitation some big principle in vogue as if he were a discoverer, he invariably shrunk from its subsequent application the moment that he found it might be unpopular or inconvenient. All his quandaries terminated in the same catastrophe, a compromise. Abstract principles with him ever ended in concrete expediency.

"Beginning with the second reformation, which was a little rash but dashing, the bishop had, in the course of his episcopal career, placed himself at the head of every movement in the Church which others had originated; and had as regularly withdrawn at the right moment, when the heat was over or had become excessive. Furiously evangelical, soberly high and dry, and fervently Puseyite, each phasis of his faith concludes with what the Spaniards call a 'transaction.' The saints are to have their new churches, and they are also to have their rubrics and canons; the universities may supply successors to the Apostles, but they are also presented with a church commission; the Puseyites may have candles on their altars, but they must not be lighted. A man who can assume with cautious facility the prevailing tone, and disembarass himself of it with a dexterous ambiguity the moment it ceases to be predominant,—such a man is of an essentially narrow mind; with feeble powers of thought, no imagination, contracted sympathies, and *a most loose public morality*. Such a man is the individual whom kings and parliaments select to rule the Church."

Such is the man with whom Tancred converses. The bishop, we find, was unable to indicate the principle on which the present order of things in England was founded; "neither faith nor its consequent duty was at all illustrated or invigorated" by his views. "He utterly failed in reconciling a belief in ecclesiastical truth with the support of religious dissent." This pregnant sentence is worth noting. The state can scarcely be said to support dissent in any other sense than that it tolerates it. And Disraeli distinctly indicates, therefore, that he deems a belief in ecclesiastical truth inconsistent with the tolerating dissent; and yet we are to be told that intolerance is essentially and exclusively Popish.

But we proceed with Tancred's conference:

"'It cannot be denied,' at length he said, 'that society was once regulated by God, and that now it is regulated by man. For my part, I prefer divine to self-government; and I wish to know how it is to be attained.'

"'The Church represents God upon earth,' said the bishop. 'But the Church no longer governs man;' replied Tancred. 'There is a great spirit rising in the Church,' said the bishop, with thoughtful solemnity; 'we shall soon see a bishop at Manchester.' 'But I

want to see an angel at Manchester.' 'An angel!' 'Why not? why should there not be heavenly messengers, when heavenly messengers are most wanted?' 'We have received a heavenly message by one greater than the angels,' said the bishop; 'these visits to man ceased with the mightier advent.' 'Then why did angels appear to Mary and her companions at the holy tomb?' inquired Tancred."

The interview was unsatisfactory. The bishop said Tancred was a visionary. His mother, the duchess, was disappointed and indignant. "A visionary!" she angrily exclaimed; "why, so are the Puseyites!" We think so too; and here again we discern the shrewd sense of the author, and his keen perceptions of the ridiculous. Eventually Tancred goes to Jerusalem, where he meets with a Hebrew lady, who thus interrogates him as to his religion:

"Pray, are you of those Franks who worship a Jewess; or of those who revile her, break her images, and blaspheme her pictures?' 'I venerate, though I do not adore the mother of God,' exclaims the hero; and he essays to convert his fair acquaintance. 'The Christian Church would be your guide,' he assures her. '*Which?*' is the lady's keen reply; 'there *are so many* in Jerusalem.' 'If I had no confidence in any Church,' said Tancred, 'I could fall down before God, and beseech Him to enlighten me; and in this land I cannot believe that the appeal to the mercy-seat would be in vain.' 'But human wit ought to be exhausted before we presume to invoke divine interposition,' said the lady."

An observation, the soundness of which—in another sense than his, however—the reader will recognise; he will feel at once that it would have been better for Tancred to have gone to Rome than to Jerusalem. Tancred remains long at the tomb. He does not, however, catch much illumination. His ideas are the same. "Christendom cares nothing for that tomb now; has indeed forgotten its own name, and calls itself 'enlightened Europe.' But enlightened Europe is not happy. Its existence is a fever, which it calls 'progress.' Progress to *what?*" A shrewd question. One is not surprised to find that the faithful votary during his vigils at the sacred tomb had received solace, but not inspiration. "No voice from heaven had yet sounded; but his spirit was filled with the sanctity of the place."

The fact is, he makes a fool of himself; and we are not sure that the author does not *intend* to make a fool of his hero; in order to "show-up" the folly of his friends the Puseyites, of whose "visionary" character he is clearly sensible. It is impossible that it could be otherwise. Only in their æsthetic sport does he sincerely sympathise with them. He palpably

detects and exposes the anomalies of their theological position. With the hero made a fool of, and left in Palestine until his mamma the duchess came to fetch him, we leave Tancred.

Sibyl, or the Two Matrons, written in 1845, has somewhat the same spirit, but is made of stronger stuff. It has no Hebraisms, but more decided Catholicisms. It has, however, the alloy of a palpable political purpose, in which it resembles *Coningsby*. The two matrons are the rich and the poor; and the author does not conceal his conviction that their fatal separation into hostile classes is the result of the accursed schism which ruined Catholicity in this country. In these bitter terms does he convey his idea of the atrocious transactions of that time, while describing the Bedford family, so severely castigated by Junius. The passage is precisely the history of the rise of the family, in the person of the first "John Russell" whose name was ever heard of in English history.

"The founder of the family had been a confidential domestic of one of the favourites of Henry VIII., and had contrived to be appointed one of the commissioners for 'visiting and taking the surrender of divers religious houses.' It came to pass that divers of these religious houses surrendered themselves eventually to the use and benefit of honest Baldwin Greymount. The king was touched with the activity and zeal of his commissioner;—not one of them whose reports were so ample and satisfactory, who could baffle a wily prior with more dexterity, or control a proud abbot with more firmness. Nor were they well-digested reports alone that were transmitted to the sovereign; they came accompanied with many rare and curious articles, grateful to the taste of one who was not only a religious reformer, but a *dilettante* of golden candlesticks and costly chalices. Sometimes a jewelled pix, fantastic spoons and patens; occasionally a fair-written and blazoned manuscript—suitable offering for the royal scholar. Greymount was noticed, knighted, might have become a minister; but his was a discreet ambition; of an accumulative rather than of an aspiring character. He served the king faithfully in all domestic matters requiring an unscrupulous agent; fashioned his creed according to the royal freaks, and contrived to save both his head and his estate.

"In 1688, alarmed by the prevalent impression that King James intended to insist on the restitution of the Church estates to their original purposes, the education of the people, and the maintenance of the poor, the family became warm adherents of 'civil and religious liberty,' and joined the other whig lords and lay impropiators in calling over the Prince of Orange and a Dutch army to inculcate those popular principles, which, somehow or other, the people would never support."

There is no reason to question but that these are the *real* ideas of Disraeli. Elsewhere he has spoken of the revolution as "the conspiracy of an oligarchy." For the system of Church and State then established, he has an undisguised aversion. So shrewd and keen-sighted a man could not fail to see through its hypocrisy and utter unreality, excepting only in what is sordid and selfish. "You lament the old faith," says one of his characters to another; and he answers: "I am not viewing the question as one of faith; it is not as a matter of religion, but as a matter of right, that I am considering it. You might have changed, if you thought fit, the religion of the abbots, as you changed the religion of the bishop; but you had no right to deprive men of their property, and property which under their administration so mainly contributed to the welfare of the community; as for *community*, with the monasteries expired the only type we ever had in England of such an intercourse. *There is no community in England*; there is aggregation; but under a dissociating rather than uniting principle." How true is this! and how forcibly is the *result* of this depicted in the following passage, representing the dreadful state of large masses of our population in *all* our villages or towns.

"It is not that the people are immoral, for immorality implies some forethought; or ignorant, for ignorance is relative; but they are *animals*; unconscious; their minds a blank, and their worst actions only the impulse of gross or savage instinct. There are many who are ignorant of their very names, very few who can spell them. It is rare that you meet with a young person who knows his own age; rarer to find a boy who has seen a book, or the girl who has seen a flower. Ask them the name of their sovereign, and they will give you an unmeaning stare; ask them the name of their religion, and they will laugh; who rules them on earth, or who can save them in heaven, are alike mysteries to them."

It is plain from these extracts, and others that might be given, that no one sees more clearly than Disraeli the miseries and dangers of the present state of things in this country; and it may perhaps be added, that he sees the *cause*,—the absence of *faith*. But it is of little consequence that he *sees* a want which he *shares*, and which there seems scarcely much probability that he will *cure*. Like his own Sidonia, he cares for nothing but intellect; and his best ideas are but the homage which intellect (often unconsciously) pays to faith. We grant that his sympathies with Catholicity are more of Hebraism or æstheticism than any thing else; and although it is clear that he has a profound contempt for Protestantism, and an intense scorn for

the Established Church, the lesson which he reads—like most lessons of Protestantism—is negative rather than positive; unless we yield to the suspicion his own strange language suggests, that he is still in heart and soul a *Hebrew*. Certainly it cannot be said that he is a Protestant; so that it is a curious phenomenon which he presents—the leader of a great Church party, himself not a believer in the Church; a champion of Protestantism, whose sympathies are undeniable both with Catholicity and Judaism. Strange country, and strange combination of circumstances, in which such a man should have been the life and soul of a government which persecuted the Catholics, and refused to remove political restrictions from the Jews; standing evidence of the utter hollowness of that system of Church and State which was the result of the Reformation and the Revolution; and upon which he, who was the chosen leader of its hereditary supporters, has so freely lavished his most bitter scorn. ✕

RECENT PROTESTANT TOURISTS IN ITALY.

Six Months in Italy. By G. S. Hillard. 2 vols. London, Murray.

The Land of the Forum and the Vatican; or, Thoughts and Sketches during an Easter Pilgrimage to Rome. By Newman Hall, B. A. London, Nisbett.

It is not often that we can commend the work of any Protestant tourist in the south of Italy, written in the English tongue, whatever abilities they may bring to the performance of their task; whether an accurate knowledge of history, a just appreciation of art, shrewdness and originality of observation, or great powers of description,—all is too commonly disfigured by national prejudice and religious intolerance. We are indebted to an American gentleman, Mr. Hillard, for two interesting volumes, which form a striking exception to this rule. They are the record of a visit to Italy, and especially to Rome, during the winter of 1847-8; but their publication appears to have been delayed beyond the usual term allotted to the preparation of such productions, in consequence of press of business preventing the author from bestowing the necessary attention upon them. On the present occasion, however, we are disposed to say, with the old proverb, “Better late than never.” In a very modest preface, the author tells us that they “have been prepared in intervals snatched

from the grasp of an engrossing profession;" and that they are now "printed in the belief, or at least the hope, that those who have visited the same scenes will not regret to have their impressions renewed; and that those who are looking forward to Italy, as to a land of promise, will find here some hints and suggestions which may aid them in their preparation." And certainly we think it will be no fault of the author's if this hope be not abundantly realised to both classes of readers; both to those in whose memories are already treasured up "sweet images of the sunny south," and to those who are living in the anticipation of such a pleasure yet to come.

Mr. Hillard's "Six Months" were passed in visiting the cities usually frequented by foreign tourists, Milan, Venice, Florence, Rome, Naples, and all the other minor cities which lie between these. The principal part of the time, however, was spent, as it ought to have been, in Rome; and at least half of his work is devoted to that city. It is difficult on such a subject to say any thing that shall be very new; at the same time, these pages are wholly free from that very common fault in modern authors when they find themselves engaged on a stale subject, viz. a straining after originality. Mr. Hillard's observations are always easy and natural; and his criticisms both upon persons and things, even when they are such as we cannot agree with, are never extravagant or unreasonable.* He has produced a handbook valuable to the traveller, though somewhat lengthy perhaps, and sometimes inclined to the grandiloquent,—as when the race-horses at the Roman carnival "bound forth, swallowing the ground with fiery leaps." This, however, is an exception to the general moderation of his style.

But, after all, the special charm of these volumes to a Catholic reader is to be found in the thoughtfulness and candour of their tone in all that concerns the ceremonies and other outward manifestations of our holy religion. He is a Protestant, and has a Protestant and an American dislike of monasteries (at least for men; for women he is disposed to

* We must, however, enter our most emphatic protest against the passage (in vol. ii. p. 143) in which he says that "the upper classes in Neapolitan society are, with many marked exceptions, worthless and corrupt." He acknowledges that he had no personal knowledge of them, but he gives this as "the general verdict passed upon them by competent observers." There is an old proverb which bids us "speak of a man as we find him;" and if we don't find him at all, the least a prudent man will do is not to speak of him at all. Mr. Hillard is evidently not a man who would willingly bear false witness; but he has been here imposed upon by "worthless" informants. We had the advantage of Mr. Hillard in having *some* personal knowledge on this subject, and our testimony would have been directly the reverse of that which he gives as the general verdict.

tolerate them, or even to consider them a blessing); but he nowhere indulges in that contemptuous sneer, or in those base insinuations, which are (we fear we must say) the *ordinary* characteristics of English Protestant tourists. Neither, on the other hand, does he fall into that other Charybdis of a certain portion of the same class—the habit, namely, of speaking on these subjects in a *patronising* tone, after the fashion of those pseudo-liberals who have no religious feelings or convictions at all. The following passage will give our readers a very fair insight into the spirit which animates all our author's remarks on the Catholic faith. He is speaking of the numerous churches in Rome, and says:

“Nor can even a Protestant and a layman be insensible to the spirit which hangs over them all, and is felt by every one who crosses the threshold of the humblest and plainest, unless he be the lightest of scoffers or the sourest of puritans. They are open at all times, spreading out their benignant arms of invitation, and in the spirit of the Saviour, bidding all who are weary and heavy-laden to come to them and seek rest. No surly official stands at the entrance, to scowl away the poor Christian that does not wear the wedding-garment of respectability. The interior is not cut up into pews, protected by doors that are slow to open, and often guarded by countenances that are slow to expand into a look of invitation. The deep stillness, felt like a palpable presence, falls with a hushing power upon worldly emotions, and permits whispers, unheard in the roar of common life, to become audible. The few persons who are present are either kneeling in silence, or moving about with noiseless steps. . . . Of those who have spent any considerable time in Rome, at least of those who have lived long enough to feel the dangers and duties of life, there are but few, I think, who will not be disposed to thank the churches of Rome for something more than mere gratifications of the taste; for influences, transitory perhaps, but beneficent while they last; for momentary glimpses of things spiritually discerned; for a presence that calms, and a power that elevates. . . . The Romish Church is wiser than the Protestant, in providing so much more liberally for that instinct of worship which is a deep thirst of the human soul. I envy not the head or the heart of that man who, when he sees the pavement of a Catholic church sprinkled with kneeling forms and faces rapt with devotional fervour, is conscious of no other emotion than a sneering protest against the mummeries of superstition.”

In another place, when describing the magnificent procession which took place in Rome on the occasion of the recovery of the relic of the head of St. Andrew, on April 5th, 1848, and a description of which appeared in our own journal at that time,* he says:

* *Rambler*, vol. 1.

"The most conscientious Protestant, unless he were as hard and as cold as the stones on which he stood, could not help ceasing to protest, for the moment at least; nor could he fail to feel upon his heart the benediction of waters, drawn from the common stream of faith and emotion before it had reached the dividing rock."

Elsewhere (ii. 191), in no grudging spirit, he acknowledges the beneficial influence of auricular confession in keeping the rural population of the Papal States "a virtuous people" in the matter of chastity; "as we also see," he says, "its good influence in the superior chastity of the Irish peasantry as compared with the English."

It was impossible that an American traveller, looking upon things with this impartial eye, and describing them thus fairly, should not be struck with the very different tone usually adopted by his cousins-german, the English. Accordingly, Mr. Hillard has given us a portrait of "the Englishman abroad," whose fidelity will immediately be recognised by those who know him, whilst the quiet vein of humour which pervades it will make it a very entertaining study for all. Our limits will not allow us to quote one or two passages which we had marked in the first volume, where he speaks of England as a country "which is loved by its people with most pugnacious patriotism; while they are always running away from its taxes, its dull climate, its sea-coal fires, and the grim exclusiveness of its society." We can only find room for the following passage, taken from a chapter in the second volume, which is wholly devoted to "the English in Italy:"

"The English residing or travelling upon the Continent would, if gathered together, make a large city. They carry England with them wherever they go. In Rome there is an English church, an English reading-room, an English druggist, an English grocer, and an English tailor. As England is an island, so they every where form an insular community, upon which the waves of foreign influence beat in vain. This peculiarity penetrates to the individual. A French or German *table-d'hôte* is a social continent; but an English coffee-room, at the hour of dinner, is an archipelago of islets, with deep straits of reserve and exclusiveness flowing between. Travellers of other nations learn to conform to the manners and customs of the people about them, avoiding the observation attracted by singularity. Not so the Englishman; he boldly faces the most bristling battery of comment and notice. His shooting-jacket, checked trousers, and beaver gaiters, proclaim his nationality before he begins to speak; he rarely yields to the seduction of a moustache; he is inflexibly loyal to tea; and will make a hard fight before consenting to dine at an earlier hour than five. The English in Rome, as a general rule, show little sensibility to the peculiar influences of the place. Towards the Catholic Church and

its ceremonies they turn a countenance of irreverent curiosity; trying the spirit of the Italians by their careless deportment, their haughty strides, and their inveterate staring—intimating that the forms of Catholic worship are merely dramatic entertainments performed by daylight.”

And in another place he bears honourable testimony to the spirit of forbearance with which this intolerable insolence is borne by those who nevertheless cannot fail to be irritated by it: “The English do what they please at Rome,” he says, “and Italian remonstrance rarely goes beyond an expressive shrug of the shoulders.”

Not the least interesting portion of Mr. Hillard's work are the concluding chapters, in which he gives a summary of the principal tourists in Italy who have published to the world any account of their impressions. The list is far from being complete; still, it contains many rich *morceaux*, from which we must select a single specimen, taken from Dr. Moore's *View of Society and Manners in Italy*, a work published in the last quarter of the last century, and enjoying then a considerable reputation. The author was a physician, travelling as the companion of the Duke of Hamilton; and though born a Scotchman, and reared a Presbyterian, he seems to have been remarkably free from the usual prejudices of his countrymen and co-religionists, if we may judge from the following admirable sample of delicate and good-humoured satire. He is writing to a friend; and speaking of the Catholic clergy, and the unjust accusations often made against them, he says:

“I remember being in the company of an acquaintance of yours, who is distinguished for the delicacy of his table and the length of his repasts, from which he seldom retires without a bottle of Burgundy for his own share, not to mention two or three glasses of Champagne between the courses. We had dined a few miles from the town in which we then lived, and were returning in his chariot. It was winter, and he was wrapped in fur to the nose. As we drove along, we met two friars walking through the snow in wooden sandals. ‘There goes a couple of dainty rogues,’ cried your friend, as we drew near them; ‘only think of the folly of permitting such lazy, *luxurious* rascals to live in a state, and eat up the portion of the poor. I will engage that these two scoundrels, as lean and mortified as they look, will devour more victuals in a day than would maintain two industrious families.’ He continued railing against the luxury of those two friars, and afterwards expatiated upon the Epicurism of the clergy in general, who, he said, were all alike in every country and of every religion. When we arrived in town, he told me he had ordered a nice little supper to be got ready at his house by the time of our return, and had lately got some excellent wine, inviting me at the same time to go home with him;

'for,' continued he, '*as we have driven three miles in such weather we stand in great need of some refreshment.*'"

Of a very different character is the second work whose title we have placed at the head of this article. Indeed, we owe Mr. Hillard some apology for having placed it there at all. We certainly should not have noticed it, had we not heard that its author was a non-conforming minister, who, during the "Papal Aggression" agitation, had the courage to denounce any interference with the internal arrangements of the Church in England. We had a right, therefore, to expect something above the ordinary run of vulgar and ignorant abuse from such a quarter; and, indeed, the author in his preface announces his intention of expressing his opinion faithfully, nevertheless, of speaking the truth "with love and courtesy." He is even afraid that he is too polite, and apologises for not calling us by hard names. On a perusal of the work, however, we cannot say that we see any need for this apology; he certainly does set out with some appearance of fairness; he can admire the "truly evangelical sermon" he heard at the Madeleine, the "logical and excellent" sermon of the Capuchin friar at Valence, of which he gives abstracts; also the action of the preacher at the Duomo at Florence, whose sermon, as he does not describe, he probably could not understand (for, if we may judge by false spellings and false concords, like so many other English tourists who give very dogmatic opinions on Italian subjects, he scarcely understands a word of the language), and the evident devotion of the people, which, however "misguided," he has the candour to prefer to the utter coldness in worship to which he is accustomed at home. But here his fairness ends: we will let our readers judge for themselves of his love and courtesy.

"While we were examining the numerous frescoes on the old walls [in the Dominican church of Sta. Maria Novella, Florence], the most hideous nasal sounds, intended for chanting, came from behind the high altar; and presently there issued from the penetralia a swarm of naked-footed (?) monks, whose features and general aspect were such that any caricaturist, wishing to be uncomplimentary to their order, could not succeed so well by any effort of his imagination as by faithfully taking their portraits. When we saw the singers, we ceased to wonder at the sounds; and remembering how nearly the Dominicans and the Inquisition are related, we shuddered at the bare possibility of any one being in the power of men apparently so destitute of all human sympathies. We were shocked also at the irreverence with which they performed their own worship, and particularly noticed one who was close by us, and who, though professedly saying his prayers, was looking about in

all directions, and spitting most disgustingly and without intermission on the marble pavement of the church.

"Am I uncharitable? Come with us, then, into the chapter-house. Look at that large fresco painting representing the Church militant and the Church triumphant. On the one side, the Pope and the Emperor on thrones, surrounded by bishops and other persons of distinction, are watching a pack of dogs as they drive away from a flock of sheep some ravenous wolves. These dogs of the Lord (*Domini canes*) are black and white, the colours of the Dominicans whom they represent. The wolves whom they are destroying, tearing open their bowels in the fiercest canine fashion, depict the Waldenses and other heretics; while the sheep are the good Papists, imperilled by their wicked errors! In the corner of the fresco some of the heretics are represented as converted, in the act of destroying their books, &c. . . . Here then are the persecutions of Popery, in England often denied as fabulous, publicly commemorated in the fresco of a Romanist church, and gloried in as one of the virtues of the Dominicans. Would Protestants be guilty of vulgar uncharitableness in calling them sanguinary bloodhounds? It would be unnecessary, as it is the character they give themselves."

No doubt our author thinks it a great sin to go barefoot; and therefore he *falsely* imputes the practice to the Dominicans, in order to heighten his colouring. It is certainly quite against his own principles, as we learn by his dainty way of keeping "the Sabbath" at Marseilles, after three days of weary sight-seeing. "It was a luxury," he says, "to awake gradually, to dress leisurely, to breakfast deliberately; we could enter into the joy of the day." Then, no doubt it is a sin to be ugly, and to sing through the nose; and it is enough to condemn a whole body of monks, if one of their number stares about and spits during divine office. But, after all, this description is only intended to raise a prejudice, and make his most absurd interpretation of the fresco more probable and palatable. Absurd it undoubtedly is; for if the dogs are to be interpreted literally as bloodhounds, it is but fair to do the same for the wolves; if the dogs tearing the wolves are literal, so are the wolves tearing the sheep; if one is an allegory, so are the others. But our author is a humanitarian, a feeble-minded man with a heart like Leigh Hunt, but with an intellect much inferior to his; for while he treats the Church as the synagogue of Satan, for persecutions of which he gives a false and exaggerated account, he receives the Old Testament, which Leigh Hunt rejects, and believes Moses, Josue, and David to have been friends of God, whom Leigh Hunt treats as miserable assassins. If their age excused them, surely the spirit of the middle ages excused the Church; if

the Popes are to be condemned, so are the Patriarchs. But he carries his inconsistency further; he finds a picture of Oliver Cromwell at Florence, and takes occasion to go into a rhapsody about the "spiritual religion" of that most able and strong-minded hypocrite, the would-be exterminator of Popery in Ireland. Not all persecutors therefore are bad. Cromwell is a saint; the assassins of the first French Revolution are bad; but the Inquisitors are the worst of all, the only ones for whom not a word of apology can be offered. We may almost say that the key-note of his book is abuse of the cruelty of the Church, and sympathy with the mildness, the misfortunes, and the sufferings of the revolutionists, to whom he evidently wishes success.

The volume is divided into seven books, of which the fourth is devoted to the ceremonies of Holy Week in Rome, most of which he pronounces to be mummerly, and worse; though he is deeply touched with the chanting of the Passion, and expresses his feelings in a passage which is worth extracting.

"Then followed what I shall never forget, the intoning by three priests of the narrative of the Passion by St. John, the only Apostle who followed his Lord to the cross, and was an eye-witness of His sufferings. It was read or sung dramatically, though without action or any repulsive aiming at effect. The peculiarity consisted in each priest assuming a distinct part. Thus, one of them recited only the words of the historian; the second, those uttered by our Lord; while the third came in, at the different points of the story, with the language of Pilate and other subordinate actors. The most startling effect was produced by the choir personating the rabble, and, in wild angry tones, shouting, 'Not this man, but Barabbas!' and 'Crucify him, crucify him!' I must confess that this part of the service, in which no words but those of inspiration were employed, and these so touchingly descriptive of the most momentous event in the world's history, affected me very deeply. But when at the words 'inclinato capite tradidit spiritum' ('He bowed the head and gave up the ghost'), the Pope and the Cardinals rose from their seats and knelt, and all the congregation knelt, and the voices of the priests were still, and an intense silence prevailed for several minutes, I could not remain on my feet, as I had so often done amidst a kneeling crowd. I bent with all around me; for there was no outward object held up; it was at the majesty of the truth which had been read; it was to the suffering Saviour, of whose agonies we had just heard. I could not restrain my tears; and earnest were then my prayers, that the Crucified One might reign more fully in my heart and in that of all my friends, and that in His mercy He would remove that veil of superstition which so concealed the full brightness of His Gospel from those who, amid so

many corruptions, still held this great central truth of His mediatorial death. Whatever some of my Protestant readers may think of it, I felt pleasure at the time; and I feel pleasure now in the remembrance, that amid so very many things in which I felt compelled openly to manifest my non-concurrence, there was one act of worship in which I could conscientiously join. Surely it would have been the exaggeration of Protestantism to refuse to kneel with the Romanists in silent prayer at the reading of the narrative of the Saviour's death."

When Mr. Newman Hall calls to mind that this is the same scene of which another Protestant traveller, whom he often quotes with approbation (Mr. Hobart Seymour), has written that "though some persons regarded it as having an unusual and striking, and not unpleasant effect, yet on my own mind the effect produced was very far from pleasing or satisfactory; there is something repulsive to our tastes, if not to our judgments, to find a theatrical character connected with so holy an exercise"—when, we say, Mr. Newman Hall has leisure to reflect on this difference of judgment between himself and a fellow-Protestant, he may perhaps see reason to question both the wisdom and the charity of those judgments which he has so unscrupulously passed on every thing which did not happen to be in accordance with his own particular taste.

The fifth book of Mr. Newman Hall's work is devoted to "developments of Romanism in Rome." The first chapter of this work is occupied with "relics," all of which he assumes to be false; and the "Bottle of the Virgin's Milk" (which he did not know is only supposed to have streamed from a miraculous picture or image) not only false but indelicate. Next come "Indulgences," which he has the kindness to confess are not meant for future sins; but "*incidit in Scyllam qui vult vitare Charybdin*;" he insists that "Romanists say that the Blood of Christ obtains the remission of eternal punishment only, leaving the temporal punishment . . . to be atoned for in some other way." When will Protestants learn that we are not answerable for their guesses, and illogical deductions from partial views of our doctrines? Then comes the worship of images, in which matter he, like most Protestants, seems to think that there is something morally wrong in venerating a visible form, though the same objection does not apply to venerating an audible name; for, philosophically, what is the difference between one sensible symbol and another? Why is it more idolatry to bow the knee to an image of Jesus than to His name? When the Decalogue was given, God had not manifested Himself in visible form, only by a voice from Sinai; hence His only symbol was His name, which

was worshipped with divine honour : now " we have seen the Word of Life," and we venerate His form, whenever we see It imaged forth. But Protestantism is a dry and bare literalism, and cannot endure reason or argument, only " texts." Then comes the " Mediatorship of the Virgin and Saints," proved, among other things, by the fact, that in the Rosary there are ten Hail Marys for one Our Father; then a chapter on the Bible in Rome. Before, we had a chapter on the Bible in Florence, *apropos* of the Madiai; his one test of religion and liberty is the right to read any version of the Bible a man thinks fit. He does not seem to be aware of the infidelity which the unrestricted use of the Old Testament has introduced into England. From Paley to Pye Smith, we do not believe that there is a single thoughtful Protestant who really believes all the Old Testament to be the Word of God. Our author condemns persecution in terms that would condemn that book; and yet, forsooth, there can be no salvation but where that book, so fruitful in occasions of error, is placed, without note or comment, in the hands of educated and uneducated alike.

But we will not waste more words on an author of this class; he is a man of weak argumentative powers, and belongs to that under-educated class, so common among non-conformists, that is always dragging in religion by the shoulders, and "improving the occasion." So inveterate is this habit with him, that he cannot admire the models of the Venus de Medicis, without taking occasion to reflect that Christ is our true model. This is all very well; but such a persevering sermoniser is rather ludicrous, and intolerably dull company.

ILLUSTRATED BOOKS.

1. *The Book of Celebrated Poems*, containing forty-three of the most popular poems in the English language; with upwards of eighty engravings, from drawings by Cope, K. Meadows, Dodgson, J. Ferguson. Sampson Low and Son.
2. *Proverbial Philosophy*. By Martin F. Tupper. Illustrated edition. Hatchard.
3. *Gray's Elegy*. Illustrated edition. Cundall.
4. *Poems and Pictures*. Burns and Lambert.
5. *The Old Story-Teller*; Popular Tales collected by L. Bechstein; with 100 Illustrations by Richter. Addey and Co.
6. *The Charm*; a Book for Boys and Girls. Addey and Co.

7. *The Parables of Frederic Adolphus Krummacher*, with 40 Illustrations by Clayton. Nathaniel Cooke.
8. *The Ice King, and the Sweet South Wind*. By Mrs. Caroline H. Butler. Addey and Co.
9. *The Adventures of a Dog, and a good Dog too*. By Alfred Elwes, with 8 Illustrations by Harrison Weir. Addey and Co.
10. *Turner and Girtin's Picturesque Views Sixty Years since*. Edited by Thomas Miller. Hogarth.
11. *The Pictorial Book of Ancient Ballad Poetry of Great Britain*, with a selection of modern imitations and some translations. Edited by J. S. Moore, Esq. Washbourne and Co.
12. *The Pretty Plate*. By John Vincent. With 4 Illustrations by Darley. Addey and Co.
13. *Drawing and Perspective*. A Series of Progressive Lessons, with General Instructions. Edinburgh: W. and R. Chambers.
14. *The Illustrated London Drawing Book*. Nathaniel Cooke.
15. *Flowers from the Garden of Knowledge*. By Maria Jacob. Nathaniel Cooke.
16. *The Picture Pleasure-Book*, 500 Illustrations. Addey and Co.

THERE are few things more characteristic of the present day than the condition and progress of what are technically called "Illustrated Books." Take up an illuminated Missal of the 15th century and the last number of the *Illustrated London News* of 1854, and you have the contrast between the arts of the two eras before you in one of its most striking forms. Yet the *Illustrated News* itself has a more recent competitor in the same field, perhaps even more characteristic of the year which has given it birth. A speculative and puffing publisher, Cassell by name, is issuing a *penny* sheet, crowded with illustrations, which, if not fully equal to those of its prototype, are by no means contemptible. Mr. Cassell boasts of an immense circulation as crowning his project with success; and considering that he probably clears nearly one farthing on each copy that is sold, after paying for the first outlay of engravings, compilation, and composition, it is very likely that he turns over a respectable sum of money weekly.

We can imagine how the weekly production of these and many other illustrated periodicals would literally astound an old illuminator. And really it is astonishing. It is surprising—and to us almost painful—to think of the everlasting stretch of thought and attention, the restless watchfulness, the

daily anxieties, and the midnight toils, which thousands of men, women, and children endure in keeping up this unfailing supply of hebdomadal engravings and letter-press accompanying. Happy they, in our judgment, whose lot it is to weigh out sugars, or to measure tape and calico, rather than to spend their life in a round of toils, which permit not a day's or an hour's repose;—toils whose result is beauty and pleasure for others; but for those who undergo them, nothing but a bare living, with loss of health, loss of sight, loss of spirits, and a premature old age.

At present, however, we are not specially occupied with the illustrated periodicals of the day, but with those illustrated *books*, which more than any thing else show how remarkable an advance has been made in the general cultivation of the artistic faculty in our professional painters and engravers. Looking back to what children's books and illustrated publications in general have been in our own time, the advance is actually extraordinary. Take up one of the few, the very few children's books of our own young days, which had one, two, or perhaps half a dozen prints to please the childish eye; or some chance numbers of any of that host of twopenny weekly miscellanies, the *Mirror*, or the *Hive*, with scores of others which, about thirty years ago, flooded the booksellers' shops, and then turn to the publications which we have placed at the head of our present remarks. The contrast is perhaps greater than could be discerned in the works of any two other periods in the whole history of art, separated by so short an interval of time. We speak, of course, of wood-engraving only; for we must go back three centuries if we would recur to the young days of copper-engraving and etching. We of this day have made little or no advances upon the skill of the past generation in line engraving; for the good reason that little advance was to be made. In some respects we are even going back. In fact, the greatest line-engraver who ever lived—a man who actually stands alone in the graver's art, Raffaello Morghen, was born in Italy in the middle of the last century. Still, the landscape branch of the art was far behind the historical division. What our English "Illustrated Books" used to be, may be estimated from the somewhat curious and handsomely got up volume, called "Turner and Girtins' Picturesque Views, sixty years since." This book consists of a collection of prints, taken from the original copper-plates themselves, which were disinterred by the publisher a short time ago; with a few memorandums of the lives of Turner and his early friend Girtin, by Mr. Miller; and descriptions of the plates by various hands. The work is cer

tainly curious, as showing what Girtin might have become had he lived, and as giving undoubted indications of the peculiar genius of Turner in his after years. Already it is impossible not to observe the results of that unrivalled eye and hand for aerial perspective which made Turner the greatest of landscape painters.

Returning, then, to those wood-engravings,—or, as they used more modestly to be called, wood-cuts,—which form the chief staple of book-illustrations, it occurs to us that some of our readers may not be perfectly familiar with the peculiarities which distinguish the different works of the graver's skill; and that, when we say that wood-engravings are the *only* kind which can be worked up with letter-press, and sold at the present cheap prices, they would be glad to know *why* this is so. We shall, therefore, beg the better informed reader's pardon for repeating what he already knows, while we briefly indicate the principal of the various processes of the modern engraver's art.

Etching is both the first process in regular copper or steel engraving, and a species of engraving complete in itself. In the latter case, the work is merely carried out with a degree of finish uncalled for in the former. In etching, the metal plate is covered with a thin coating of a mixture of wax, mastic, &c., on which the picture to be represented is traced with a species of needle, each stroke of the needle laying bare the surface of the plate beneath. Aqua-fortis (nitrous acid) is then poured upon the coating, which, passing down the crevices made by the needle, eats into the surface of the plate, and produces a line cut into the metal, precisely as if it had been formed by the hand. The characteristic beauty of etching is the freedom of touch which it allows as opposed to that somewhat mechanical stiffness which accompanies regular engraving, the latter being a process requiring far more muscular force than the former.

In *Engraving* (technically so called) on steel or copper, after the outline has been put in by etching, the details and complete effect are produced by an innumerable quantity of lines, marks, and dots, cut into the metal with a *burin* or graver, applied by the hand. The process is most tedious, and not a little injurious to the sight.

Mezzo-tint is a variety of steel or copper engraving, produced by a curious device. The smooth plate is indented, or hacked all over with a sharp instrument, which covers it with innumerable lines in all directions. If ink were applied to the plate in this condition, and an impression taken from it, the result would be a uniform black colour, marked with num-

berless deeper touches. The picture is produced on the plate by scraping away the indented surface, more or less of the ground being left according to the less or greater degrees of light which it is intended to represent. The chief beauty of mezzo-tint lies in its softness and depth of shadows; its chief defect consists in the poverty and dulness of its lights, and in its deficiency in delicacy of detail. It produces, moreover, but comparatively few impressions before the plate is worn out.

Aqua-tint is a method but little used. It combines the use of a species of a mezzo-tint ground, with the application of acid (as in etching) for the production of the lights.

Lithography is strictly what the name imports—a writing or drawing upon stone. The design is drawn upon a peculiar species of stone, with a prepared black chalk of a greasy nature. When the surface is then covered with printer's ink (which is a greasy fluid), the ink adheres to the chalk-marks left on the stone (which is previously wetted), and to those marks alone; and it is then transferred to paper by the ordinary printing process.

None, then, of these forms of engraving are applicable to the common printing-press. In all metal plates, the dark portions in the print are produced by the *hollows* in the engraved plate; and the process of filling the hollows with ink and of cleaning the projecting portions from all stain is necessarily tedious, and makes the production of each separate impression a comparatively costly affair, to say nothing of the original cost of the engraving. But in letter-press printing, the printed impression is produced by the *projecting* parts of the type, and the inking them for each successive impression on the paper is accomplished with extraordinary rapidity, as also is the actual striking off each impression itself. Engravings, therefore, to be printed *with* letter-press, or by the same rapid process, must be produced by precisely the same means as common printed letters;—and this is the case with *wood-engraving*. The drawing is made with a common but very hard lead pencil upon the smooth surface of a piece of box-wood slightly whitened to assist the sight, and the lights are *cut out* with various little instruments; the projecting parts that remain taking the printer's ink, just as in the case of common printing-type. The designs are generally drawn by the artist himself upon the wood; though this part of the work is sometimes intrusted to the engraver. The large wood-cuts which appear in such publications as the *Illustrated London News* are produced by the junction of several separate pieces of wood,—the box being a tree of small girth

In cases where great rapidity of production is called for, these pieces are actually engraved by different hands, and reunited when finished. In the hurry of modern newspaper work, the junction is often not very complete, as may be seen by the defects constantly visible in the large engravings in periodicals. Box-wood being very hard, an immense number of impressions may be taken from it before the engraving is materially injured. Any of our readers who are curious as to the details of this beautiful art will find them given in one of the works on our list, *The Illustrated London Drawing-book*, an interesting, useful, and very cheap book, containing, among other things, a complete and not overloaded guide to perspective drawing. The student could hardly lay out a couple of shillings to greater advantage. And as a sequel to it, we may recommend the "Series of Progressive Lessons in Drawing and Perspective," published in *Chambers' Educational Course*. These are executed in lithography, and, with the exception of the "animals" (which are feeble and meagre), furnish a large variety of excellent studies, from the human figure down to decorative drawing.

Taking, however, the series before us in the order in which we have placed them, the first is precisely what its title claims for it. We know no other collection of the *best* of our short poems, which equals it in compass, variety, and judiciousness of selection. The series extends from Chaucer to Longfellow, and includes poems of greater length than are usually found in miscellaneous editions. "Comus," for instance, is given at length; so also is "The Prisoner of Chillon," and "Gertrude of Wyoming." The illustrations are of fair merit, some of them decidedly above the average; but the "getting up" of the volume is perfect. The whole is printed on delicately-tinted paper, and the binding is the handsomest specimen of "cloth" covering we have ever seen. At first sight it might pass for a rich, solid morocco. What a contrast to the old-fashioned papered boards of twenty or thirty years ago!

Scarcely less striking is the mode in which the new edition of Mr. Tupper's popular *Proverbial Philosophy* is now offered to the purchasers of gift-books. As is too common with English artists, the landscapes are far superior to the figure-pieces, though none are unworthy of the place they fill, as illustrating Mr. Tupper's very clever and somewhat singular book. Many of them are favourable specimens of the wood-engraver's skill. Hard-headed and shrewd remarks have been rarely presented to the world in a more attractive guise.

The third on our list is the ever-charming *Elegy in a*

Country Churchyard. Mr. Cundall's edition is in every way most elegant. The illustrations preserve the delightful pathos which, with all its elaboration, makes the "Elegy" one of the most touching and natural poems in any language. Its rich-sounding stanzas are unlike the more rapid and irregular strains which later poets conceive to be the only appropriate vehicle for the poetry of sentiment and grief; but, in our judgment, they are pervaded by a feeling of satisfying *repose*, which the schools that have succeeded Gray have rarely, if ever, attained. The majority of the drawings are by Birkett Foster, and worthy of his reputation. Those by "A Lady" show considerable feeling, and in some instances are altogether charming; but here and there, where she has attempted something not purely domestic or rural, her pencil loses its poetry.

The *Poems and Pictures* is the second edition of a capital selection of poetry, already known to many of our readers. Its profuse illustrations are in some respects unequalled by any more recently issued books of the kind. In fact, we cannot call to mind any miscellaneous collection of poems or prose which numbers among its illustrations so many painters of so high reputation as Cope, Dyce, Creswick, Horsley, Redgrave, Pickersgill, Corbould, and others. In common with others in our present catalogue, it shows the typographical care and skill of our own printers, Messrs. Levey, Robson, and Franklyn.

The next on the list may be named as furnishing a peculiarly striking proof of the strides which book illustration has made among us. Bechstein's *Old Story-Teller* is nothing more than a volume of fairy tales, quaint stories, and pretty allegories, attractive to many grown-up readers, but specially designed for boys and girls. Its cover, indeed, fits it for any drawing-room, while Richter's 100 illustrations are nothing less than capital. Sometimes graceful and almost touching but generally odd and farcical, they are, to our taste, the best embodiments we have seen of the quiet spirit of satire which lies hid in so many of the extravaganzas of fairy-land and its border-regions of enchantment in general. The stories are collected, not written, by Bechstein; and though among the rest an occasional old favourite (but newly told) occurs the greater portion will be fresh to the English reader, both young and old. Here and there appears a story of a directly religious character; and one of these—a peculiarly beautiful legend—we cannot forbear quoting:

"Many years ago, there dwelt in a cloister a young monk named Urban, who was remarkable for an earnest and devout frame of mind beyond his fellows, and was therefore intrusted with

the key of the convent library. He was a careful guardian of its contents, and besides, a studious reader of its learned and sacred volumes. One day he read in the Epistles of St. Peter the words, 'One day is with the Lord as a thousand years, and a thousand years as one day;' and this saying seemed impossible in his eyes, so that he spent many an hour in musing over it. Then one morning it happened that the monk descended from the library into the cloister-garden, and there he saw a little bird perched on the bough of a tree, singing sweetly, like a nightingale. The bird did not move as the monk approached her, till he came quite close, and then she flew to another bough, and again another, as the monk pursued her. Still singing the same sweet song, the nightingale flew on; and the monk, entranced by the sound, followed her on out of the garden into the wide world.

"At last he stopped, and turned back to the cloister; but every thing seemed changed to him, and every thing had become larger, more beautiful, and older,—the buildings, the garden; and in the place of the low, humble cloister-church, a lofty minster with three towers reared its head to the sky. This seemed very strange to the monk, indeed marvellous; but he walked on to the cloister-gate and timidly rang the bell. A porter entirely unknown to him answered his summons, and drew back in amazement when he saw the monk. The latter went in, and wandered through the church, gazing with astonishment on memorial-stones which he never remembered to have seen before. Presently the brethren of the cloister entered the church; but all retreated when they saw the strange figure of the monk. The abbot only (but not his abbot) stopped, and stretching a crucifix before him, exclaimed, 'In the name of Christ, who art thou, spirit or mortal? And what dost thou seek here, coming from the dead among us the living?'

"The monk, trembling and tottering like an old man, cast his eyes to the ground, and for the first time became aware that a long silvery beard descended from his chin over his girdle, to which was still suspended the key of the library. To the monks around the stranger seemed some marvellous appearance; and, with a mixture of awe and admiration, they led him to the chair of the abbot. There he gave to a young man the key of the library, who opened it, and brought out a chronicle wherein it was written, that three hundred years ago the monk Urban had disappeared, and no one knew whither he had gone.

"'Ah, bird of the forest, was it then thy song?' said the monk Urban, with a sigh; 'I followed thee for scarce three minutes, listening to thy notes, and yet three hundred years have passed away! Thou hast sung to me the song of eternity, which I could never before learn. Now I know it; and, dust myself, I pray to God kneeling in the dust.'

"With these words he sank to the ground, and his spirit ascended to Heaven."

The Charm, equally attractive in its blue and gold bind-

ing, was first published as a magazine for boys and girls, and comprises stories, historical sketches, poetry, natural history, and other subjects of "information." The spirit in which it is written seems perfectly unobjectionable; the stories have a good "purpose;" and the historical sketches contrast pleasantly with the ordinary lying tales which are palmed upon the young mind as undoubted truth. The paper on St. Louis of France, for instance, is a cordial eulogy on the saint-king, such as a Catholic might have written, with only a small paragraph of mild twaddle about persecution, the "one sad sad stain on the memory of this good and great king." The illustrations put to shame the prints in many a book *not* for boys and girls. Some are from Richter's animated and almost classical pencil, and engraved with a degree of breadth which we are glad to see now gradually supplanting the bewildering confusion of distance which has long been the bane of fashionable wood-cutting. Quite equal in their line are Harrison Weir's designs. As a painter of animals, this very clever artist is unsurpassed by any, with the exception of Landseer; and the delicacy of touch with which he marks every part of the figure, is here faithfully rendered by the engraver.

On the next in our list, *The Parables of Krummacher*, two of our best wood-engravers, the Brothers Dalziel, have been employed, the drawings being by Mr. Clayton. Mr. Clayton has an eye for statuesque grouping, which harmonises with the peculiar oneness of idea which belongs to the parable. A little more animation and movement would perhaps give variety to his designs; but nevertheless, they are such as *we* never saw in books in our own childhood. Krummacher's *Parables* are partly short episodes from the Bible narratives, told with free additions of detail from the author's mind, conceived in a calm and meditative spirit; and partly of short stories, or allegories, wholly original, but all with some distinctly indicated moral in them. The parable being Eastern, rather than European, in character, there is necessarily a certain amount of stiffness and elaboration in such forms of writing from a German pen. Still, Krummacher's are the best we know of, and possess an individuality and naturalness of feeling which is always attractive. A pretty cover encloses the present handsome edition.

The Ice-King and the Sweet South Wind, by Mrs. C. H. Butler, appears to be an American story-book, reprinted in this country. The *Ice-King* means ill-humour, and the *South Wind* good-humour; and the volume consists of some very fair tales about boys and girls, under the influence of the freezing blast and the genial gale. There are also some lively

verses interspersed. The illustrations have spirit, and as works of art are tolerable.

The Adventures of a Dog is an amusing story about dogs and "dogesses," chiefly remarkable for its whimsical and masterly illustrations by Harrison Weir. The degree of human character which this artist contrives to bestow upon his canine creations, without the slightest loss of true dog-like identity, is astonishing. At the first glance, aided as they are with the help of human dress, they seem positively men, women, and children. The old patriarchal dog, telling his stories to a listening crowd of puppies, and the medical dog, administering physic or gruel to a sick patient in bed, are really extraordinary. One only regrets that the juvenile mind cannot thoroughly appreciate the skill bestowed in the preparations for its entertainment.

The eleventh in our series, *The Pictorial Book of Ancient Ballad Poetry*, is more worthy of notice for its letter-press than for its illustrations. As a collection of the old popular poetry of England it is very valuable. "Chevy Chace," the oldest known of these singular relics of our forefathers' humour and feeling, dates as far back as the reign of Henry VI., and generally the antiquity of the most famous of our ballads is considerable. The description of the priest, "all shaven and shorn," assigns an ante-Reformation period even to the nursery song of "The House that Jack built." It is not a little curious, indeed, to trace the singular changes in manners that four centuries have witnessed in the gradual modifications in ballad poetry, ending in its final extinction as a *national* production. The reader who has an inclination for pursuing such a speculation, or who can enjoy the genial heartiness and poetic, though untamed, vigour, which place these old poems in such striking contrast with nearly all modern songs, will find abundant materials in Mr. Moore's collection. To the ancient ballads he has wisely added a large number of the most successful modern imitations which have employed the skill of some of our best poets, including, however, some which, though very much of the "ballad" cast, cannot well be called "imitations." "John Gilpin" and the "Ancient Mariner" are rather the legitimate successors of the ancient ballad than imitations of its form. A few translations from foreign ballads close the volume.

The twelfth on our list, *The Pretty Plate*, a book for children, has a few graceful illustrations; but we cannot recommend it as a story.

The *Flowers from the Garden of Knowledge* have less pretence than some of the works we have already noticed; but

they are sufficiently striking proofs of the care with which children's books are now got up. The letter-press is rather mediocre; but the fancy and variety of the prints is quite remarkable. Compare the frame-work of flowers and foliage with which these cuts are surrounded, with those intended, not for children of eight or nine years old, but for grown-up readers a quarter of a century ago. As in the others we have noticed, we are glad to see a very decided diminution in the prices with which publishers used to victimise the purchasers of children's books of all kinds.

The last before us is an imperial quarto volume of woodcuts, collected from various illustrated publications, and printed, scrap-book fashion, with a couple of rhyming lines to each. It is really a capital assemblage of men, animals, and scenes. Some of the cuts are excellent,—for example, the illustrations of “Old Mother Hubbard;” and the general predominance of the farcical will make the whole especially welcome to the little generation, to whom the “beautiful” is as yet a thing unknown.

CHRISTIAN AND PAGAN ROME.

The Pilgrim; or, Truth and Beauty in Catholic Lands.
Burns and Lambert, London; J. Duffy, Dublin; Spain,
Bristol.

The Turkish Flag. (A Thought in Verse.) By Brinsley
Norton. Reynell and Weight, London.

LOVE-POETRY has been occasionally attacked on the ground of its being “poetry ready-made;” but its popularity has not been much diminished, even by the proverbial difficulty of “gilding gold,” or adding “a perfume to the violet.” The author of *The Pilgrim* need, therefore, not feel much anxiety if a similar exception should be taken against that poem. The simple statement, that it is a poem descriptive of Christian Rome, and of the most Catholic passages, whether of nature or art, with which the devout traveller becomes acquainted on his way to and from the great Christian centre, makes it obvious that its subject is the most poetical, in one sense, that exists. Such a subject, it may be said, is itself poetry, and hardly admits of adornment. The author has been aware of this, and has, with as much critical skill as poetic feeling, sought for poetic effect, not from trope or metaphor, or whatever may be called the “furniture of

poetry," but from a wise selection and a graphic description. Nature and grace have combined to furnish the materials of her poem; and her task has been that of rightly adapting such materials to a purpose at once poetic and religious. This has been done with ability and with reverence. The imagination and the heart have worked together: the latter has supplied the key to that world of spiritual beauty and truth which so many pass coldly by; and the former has illustrated with the vivid touches of poetry scenes which whoever has but in part appreciated them, will wish to grave upon his memory. We noticed the first part of the work as soon as it appeared: a second and third part complete the poem, and do more than justice to the anticipations which we then expressed.

We rejoin the Pilgrim in Rome. At the threshold of the Apostles she has laid down the burden of false liberty, and found instead that "glorious liberty," of which Divine Truth is the seal. Like other returning prodigals, she has found reality and certainty where previously she had been playing with spiritual ideas and devout associations, till, but for that supernatural grace which is the secret of conversion, it seemed impossible to distinguish between shadows and substances. She has returned again to the one "Church of our Baptism," to which every one validly baptised has once belonged; and she has renounced that most foreign of all foreign allegiances—the subjection to the civil power of Christ's Church, or that which claims the name. She has been accused of disloyalty, because she has returned to that Church which is the mother and head of Christendom, and to the "rock" from which all alike acknowledge that the Christianity of the Anglo-Saxon race "was hewn:" but the fatted calf has been killed, and the robe and ring given. On such occasions, amid the discords of a perverse world, alarmed at it knows not what, and incensed where there is cause but for joy, a gratulating music is heard which combines the festive rejoicing of the Church below with the jubilee of those angels who rejoice over one sinner that repents. Every one must have remarked how a sudden strain of music brightens the landscape at which we gaze. It is no wonder that the faculties newly roused in the Pilgrim—faculties which waken not only "amid the music of loftier thoughts," but amid the celestial strains of services never before intelligible—should sharpen the spiritual discernment of faith itself, and cause it to descry in the objects presented to it much of which the ordinary Catholic is often deprived by dulness or by habit. She is edified by the Presepio of Christmas, as well as by the Sepulchres of Good Friday. She kisses the relics of that

arm which Becket raised to defend the Church which Cranmer betrayed. She is no more dis-edified by the benediction of the horses on St. Antony's day, than an English farmer is dis-edified when, at special seasons, a blessing is publicly invoked, with religious and parliamentary rites, on his crops, or when the meat is "blessed" at his board. When the shepherds of the Abruzzi, during the days that precede Christmas, leave their native mountains, take their stand before the image of Our Lady at the corner of the street, or in wayside cells, and on their "grating pipes" sing gratulating hymns to her whom all successive generations call "blessed," the Pilgrim is no more scandalised than a British statesman, averse to mummeries, would be by an anniversary dinner in honour of a departed hero. The Chair of St. Peter, lifted high in the cathedral which guards his bones, and

" Watch'd by the Church's four great Doctors,"

seems to her, though vacant, a spectacle as interesting as that of the vacant throne to which peers do obeisance in the House of Lords. The altar before which, in the Church of St. Andrea delle Fratte, a Jew was, but a dozen years ago, converted to Christianity by the Blessed Virgin herself who suddenly appeared to him, she regards with more reverence than the Swiss regard the platform and chapel of Tell; nor do the Salvian fountains, near the spot on which St. Paul suffered, seem to her more "legendary" than the three fountains of Grubli, still shown, where the three deliverers of Switzerland took counsel together by night. The symbolical tapers of Candlemas seem to her no more childish than the lighted candles held by a subject who receives his sovereign as a guest. In short, our Pilgrim has become a Catholic, and wanders forth through the great Christian metropolis, not to criticise, but to admire, venerate, and be edified. She sees what is before her, and she will teach many others to see it; though doubtless much more cleverness is often shown by not seeing what is plain. The following extract will have a special interest for the English reader at the present day:

The Apostle of England.

" Steep is the path which mounts the Cælian hill,
And high the convent walls on either side.
The Pilgrim paused in the ascent to gaze
Upon the Palatine: the ruins stood
In the sweet sunshine of the early spring,
Cold, as it seem'd, in death, while all around
Was life and hope; the rosy almond bloom'd,
And the white cherry strove in vain to clothe
Those palaces with splendour like the past.
It seem'd that soldiers of the middle age

Built San Giovanni, like a castle strong ;
 Now Gothic splendour too is past away :
 But there was bustle at the convent door,
 Menials and horses, equipages mix'd,
 Jostling with beggars, ever garrulous ;
 The scent of incense was upon the air,
 And fluttering hangings, red and white, and lights
 Glared from within, and flowers and evergreens,
 And all the festal pomp and circumstance.
 She enter'd 'mid the crowd of worshippers :
 Before the altar of Saints John and Paul,
 Where lie their bodies, urn'd in porphyry,
 A Cardinal in all his purples knelt,
 Beside the student and the cassock'd priest,
 Some prostrate, some were kneeling at the vault
 In the mid nave, where dwelt those early saints—
 Their home and then their place of martyrdom.
 Such faith was theirs! she thought, and mounted slow
 The flights of stairs and triple terraces
 Below St. Gregory's; the wide-flung doors
 Show'd, kneeling at the altar of the saint,
 Lines of Camaldolese, who bore the cross
 And chanted litanies: the chorus sweet
 Swell'd down the nave, and from the lofty porch
 'Ora pro nobis' reach'd the Palatine ;
 The palace of the Cæsars echo'd back
 The mighty 'Libera nos, Domine.'

* * * * *

The monk led on,—

He show'd St. Silvia's chapel, named from her
 Who train'd the holy childhood of her son,
 And so herself was canonised; he show'd
 Another chapel on that terraced height,
 St. Barbara's, where yet the table stands
 On which St. Gregory at supper served
 The poor of Christ. For twelve the board was spread,
 Another and a Greater came unask'd :
 The sainted Pope was frescoed on the walls,
 Sending with power Augustin forth to preach
 Salvation to the savage islanders ;
 And how he landed on the English shore,
 And won to grace the heathen Ethelbert.
 The Pilgrim's thoughts were of her distant home,
 While in that garden-plot of hedgerows green
 She stood to look upon the calm grey eve ;
 The birds were singing in the budding trees,
 And perfumes rose from avenues of limes,
 As the dews fell on the Gregorian Way."

Our next quotation shall be from a passage illustrating that problem, which, more perhaps than any other, forces itself on the attention of the thoughtful traveller. Elsewhere it is possible to forget the connexion between sacred and pagan Rome: at Rome it is impossible to overlook it; and, in revolving it, we learn the relations between the Church

and the nations,—between the kingdom of Christ and the kingdoms of this world,—between history previous to Christianity and subsequent to it. In pagan Rome, the power that is not Divine was permitted to put forth the very utmost of its might and majesty. The last of the great empires, it absorbed into itself, not only the territories, but the characteristics of all; and it crowned them with an intellectual and moral strength specially its own. All the wealth of the Babylonian and Assyrian empires, as well as of the Carthaginian, sent their golden tides up the Tiber. The science and art of Greece had been transplanted to Italy; and though they did not flourish as in their native soil, they put forth as stately growths as will consent to expand beneath the shadow of despotic power. The chivalry of ancient Persia, and even the indomitable energy of the Parthian, were petty things when measured by the onset of the Roman legion. The Mediterranean had become a Roman lake; and the three continents of the old world, pierced through by the Roman roads, and yoked together by the chains, never yet severed, of Roman law, constituted an empire that knew no national name, as it acknowledged no nationalities; an empire, the circumference of which was, like the horizon, an imaginary and ever-expanding line; but of which the fixed centre was the “*Urbs Roma*.” This marvellous empire, if its nature and its law forbade it to recognise the claims of aught external to itself, aspired at least to impart its own greatness to whatever clothed itself with the Roman name. To each conquered city it gave municipal freedom; and, on certain conditions, the emancipated bondsman of a remote and petty tribe might claim Roman citizenship, and lay his hand upon the sceptre that swayed the world. The greatest of empires had been the slow result of the greatest and most continuous exercise of whatever in man is most heroic—courage, ability, practical sense, domestic virtue, social probity, patriotism, self-control. These qualities “*verily have their reward*” in this world; and that, notwithstanding the admixture of qualities—ambition, recklessness, cruelty—the reward of which is of a different nature, and is, in part, reserved for a future life. In Rome, then, this earth was permitted to manifest the very utmost of what it could do. But vast as its projects were, they were mundane still; and all-embracing as was that civilisation which compassed, and in no small degree elevated, the various races of man, it was still but a terrestrial civilisation. Under these circumstances, to be greatest is, in one sense, to be worst. Civilisation, deflected from a spiritual aim, is but barbarism made respectable, and confusion methodised.

Pagan Rome, therefore, was Babylon restored, consummated, and subjecting to itself the whole of œcumenical earth; and for that reason it was selected as the spot upon which the kingdom of God was to have also its visible centre. Jerusalem was to triumph where Babel had triumphed; and the sceptre of righteousness was to be lifted on high on the spot where the prince of this world had had his chief day of domination; and from which, the blind drudge of Providence, he had prepared the way of his Destroyer, and ploughed the fields which a mightier Husbandman was to sow and reap. It is in this sense that the Fathers apply to pagan Rome that title of Babylon, which some Protestant controversialists have, with a blindness or an unfairness astounding even in the annals of heresy, affirmed that they applied to Rome in their own sense; though the very same Fathers attest the superior eminence among the Churches possessed by Christian Rome, and bear witness to the special prerogatives possessed by Peter, its first bishop. The force of prejudice can, perhaps, go no further than in thus confounding Rome the Persecutor and Rome the Persecuted. The Roman civilisation embraced and licensed all religions except one, as to a certain extent the public opinion of England may be said to do. Against that one it waged a chronic warfare of hatred and scorn, and an intermittent warfare of persecution, on the ground that that religion alone was a conspiracy,—was the tyrant of the hearth, and the rival of the civil power,—was blasphemous in its pretensions, magical in its rites, secret in its organisation, remorseless in its asceticism, pitiless to kith and kin, nay, to self, and intolerable from its exclusiveness. That religion was not allowed to live in the open air. It descended, therefore, to the catacombs; and thence, when three centuries had passed as the flight of three days, it rose again with the banner of salvation, and seated itself on a throne, of which all the mutations of the world from the time that the first city was built, and all the vices and virtues of mankind, had been consciously or unconsciously, meritoriously or by servile necessity, collecting the materials.] But, till that hour had sounded, and the fountains of the great deep, broken open, had submerged the triumphs of impiety, the Christian worship, alone refused, and was refused, a place in the Roman Pantheon.] Promiscuousness is not charity; nor is it a mother alone that opens her arms at all times and to all. The temple that welcomed all gods was the temple of Established Unbelief; and the Christian refused to enter it. His temple was the Coliseum, not the Pantheon. As he looked round him there, he beheld, not the statued gods of every land and

clime, but the Nubian lion, the tiger of Mauritania, and elephants as broad as any that have ever, with the standard and presented arms of England, assisted at the procession of Jugernaut's chariot. In that place, he who cruelly, perversely, and contumaciously, refused even to scatter a few grains of incense, at the command of the prætor, on the sacrifice which the Dea Roma required, offered up the sacrifice of himself (where he was not permitted to offer a holier sacrifice) to the God of Truth. The thought of another suffering made his seem easy; and within that circuit was shed that blood of martyrdom which, from the time of St. Stephen to that of the Polish nuns, has ever proved the seed of the Church. Central in the Coliseum stands the Cross, which, by consecrating the building, has made a ruin an eternal monument. Round the lowest range of seats, from which the "senate and people" of Rome looked down upon sports which custom had made easy to them, are now ranged the pictured stations of our Lord's Passion; and once in every week, on that penitential day which renews the memory of Calvary, they are visited by the procession of the "Via Crucis." A spot only less sacred than that which enshrines the relics of the Apostles, could not be looked on coldly by the Pilgrim; nor could the most elaborate description of it add to the pathos or significance of the scene.

"Who may be those who in procession walk,
 So closely veil'd, along the Sacred Way,
 With step untutor'd by monastic rule,
 Yet stay'd by some firm purpose? These are call'd
 'Lovers of Jesus and of Mary,' bound
 To visit on the day their Saviour died
 The several Stations of His Agony,
 The Via Crucis; and as though they trod
 The distant hills of Calvary, the Church
 Accepts and overpays the exercise.
 The Cross precedes them through the darksome vault
 Between the Coliseum and the world;
 Each prints a kiss upon the Cross which stamps
 On either side the entrance; and again,
 Before the Cross, whose arms midway divide
 The amphitheatre, they kneel again,
 And seek indulgence by a reverent kiss.
 Then voices murmur, 'Lord, in sorrowing love,
 In penitent and grateful love, we ask
 Mercy on earth, and endless bliss in heaven.'
 A single voice sings then in that sweet tongue
 Framed to express the feelings of the heart,
 'The bloody footsteps of my Lord I tread;'
 So ran the verse at intervals, and still
 The chorus full at every Station sang,

'Sweet Jesus, by Thy Passion give us peace,'
 The Cross still moving as they walk'd, and sang
 The 'Stabat Mater,' mournfullest lament
 That ever told a grieving Mother's woe.
 And at each Station lamentations rose,
 Accents of pity, mix'd with penitence,
 As each sad scene awoke a deeper woe;
 Prostrate at each fresh agony, they cried,
 'Thee we adore and bless, for by Thy Cross,
 O Christ, Thou hast redeem'd the guilty world.'
 It seem'd as grief had quench'd the very life
 With that deep 'Miserere nostri.' No:
 The Cross was borne aloft, the chorus full
 Echoed around the amphitheatre,
 'Hail, Holy Cross! and He who bore it, hail!'
 Long from the slow procession rose the notes;
 Returning still from Trajan's massive arch,
 And from the Via Sacra, echoed faint,
 'Hail, Holy Cross! and He who bore it, hail!' "

There are, even at Rome, few objects of a more touching interest than those countless processions which date from the earliest period, and which the traveller sometimes supposes to be got up chiefly for his amusement. Where solitude is most prized, and the eremite is held in veneration, there also society seems most to cast off what is gregarious merely, and most naturally to shape itself in the moulds of beauty and order. Discipline, and consequently symmetry, are in the South an instinct, as much as a law, notwithstanding those irregular sallies of passion which militate against them. It is not wonderful, that in a city the very soul of which is worship, the streets as well as the churches should be consecrated by processions following the Cross. The Roman processions are living traditions symbolising that marvellous historical existence of the Church, by which, as generation is linked to generation, so truth is linked to truth, and usage to usage.

In all parts of Rome you meet them. Now it is the dark procession of the Capuchins, as, bearing torches and chanting the penitential Psalms, they carry the dead to his place of rest. Now it is a procession of girls covered with white veils, and ascending the steps of the church in which they are to receive their first communion. The day has been looked forward to with as sanguine a hope as a bridal day, and chaplets abundant enough for many bridals strew the way. The procession is now one of students, now one of monks; and in each case the peaceful ensigns which they bear before them reveal, as they catch the brighter lights of morning or evening, a history far more ancient than those commemorated by the standards of war. Of these processions, none are more interesting than

those so constantly witnessed by the venerable Basilica which guards the relics of the Holy Cross, the precious gift of St. Helena. To an Englishman who remembers that she who re-discovered that Cross, concealed for so many years beneath the soil of Calvary, was not only the mother of the first Christian emperor, but also was of British race, the patriarchal church of Santa Croce is a happy omen for the future, as well as a glorious memorial of the past. The processions which unwind their endless gyres in its neighbourhood, catch also a specially picturesque character from the rural scenery through which they pass. "The hills stand around Jerusalem:"—it is thus that the great Roman Basilicas, in place of occupying a central position, stand around the Jerusalem of the new law, guarding its gates, and sanctifying the roads that approach it. Owing to this circumstance, far the larger part of that triangle which lies between the Basilicas of Santa Maria Maggiore, San Giovanni Laterano, and Santa Croce, is carpeted with grass, and shadowed by groves and thickets. The ceremonials which take place within that space combine, in a singular manner, ecclesiastical solemnities with the "boon grace of nature" and rural festivity. Both characteristics are brought out by the Pilgrim's description :

" A Crucifix precedes the ghastly hoods
Of those who cast aside the noble's garb,
To join unnoticed the procession. Veiled
Beneath a cerement-cloth of white, advance
Fair Roman ladies, chanting, as they walk,
The solemn ' Miserere ; ' kneeling then,
Each voice entones the Litany ; they chant
' Ora pro nobis ' in the chorus full.
Slow they return : the ' De profundis ' swells
Down the long line ; the ' Requiescat ' falls
More distant on the ear.

* * * * *

There enclosed

In precious casket, is a thorn, a nail,
The very superscription of the Cross,
The Cross itself. And, at the awful sight,
Down bows each head, each knee upon the ground
Does homage to the Lord who hallowed it ;
And then with quick revulsion, joy inspired
The crowd departing ; horses pranced along,
And rushing wheels divided the gay groups :
Some to the Lateran turned, where shadows long
Lay on the turf ; some trod the long straight road,
At whose extremity St. Mary's spires
Looked small in the blue distance. Walls and trees
And grass, in lessening lines receding still,
And ruins vast, and mountains azure deep,
And fountains, streets, and convents ; till expands

At once the glorious sunset from the brow
Of the old Pincian : dusky domes on domes,
Each rising behind each ; St. Peter's last ;
And on the furthest hill one single pine,
Dark in the ruddy heavens, where brighter gold
Yet marks the path down which the setting sun
Rolls his swift wheels into the burning west."

The merit of the Pilgrim is of an order not easily illustrated by quotations, consisting less in the power of particular passages than in the fidelity and saliency with which, as a whole, it represents Catholicity in connexion with what is most worthy of note in nature and art, and with those traditional manners which owe their existence to Catholicity. In such a work, selection and appreciation are all in all. The writer must have an eye capable of seeing what is characteristic, and must pass unnoticed much which, though striking, would tend rather to bewilder the reader than to deepen the impression he wishes to convey. The success of the work before us in this respect is complete. It is utterly unlike the hundred-and-one guide-books, in prose and verse, with which the traveller has been beset for so many years, and in which he is challenged, within the compass of a page, to sympathise with a mass of heterogeneous interests mutually at war. He is to be at one moment a Pagan, and the next a Christian ; now to venerate St. Peter's confession, and now to complain because "apostolic statues climb" till they have surmounted the columns of Trajan and Antonine, and thus "crush the imperial urn whose ashes sleep sublime." He is at one moment to indulge in a little enthusiasm about the catacombs, and the next to indulge in twice as much because the tomb of an Etrurian king has been dug up. He is to pass judgment on half the pontiffs of the Church since the time of St. Peter ; and again, in an exceptional sentence, to canonise one of them who has attempted to drain the Pontine marshes, or who has cleared away the soil about a buried pillar in the Forum. He is to be equally enraptured about some third-class Venus of antiquity and about Raffaello's Transfiguration. He is to protest against the narrow-mindedness of those who are attached to that great artist's "prima maniera," but at the same time to lament that his "Fornarina" had round eyes instead of those long, almond-shaped eyes, so much more favourable to the expression of devotion. He is to feel admiration for St. Bruno, from the moment that he has seen the great Carthusian church, and that statue which "would speak, but that the rule of its Order forbids ;" with the contemplative legislator of an earlier time, Numa, he is to

sympathise in exactly the same proportion; nor is he to be wholly out of sympathy with the red-coated sportsmen of England, who, after a day's hunt on the Campagna, water their horses at the fountain of Egeria. He is to canonise the unknown Cecilia Metella, and to account St. Cecilia apocryphal, or *vice versâ*, just as happens. From the chamber where conversed St. Dominick and St. Francis, the medieval apostles of divine knowledge and divine love, he is to wander to the churchyard which enshrines the tombs of two unbelieving poets, and on each occasion to indulge in a little hero-worship. He is to revere the religious aspect of the city, but to condemn as superstitious almost every thing that stamps that character upon it. It is no wonder that those whose impressions of Rome are formed in the modern schools of diletantism, should, ere a month has passed, feel their head go round like the head of a dancing dervise. No better remedy can be found than in a book such as *The Pilgrim*, in which the descriptions are in harmony with each other, because taken from a single, and that a commanding point of view.

That point of view is of course a Christian one. Holding the doctrine of the Sacraments, the Pilgrim is not unprepared to find the inward exhibited by the outward, things spiritual by material objects. To her, accordingly, the metropolis of Christendom is an image of the Church, in the same sense as Jerusalem would have been an exponent of Judaism, or Pagan Rome of the glories of this world. Throughout it she finds the triumphs of meekness and charity in conjunction with the sterner memorials of an ever-militant faith. Rome is the history of the Church written in stone. From the subterranean catacombs in which the twenty-eight martyred popes of the first three centuries said Mass, to the cross that crowns St. Peter's, every stone bears "the marks of Christ." It illustrates Christianity in every relation; and if it does not strike the beholder at first sight as much as he had expected, that very circumstance results from the fact, that it is "all glorious within," and that its message is not to the outward eye, but to the eye illumined by faith. In many instances a small church, centuries old, but of which the exterior has never yet been finished, contains within it gems and marbles rich enough to have built cathedrals,—inscriptions and monuments of a higher value still, and relics compared with which the mines of history and the golden mine are alike valueless. In Rome, time remits his sway. The lamps which burn before the confession of apostle and martyr have burned there for a thousand years and more; and the relics to which St. Augustin appealed with confidence have cured the cripple of yesterday,

and excited the scorn of those who would have scorned them fifteen hundred years since. The "Tu es Petrus," traced in characters of gold round the firmamental dome of the Vatican Basilica, seems but a reverberation from those days when the artists who delineated Moses striking the rock on the dim walls of the catacombs represented him with the sacred keys at his girdle, and traced the word "Petrus" beneath him, in confession that Moses was the Peter of the ancient law, and that the Rock of whom all drank was Christ. The Madonnas that consecrate the glittering apse of mediæval or modern church differ but in attitude from the Madonnas of the catacombs, who extend their arms in prayer while the Church combats for the faith. This the Pilgrim perceives; and her enthusiasm is therefore no more that of an antiquarian than that of a mere artist. She is as much edified by the last votive offering that commemorates a granted prayer, as by the architectural offerings of a Constantine, or the monuments of a Theodosius. It is with space as with time: her sympathies are Catholic; and when, on the feast of the Epiphany, she hears the Greek and Armenian rites, she sees but the multi-form variety of that faith which "is uniform, but manifold her form." An open heart, as well as an open eye, makes her descry the popular and charitable character of institutions by many classed among the arts of luxury; and she exclaims,

"O blessed poor! the splendour of the church!
The joy of all her festivals is yours;
For you the painter all his art exhausts;
You see the gorgeous altar; you approach,
And none forbids you, in your Father's house.
Yours was the blessing of the Son of Man;
Yours is the promise too, O happy poor!"

Art is, in *The Pilgrim*, ever viewed in its connexion with faith, and regarded as one of the queen's daughters by whom Religion is surrounded, who watch her hand, and obey her slightest behest. In this devotion to 'Christian art,' however, there is nothing narrow. On the contrary, it is always insisted on, that all the genuine forms of art are christianised by a Christian spirit, and have their place in the treasure-house of her who was not only to "enlarge the former narrow bounds" with arts unknown before, but also to have the "heathen for her inheritance."

"Where did Pisano study symmetry,
Unless at Pisa from a Grecian frieze,
Stored as the school of all who carve and paint?
Alas! that in those two luxurious halls,
Where Raffaele painted and Cellini graved,
Heathens gave rules for morals as for taste,

Till taste usurped the sphere that morals fill,
 And Christian men grew heathen as they gazed!
 But Truth must be unchanged; and art is true,
 An image from immortal beauty framed:
 Its canons change not with the changing world;
 Christian and heathen study them alike,
 But with a different purpose. As the tongue
 Speaks in all languages of earth to heaven,
 All styles of art their mother Church adorn:
 She loves the massive forms in Egypt learnt;
 The domes and marble columns of the Greek;
 The Gothic niche, and many-pillar'd nave."

Perhaps the chief characteristic of the picture presented to us of Rome is its life-like character. For this purpose stateliness of effect is willingly sacrificed, and whatever is most familiar is most prized. As the pilgrims, the washing of whose feet on Maundy Thursday is here described, do not come into church with silk stockings on, so our poetical Pilgrim enters the Holy City in other than the attire that passes the censure of Belgravia, sacred or profane, and handles many things that are not touched by white kid gloves. The Swiss Guard, nay, the Noble Guard, find their place in her picture of Rome: the "grazia" of yesterday and the indulgence of to-day are as heartily accepted as the rites of St. Sylvester's time. The fear of the critics is no more before her than before the devout and child-like Italian race with whom she makes us acquainted.

" O blessed Rome!
 Thy faith is not of cold necessity,
 But full of the sweet confidence of love!"

Such is the comment with which she greets a legend which would be characterised as, at the least, "an idle thing, profanely invented," by multitudes who would think it "un-English" to cast aside the legend of King Alfred and the burned cakes, and who cherish traditions and legends without end respecting their own ancestors, the nursery history of their children, and, in short, respecting all that, however deeply rooted in the heart, necessarily makes its transit through the imagination likewise, on its way to the memory. It may be worth remarking, that the notion that grave evil can result from the occasional admixture of unintentional error with veracity in such narrations, proceeds from a source not so much Protestant as latently infidel. Protestants are usually without the means of distinguishing between that which is theologically *de fide* and that which is accepted merely on evidence, and with a historical or ecclesiastical belief proportioned to that evidence. No part of their system being there-

fore absolutely and conclusively free from doubt, there is no fortress within which certain Faith can entrench itself; and they feel as if all was insecure when confronted with the palpable fact, that between history and religion there exists a border-land, in which to require certainty is as perverse as it is preposterous to shut one's eyes against the fatal consequences of being left without certainty in matters of revealed doctrine. Faith can rest on nothing save the Rock of Ages; but the affections can and do move, both in the higher and the lower region, with profit as well as pleasure, where impelled only by laudable instincts, and directed by probability. We regret that we cannot follow our Pilgrim over the many other interesting spots, both in Rome and on her homeward way, to which her pencil has added a new interest. The extracts which we have given—and we would have gladly made them more numerous, had our limits permitted—suffice to prove that in *The Pilgrim* the lover of poetry will find much to make him a lover of other and graver things beside poetry; and that the thoughtful traveller, whether Catholic or Protestant, who visits the regions so faithfully portrayed in that work, will find in it a poet for his companion and his guide.

We cannot conclude without drawing attention to another poem, brief, but very striking, which carries the mind of the reader, not to Rome, but to that second Rome, so long the rival metropolis of the world, at which the destinies of man are at the present moment rehearsing a part which may stamp the character of future ages. *The Turkish Flag, or a Thought in Verse*, is the work of a very young poet, but of one who bids fair to become one day a well-known one. The stanza in which it is written is that very difficult one to which we have become in some sort habituated through Tennyson's *In Memoriam*; though, with the exception of a few poems of the Elizabethan period, our literature possesses but few specimens of it. The skill with which it is managed, and the vigour of the diction, are sufficient in themselves to prove that Mr. Brinsley Norton possesses a portion of that ability which is hereditary in his family. The subject is the war on which the eyes and hearts of all the world are now bent. It commences thus:—

“ Men said that War was driven out;
And pale Peace, crown'd with fruitful palms,
Was carried victor, with glad psalms
And manly cheers, on shoulders stout.
That sacred Image, safe restored,—
All worshipped at the unlaurelled shrine;
War's blood-stained wreaths we ceased to twine;
Peace was the goddess we adored!

Borne high aloft, with calm fixed gaze
 She seemed to rule the eddying crowd ;
 With silver smile drank in the loud
 Hosannas chanted in her praise.

She was to step from her high throne,
 And traverse all the chastened land ;
 With royal touch, and healing hand,
 Making the feverish world her own.

All men, like Raleigh, were to spread
 Embroidered vestments in the street
 For those processional fair feet,—
 In homage to their queenly tread ;

And out through fields she was to pass,
 Where blushing clover scents the lea,
 Or harvest lifts its burnished sea,—
 To bowers among the untrodden grass.

‘Peace reigns!’ The message found our minds
 Credent, and full of holy fire ;
 Her welcome chimed from many a spire,
 And sweetly burdened sea-bound winds.”

With the acclaim which has, in its turn, greeted the proclamation of war, Mr. Brinsley Norton does not sympathise; and, so far, we fear that the public will not sympathise with him. The war presents itself to him chiefly as “the Crescent against the Cross.” Such, we must own, was at one time its aspect; and even now we fear there are too many who regard the Turkish struggle more in a commercial than in a crusading spirit. It now, however, appears that the rights, both civil and religious, of the Christians have not been overlooked by the Western Powers; and provided they are effectually vindicated, Mr. Norton, we doubt not, will be well pleased to see an unjust aggression repelled, and one of earth’s fairest and most historical regions saved from the oppression of the Russian despot. The knell of Islam is rung; and it is now a schismatical, not a Mahometan, caliphate that threatens Christendom.

Short Notices.

THEOLOGY, PHILOSOPHY, &c.

Thoughts and Affections on the Passion of Jesus Christ. Vol. 2d (Richardson and Son). The second volume of this work appears to attain, if not to exceed, the extreme limit of what the Catholic public ought to tolerate in the way of bad printing and bad translation. Scarcely a page is free from faults either of typography or of translation. The

very first page gives us four of the former ; and this is not the only page in which they are thus numerous. Thus, elsewhere (p. 124), we are told that "the Jews will always have a *malidiction* on their *Pasovers* for the most *greavous* crime of having," &c. ; we are exhorted (p. 189) to remember that "*Jews* is God ;" we are told (p. 14) that it is customary to eat the Paschal *Lamp* ; and so on, *usque ad nauseam*. Now all this is really intolerable in a book on so sacred a subject as that of our Lord's Passion. Young people will be extremely apt to laugh and make fun of religious books which are produced in this manner, and old people will certainly have a very good ground for declining to use them. These faults in the case of the present work are the more to be lamented, as the substance of the book is full of edification. The translation would seem to be the work of a foreigner ; not having the original at hand, we are quite unable to conjecture the meaning of some passages.

Answers to the Objections most commonly raised against Religion. Translated from the French of the Abbé Segur, by Miss E. Young (Richardson). The publication of the Abbé Segur's work in English will be received with general satisfaction. The original work has proved itself to be eminently useful, having gone through 27 editions in France, besides numerous reprints in Belgium. It will be especially in place in all lending-libraries ; and Catholic young men will do no little good who will make a point of lending it to their companions. The objections are both put and answered in a very popular and taking way.

MISCELLANEOUS LITERATURE.

The Tudor Queen Mary, by Stephen Wells (Richardson), professes to be an abridged history of the principal events and personages connected with the reign of that much-maligned queen, and was first read as a lecture before the Norwich Catholic Literary Institution. The author is evidently anxious to do justice to his heroine ; yet we think he has signally failed of doing so on the subject of the Smithfield Fires. Indeed, he treats this whole matter far too cursorily to make any salutary impression on the mind of a Protestant reader. This is the one point in Mary's reign, the popular idea of which needs *rehabilitation*, as the French would say, and it is here dismissed in two or three pages ; and the substance of these pages stands registered in the table of contents thus : "Mary the persecutor, and not the Catholic Church." The first part of this proposition we cannot subscribe to, and we think a more accurate study of the history of the times would satisfy Mr. Wells of its falsehood.

Mr. Bohn has very opportunely published in his Standard Library a new edition of Ranke's *History of Servia*, with a sketch of the insurrection in Bosnia. Ranke's name is a sufficient guarantee that the book is worth reading ; and it is admirably translated by Mrs. A. Kerr. This volume contains a great deal of interesting and valuable, but not generally known information concerning the state of things in those frontier-lands of Mahometanism and Christianity ; the whole tone of which goes strongly to illustrate and confirm the position taken up in Dr. Newman's *Lectures on the Turks*, that "the Sublime Porte" has been and is a most serious obstruction in the way of all liberty, civilisation, and Christianity. It also contains many curious details about the almost Pagan superstitions still in use among the schismatic Greeks.

A Picture of Protestantism, by Henry Teulon (Burns and Lambert, Dolman, &c.), is a very effective lecture, originally delivered to the members of the Metropolitan Catholic Library, on the state of religion in England as exhibited by the recent census. It is plain and straightforward in its statements, well arranged and well expressed, and calculated to suggest much food for useful meditation to any thoughtful Protestant. There is an unfortunate misprint, or mistranslation, in page 7, which makes nonsense of a very apt quotation from Cicero.

We cannot sufficiently express our hearty sympathy with the Very Rev. Mr. Oakeley's letter to Lord Palmerston on the subject of *The Religious Disabilities of our Catholic Prisoners* (London, Bosworth). The sobriety yet earnestness of tone which pervades it, the religious principles on which it is based, yet the plain practical details which it seeks to recommend, render it every thing that could be desired, as a document addressed by a zealous and experienced priest to one of the chief ministers of this country. Would that we could believe that the public mind of England was in a condition to deal justly with this most important subject!

It is not often that the report of a public meeting, on an occasion of great excitement, deserves a longer life than the columns of the daily newspaper can give it. But *The Report of the great Catholic Meeting held at St. Martin's Hall, Long Acre, March 21, 1854* (Burns and Lambert), furnishes a decided exception to the general rule. The speeches delivered at that meeting were of more than average merit, and of more than ephemeral interest. Where all is excellent, it is almost invidious to call attention to particular speakers by name; we are sure, however, that none of our readers will regret the time they may spend in reading the speeches of Lieut.-Col. Vaughan, the Hon. J. P. Arundell, and Mr. Charles Weld. Indeed, the whole Report will be read with great interest by all Catholics, and, we hope, with profit by some Protestants.

In *The Dublin Review*, No LXXI. (Richardson and Son), the most prominent article, occupying indeed one third of the whole, is a valuable historical paper on the great question of the day, Russia and Turkey. The eccentricities of Anglican theologians supply the subject of two other articles; Father Faber's work is very briefly but ably reviewed in a fourth; and some simple but unapt remarks upon "sermons and preachers" make up a fifth; Papers on Domestic Architecture and Political Economy constitute the remainder of the number.

Mr. Hodgson has published a *Classified Index to his London Catalogue of Books* published from 1816 to 1851. Extremely useful to those who wish to know what has been written on particular subjects, and by what authors.

History of the Protestant Church in Hungary to 1850, translated by Dr. Craig, Hamburg (London, Nisbet). The author of this is neither wise nor learned. He is a dull writer, and we suspect his quotations are not genuine. In p. 26 a deceased Catholic is reported to have appeared, to say that he had not done sufficient penance for a murder *for which he had paid only 200 florins*. This purports to be a quotation from a work by Prince Paul Esterhazy. In the next page we learn that the monks only knew *their Miserere and Breviary*. We are pretty confident that our author does not know what either of these may be. In the last chapter, his protestations of loyalty to the young emperor, mixed up with his abuse of the treachery of Görgey, are instructive, as showing the utter inconsistency and confusion of mind under which he

labours. We suppose, on the whole, that we must acknowledge the book to be a contribution to the history of heresies.

The Year-book of Facts in Science and Art for 1854, by John Timbs (London, Bogue). This is one of an annual series of volumes, in which all the notices of memorabilia in science and art which appear from time to time in various journals are collected, and thrown together under various heads: the arrangement is not first-rate, but there is a full index. The volumes are useful to those who take any interest in watching the progress of discovery.

Himalayan Journals; or, Notes of a Naturalist in Bengal, the Sikkim, and Nepal Himalayas, by Dr. J. D. Hooker. Maps and plates. 2 vols. (London, Murray). These volumes are not a dry collection of facts of natural history, but a very interesting personal narrative of a scientific man, who, while he does not forget his barometer and thermometer, his mapping and levelling, and the collection and description of his botanical and geological discoveries, knows also how to look at nature with the eye of an educated man; and to enlist the sympathies, not only of the naturalist, but also of the general reading public. Most of the ground which he went over is new to us; and we have many brief but extremely well-executed sketches of the life and manners of the Nepalese and Lepcha Buddhists. These people are similar in race and religion to the Thibetians, among whom M. Huc travelled; and it is gratifying to find such conclusive evidence as Dr. Hooker affords of the scrupulous accuracy of the observations of the lively and graphic abbé. As a scientific traveller, Dr. Hooker perhaps is next to the celebrated Humboldt; he does not confine his observations to any single science, but collects and digests information on every point to which the attention of the literary man would naturally be directed in investigating a new country.

Ladakh, Physical, Statistical, and Historical; with Notices of the surrounding Countries, by Major A. Cunningham (London, Allen).

"This fellow picks up wit as pigeons peas,
And utters it again when God doth please;"

for he certainly has no definite rule of his own for the arrangement of the multifarious information he has collected. That the Major is no Solomon, our readers may see from his lively remarks on the prayer-cylinder of the Buddhists, with which all readers of M. Huc must be familiar. "The device is so ingenious," he says, "as to induce a hope that it may be adopted in Roman Catholic countries, where the time now spent in telling beads, and reciting Paternosters and Ave-marias might be more profitably employed in worldly matters, while the beads were told and the prayers repeated by machinery;" and more to the same effect. We will agree with the Major to this extent, that, as matters go now, it would be just as well for him personally, if his prayers were recited by machinery. In matters of conscience, we take each man's testimony of the value or possibility of moral works to be valid as against himself, not as against his neighbour; *e.g.* when Protestants tell us that it is impossible for an unmarried priesthood to be chaste, we believe simply this, that they have found it so in their own persons.

Sporting in the Himalayas, by Col. F. Markham; plates (London, Bentley). The author professes to lead his reader amongst the snowy peaks and through the ice-bound valleys of the grandest mountains in the world; and rifle in hand, to note down the triumphs and disappointments

of a sportsman's life in the Himalayas. This is a genuine book, describing, under a different point of view, the same range of country as that investigated by Dr. Hooker.

Algeria; the Topography and History, Moral, Political, Social, and Natural, of French Africa, by J. R. Morell (Illustrated London Library). A hasty compilation from French authorities, disfigured by the red-republican sympathies of the compiler, but still full of interesting information. The author almost foams at the mouth when he mentions Jesuitism, which he calls infidelity; but can hardly find words to express his admiration of Abd-el-Kader's employing himself in writing a comment on the Koran in his retirement at Broussa.

Evenings in my Tent; or, Wanderings in Balad Ejjareed: illustrating the moral, religious, social, and political conditions of various Arab Tribes of the African Sahara, by the Rev. N. Davis, F.R.S.S.A.; 2 vols. (London, Hall, Virtue, & Co.). The rev. gentleman has observed many facts well worth recording, and has collected some exceedingly interesting, perhaps valuable, information, on the traditions of the Arabs, which he has illustrated with translations from Arabic Mss., and also with observations of his own, in a parsonic and anile style. From his peculiar mode of improving the occasion, we suppose that he is a Dissenter, or at any rate that he never had a University education; he is fond of drawing parallels between Mahometan and Rabbinic traditions and Popish superstitions. We read a book last year by Mr. Spence Hardy to show the same wonderful correspondence between Popery and Buddhism. Works on the identity of Popery with Paganism in general have been long before the public. We will go a little further than any of these books, and gladly allow that many of the distinctive characteristics of Popery are to be found in every religion which is a conscientious endeavour of man to please his Creator, and not merely to gratify his own passions under the mask of religion. There is a great similarity between Popery and all those religions of the non-Christian world which are really religions, which in some way bind man to a Deity. There is also a still more marked similarity, approaching to an identity, between Protestantism and those other religions which are no religions at all. "Our religion and that of the Franks have much similarity," observed a Kurd to an English gentleman—"we eat hog's flesh, drink wine, keep no fasts, and say no prayers." (Vaux's *Nineveh*, p. 23.)

Campaigning in Kaffir Land; or, Scenes and Adventures in the Kaffir War of 1851-2, by Captain W. R. King (London, Saunders and Otley). A manly book, containing very interesting details of the Kaffir war; it gives a noble idea of the daring and endurance of our troops. There is a valuable ethnographical chapter on the language, customs, and traditions of the Kaffirs.

The Knout and the Russians; or, the Muscovite Empire, the Czar and his People, by Germain de Lagny (London, Bogue). A good translation of a lively French book, with spirited illustrations.

Travels in Siberia, by S. S. Hill, Esq., 2 vols. (London, Longmans). Mr. Hill gives us his notes of that part of a journey round the world about which most interest will be naturally felt under present circumstances. He is a man of wealth, who writes down all he sees with rather too much of the note of admiration. He even goes so far as to speak with complacency of the taste of the Russian nobility who paint their country-houses pea-green, and gives too much space to the record of trifling and absurd conversations with governors and other dons. But

his tone conciliates credit, and prevents our supposing that what he has to say against the Russians is set down in malice, or to meet the present demand. Russia evidently represents an idea, but that idea is not a Christian one; it is the old Pagan and Oriental notion of the absolute supremacy of the government, that state-idolatry which was the anti-Christian element of the Roman empire, as it is now that of China and of Russia. What Schlegel says of the Chinese is equally true of the Russians, "They cannot conceive it possible for the earth to contain two emperors at one and the same time, and own the sway of more than one such absolute lord and master." The Russian Credo is, "I believe in one God in heaven, and one Czar on earth." If any one doubts what would be the natural effect of this idea on a Russian Europe, let him read Father Theiner's account of the persecution of the Catholic Church in Poland: a book which we recommend our enterprising publishers to get—not done into English, but—translated.

Among the books of travel for whose publication we are probably indebted to the war, may be mentioned *Kazan, the ancient Capital of the Tartar Khans; or Russia on the borders of Asia*, by E. T. Turnerelli (London, Bentley, 2 vols.). The author of these volumes opens a new world to the notice of the English traveller; one which he seems to have very closely studied himself during a residence of some years, and whose attractions he paints in glowing colours for the benefit of those of our fellow-countrymen who have exhausted the more ordinary European routes, and are in search of something new. The author's sympathies, as far as he expresses them at all, are on the Russians' side, as in duty bound to his kind and hospitable entertainers at Kazan; his pages, however, generally steer clear of controverted topics, and merely contain the ordinary gossiping kind of narrative, enlivened by historic anecdotes and topographical descriptions, which we naturally look for from the pen of an intelligent stranger who has been resident for any length of time in a foreign capital.

In *Ticonderoga, or the Black Eagle* (Newby), that writer of novels innumerable, Mr. G. P. R. James, has crossed the Atlantic for a subject. *Ticonderoga* shows the skill of the practised novelist; and though diluted with Mr. James's usual lengthiness and moralising, is not a bad story. The Indians who figure in its progress are of the Cooper school of savages, and done in the "heroic style." Many people admire them in Cooper's pages, and no doubt will find the *Black Eagle* a very interesting specimen of the genus *homo*. To those who have a taste for such personages, and who like novels "with no harm in them," we can safely recommend this story, and add that it shows a decided improvement on some of its author's later productions.

Mr. Formby has added to his valuable collections of hymns and songs a volume of *Sacred Songs for Young Children* (Burns and Lambert). We understand that where they have been introduced into our poor schools, they have found great favour in the eyes both of children and teachers. Being designed for *young* children, the verses are of a very simple character, and the tunes are pretty and taking. We are glad to learn also, that their enterprising Editor is preparing an enlarged edition of his book of hymns in a better type, and at a cost of only twopence a copy.

FOREIGN LITERATURE.

Des Esprits, et leurs Manifestations fluidiques. Mémoire adressé à MM. etc., par le M. Eudes de M. . . (Paris: Vrayet de Surcy, Rue de Sèvres. 8vo, pp. 468), is a most valuable and interesting work on the subject of all that multitude of wonderful phenomena which have lately engaged so large a share of public attention. It is not a merely religious but a scientific work, addressed to the Academy of Sciences; but written in a very popular style, and as full of historical facts as of arguments. It has created a great sensation in Paris, 600 copies of the third edition having been sold in a month; and has obtained the adhesion of some of the most eminent theologians and learned men in that city. It is certainly a work that deserves to be studied by all who would penetrate beneath the surface of the very important subject of which it treats. It enters deeply into the whole history of these matters; gives their precedents and analogies, the evidence of infidel philosophers about them, &c. &c. Its general drift and aim is precisely that which is insinuated rather than expressed in the following passage from Dr. Maitland's *Inquiries on Mesmerism*:

"Soon after the discovery of Mesmerism, it was observed that some of its phenomena bore a striking resemblance to matters of which most persons had heard something, but which were supposed (if they had ever had a real existence) to have belonged only to old times of darkness and superstition. As these new phenomena were more closely investigated, and the nature of the art which produced them was more fully developed, the idea of this resemblance gained strength; and it came to be thought by some that the effects produced by the magnetiser might explain a good deal of what a curious, ancient, half-incredible, half-indisputable tradition had ascribed to the magician. It seemed natural that these new phenomena, startling even to very particularly enlightened men, whose pride lay in scepticism and a superstitious fear of superstition, might well have appeared miraculous in benighted ages of ignorance. It was thought that if in times of darkness any man had chanced to tumble on these secrets, his contemporaries might well consider the results supernatural, though, of course, (else what would become of modern philosophy?) they were then, as now and always, only the natural effects of natural causes. 'We now understand,' might the newly-enlightened philosopher have said, 'what the ancients meant when they talked of sibyls and pythonesses, oracles and soothsayers, magicians and sorcerers, witches and wizards, with their frightful apparatus of charms, incantations, spells, and all that sort of thing, which creeps out in grotesque forms all over the history of the old world: the idol of the ignorant, the stumbling-block of the wise. After all, it is possible that some of these old wonders were not mere lies, and the wonder-workers not all mere impostors; the secret is out, they only did what we are doing. Be it so for argument—I believe it is so in fact; but then, how can one help answering, '*If they only did what you are doing, you are doing what they did?*'"

The author promises a second volume, under the title, "*Des Esprits et de leurs manifestations dans l'histoire, dans les cultes, et dans les sectes.*" When this appears, we shall hope to give a more extended notice of the whole subject.

M. Théodore de Bussières, a name already favourably known to English Catholics, has published a volume on the *Histoire du Schisme*

Portugais dans les Indes (Lecoffre, Paris). Both the subject of the work and the name of the author are abundantly sufficient to bespeak attention. The volume is enriched with a number of documents selected with care and judgment.

A useful little volume entitled *Le Principe religieux, ou Etude sur les Livres saints appropriées aux besoins de notre époque*, by M. Abbé Philip, "chanoine titulaire" of Perpignan, and professor of theology at the "Grand Séminaire" in that city, has just been published by Lecoffre and Co. (Paris). It is divided into four books. In the first are contained certain instructions on the Holy Scriptures from the Creation to the time of Moses; in the second, similar instructions during the life of the great lawgiver; in the third they are continued from the death of Moses to the coming of Christ; and the fourth book treats of the instructions contained in the Christian Revelation.

Those who are acquainted with the admirable organisation of the "Catechisms" in Paris will not be surprised to learn that a *Cours d'Instruction religieuse, ou exposition complète de la Doctrine Catholique*, par le Directeur des Catechismes de la Paroisse de S. Sulpice (Lecoffre and Co., Paris), has reached a second edition. It is in four volumes: the first volume treats of the Divinity of Christianity, the second of the Church and the Creed, the third of the "Morale" of Christianity, and the fourth of the Sacraments and Public Worship. The author modestly but pertinently remarks in his preface, that the fruits which the *Catechism of Perseverance* has produced in his parish, and the consistent and zealous manner in which it has been attended for some years by young persons, have induced him to embody in the treatise before us the lessons there given.

Correspondence.

A PROTESTANT JUDGE AND A PROTESTANT BISHOP ON EQUIVOCATION.

To the Editor of the Rambler.

DEAR SIR,—In the April number of the *Rambler*, the author of the leading article on "Equivocation" has these remarks: "A prisoner arraigned before a court of justice positively denies his guilt, meaning only that he conceals the truth as to whether he is guilty or not. The lawyer who defends him puts on an appearance of belief in his innocence, and even asserts that innocence, throwing the burden of the proof of guilt upon the accuser" (p. 327).

By way of illustrating these remarks, will you permit me to refer your readers to the *Times* newspaper, Saturday, March 4, 1854, in which they will find the following extract from the report of the spring assizes:

"Western Circuit. Winchester, Friday, March 3, 1854. Before Mr. Baron Martin.

"No less than 63 prisoners were placed at the bar this morning to plead. A great many pleaded guilty.

"Mr. Baron Martin asked many of them, who recommended them to plead guilty? 'because it should be generally known that pleading not

guilty is not a falsehood; it merely means not legally guilty, and that the prisoners called upon the prosecutor to prove that they were guilty.

"In answer to this observation, it may be stated, that at all events the prisoners believe they are telling a lie; they know nothing of legal guilt; they mean moral guilt. Why will not our legal reformers alter the term? 'I wish to be tried' would answer all the purpose. *We happen to know that the chaplains of some of the gaols impress upon the minds of the prisoners the impropriety of adding to their guilt by telling a falsehood.* This is the true reason why so many prisoners plead guilty.

"It happens that several prisoners who have pleaded guilty during the present assizes have been induced to change their plea, and have actually been acquitted, in consequence either of defects in the evidence, *or because the matter did not in law amount to an offence.*"

The successful efforts of the gaol chaplains to persuade those poor creatures to plead guilty to what often turns out to be no guilt at all, remind one of nothing so forcibly as of the declaration of our Lord, "If the blind lead the blind, both will fall into the ditch."

I am, dear Sir, yours very faithfully,

Edinburgh, April 1854.

JAMES A. STOTHERT.

Another correspondent has kindly furnished us with the following passages taken from a work of Bishop Andrews on the Ten Commandments. His third case of lawful equivocation is precisely that so much objected to by the *Christian Remembrancer* in St. Alphonso.

Commandment 9, ch. vi.

"Though we must in no case speak contrary to the truth, yet there are some cases wherein we seem to go against, but do not.

"1. When things are spoken in parabolical and figural speeches, &c.

"2. When part of the truth is concealed, but no untruth uttered." And he quotes Gen. xx. 12, and 1 Sam. xvi. 2, 5.

"3. When a question may have two senses or meanings, and the answer is true in the one but not in the other, a man may answer it in his own sense, which is true, though it be false in another sense." And he quotes the history of Jacob, in Gen. xxvii. 19, as a case in point.

"4. When the thing is changed in circumstances, a man may go contrary to what he said, and yet not be guilty of an untruth."

Presently, speaking of *mendacium facti*, he says: "As we said before a man may conceal some part of the truth in words and is not bound to utter all he knows, so here, in his actions, he is not bound to signify or declare all his mind, *but that only which without sin cannot be kept close.*"

The Rambler.

PART VI.

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To Correspondents.

Correspondents who require answers in private are requested to send their complete address, a precaution not always observed.

We cannot undertake to return rejected communications.

All communications must be *postpaid*. Communications respecting *Advertisements* must be addressed to the publishers, Messrs. BURNS and LAMBERT; but communications intended for the Editor himself should be addressed to the care of Mr. MAHER, 101 New Street, Birmingham.

THE RAMBLER.

A Catholic Journal and Review.

VOL. I. *New Series.*

JUNE 1854.

PART VI.

THE STATE'S BEST POLICY.

It is necessary to preface the remarks we are about to offer with a definition of the sense in which we apply the term "Protestant" to the Government of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland. We call it a "Protestant Government" merely for the convenience of the phrase, and because, as a matter of fact, its members are nearly all Protestants. So far as the Government and the Legislature are to be taken as representing the nation, we repudiate and protest against the term "Protestant." We are not a Protestant people; we are a people of mixed religions. The law of the land recognises a perfect equality between the various divisions who bear the Christian name, with the sole exception of excluding Catholics from the throne and the woosack. To call us a Protestant nation is a misnomer, a falsification of fact, an insult, and a trick. It is the embodiment of the abominable notion that Catholics have not equal *rights* with other Englishmen. It is the cunning re-assertion of the old falsehood, that a man in becoming a Catholic ceases to belong to the British or Irish nation. It assumes that we exist on the soil, hold property, and exercise legislative and other functions, by virtue of some special immunity, granted us by the magnanimous toleration of those who alone are entitled to sway the destinies of the kingdom. As such, we condemn, we denounce, we utterly reject the appellation. We assert that *every* right which belongs to a Protestant belongs by all laws of justice to a Catholic also. When we apply the term to the English Parliament and Ministry, we do nothing more than admit the fact, that the chances of the game of life have thrown the dominant

power of the country into the hands of those who, whatever else they may be, are not Catholics. When the Whigs are in office, the Tories do not admit that England is a Whig nation; nor do the Whigs permit the Tories to put forth any similar claim in their own behalf. We Catholics are practically out of office: we have to extort our just claims through fear or persuasion, when we ought to have nothing to do but to state our case as equals with our fellow-citizens. But we do this under protest that we are iniquitously treated. We declare that we have as good a right to be masters in our own transactions as the haughtiest and most powerful of the dominant sects who agree only in leaguering together against us.

Further, we protest against and repudiate the accusations brought against us of being "subjects of a foreign prince," and consequently unable to feel as other Englishmen, and unfitted to share the power of those whose allegiance to the laws is whole-hearted and sincere. We deny the imputation that our faith is an anti-national faith. We declare that the charge of disloyalty conveyed in the phrase "subjects of a foreign prince" is founded on a fallacious interpretation of those words, invented by craft and propagated by malice. We are not subjects of the Pope as the sovereign of an Italian state, but purely as a spiritual guide. We neither owe nor pay any allegiance whatsoever to any Italian government, or to any human laws whatsoever, except those of our own country. Catholicism is not more antagonistic to the decrees of a British Parliament than any other religion whose adherents believe that where the laws of God clash with the laws of men, the former are to be obeyed at all costs. We are not prepared to render a slavish, passive, absolute obedience to the dictates of the secular power, because we hold that the Christian revelation comes direct from God, and that the secular power *may* enjoin conduct inconsistent with the supreme authority of the revealed word of God.

What man calling himself a Christian does not hold the same? What Anglican, what Presbyterian, what Dissenter, is prepared to profess a rule of conduct different from this? Nay, what infidel, who does not go the extreme length of alleging that there exists no distinction whatever between virtue and vice, would admit that in every possible contingency he would render a complete obedience to the laws of the land? True, the Pope is an Italian; and moreover, he is the sovereign of a small independent kingdom. But this is an accident; the Pope might be an Englishman, and his secular sovereignty is no necessary appendage to his spiritual supremacy. We obey him as the Head of the Christian Church.

and in that capacity only. If by any possibility his commands are in antagonism with an English act of Parliament, it is only because Christianity is sometimes in conflict with the regulations of men, whose aim is purely earthly in its character.

Probably, if human life, in its temporal and eternal relationships, had been fashioned by a mortal intelligence, the possibility of this hostility between the authority of law and the dictates of the gospel would have been guarded against. If man had had the making of the universe, we may rest assured that it would have been a very different universe from what it now is. From the number of fingers on our hands, and the position of nose, mouth, and eyes in the face, up to the constitution of the Christian Church, every thing would have been marvellously better than it is in that strange world which Infinite Wisdom has created. Not the least of the "improvements" would have been the prevention of these conflicts between the Church and the State. We should never have witnessed the anomaly of a revelation forbidding in some instances that obedience to "the powers that be," which as a rule, and in the most positive terms, it actually enjoins. Such troublesome affairs as apparently conflicting duties would have been unknown in this world of harmony and peace, and the "laws of the land" would have been, by a peculiar dispensation of Providence, in strictest union with the dictates of the gospel.

As a fact, nevertheless, this is not the case. No gift of infallibility has been conferred on the Sovereign and Legislature of England, or of any nation under the sun. Consequently, no man who believes in God and in Christianity can bind himself to an unreserved obedience to the laws of his country.

This, then, we hold to be the primary duty of every English legislator and every minister of the Crown—to recognise the indefeasible rights of conscience in every human being not an absolute atheist. We speak, of course, of legislators and ministers who are not atheists themselves; who either have a conscience, or who profess to have a conscience, and to believe in Christianity, or who at the least believe in the power of conscience in other men. With such persons, the first element in their legislative speculations ought to be the admission of this one mighty element in human life,—the existence of a tribunal superior to that of *any* human judgment-seat. If you would govern your subjects, not as slaves but as men; if you would construct a political system which shall be self-supporting, and command at once the respect

and attachment of those without whose co-operation it can have no true vitality; if you would not do violence to every thing that is noblest, most enduring, most obedient, most worthy of cultivation, in the human beings whose destinies you would control,—make not a law, impose not a penalty, until you have once for all abdicated every claim to an undivided supremacy over the mind and heart of mankind. Galling as it may be to the pride of monarchs or governments, to accept a position inferior to that which another sovereign maintains invisibly in the souls of their subjects, the position *must* be accepted by every wise prince and legislature. The powers of God have not been delegated either to king or statesman; and the king or statesman who disdains to sway any power but that against which there is no appeal, will find himself incessantly in conflict with the people whom he desires to rule like a god.

Asserting, then, our resolution to resign the rights of conscience to no earthly power, we repudiate the accusation that in so doing we stand apart from the rest of our fellow-countrymen, and lose our title to be regarded as loyal subjects. All that man dare render, we are ready to yield. We claim no more than every man claims, who knows that there is a God and a judgment to come. We assert our rights to follow the rules of our own religion; and we declare that every government which attempts to wrest those rights from us is a traitor to that higher Power which gives to rulers their jurisdiction, and to laws their binding force upon the conscience. That jurisdiction and those laws we admit to be, in a certain sense, divine in their authority. Society and government are not a mere human device or institution. God, who made man a social being, Himself set up law and government, and made rulers His vicegerents upon earth. Believing, accordingly, in God, we obey the laws of the land; not only from fear, or as a matter of interest, but in order thereby to please Almighty God Himself. But when those who make or administer laws fly in the very face of that authority which gives them their title to our obedience, obedience ceases to be their due. Laws made against Christianity are not *laws*, but the caprices of tyrants. If the ministry and legislature of this country, therefore, are what they profess to be, Christian in their principles and honourable in their intentions, they will not permit their judgment to be warped by the circumstance that we Catholics entertain different ideas from themselves as to what *is* Christianity. If they are really able to have done with bigotry, narrow-mindedness, and shallow spite, they will address themselves to the great work of governing the Catholic population

of the empire on a basis which recognises in the fullest sense our rights of conscience as Christians, who have a Master in heaven whom we are determined to obey.

Unhappily, in this and every age, alike in Protestant and Catholic states, it is seldom that statesmen can be brought to view the question in this rational and Christian light. They will not be content with the position assigned them by the God of nations. They are beset with a temptation to arrogate to themselves a power to which they have no just claim. They insist upon stigmatising as rebellious and disloyal every subject who rejects their supremacy in things spiritual; or, when driven from this monstrous pretence, they take refuge in the abominable theory, that it is the part of a wise and prudent government to rule its people through their passions and their infirmities, and not through their virtues and their conscience. Kings have rarely had but one maxim—*Divide et impera*. One religious sect is to be played off against another sect. Men who, united, would not submit to violations of their conscientious scruples, are to be managed by means of their mutual jealousies. Traitors to their own principles are found to be the readiest instruments in forwarding the designs of those who would rule a people with a rod of iron.

And nowhere has this Machiavellian policy thriven more successfully than in our own country. The innumerable diversities of opinion in all matters, religious and otherwise, which prevail in the British and Irish races, is an irresistible weapon in the hands of a crafty government, whose sole object is to retain its own power and keep its subjects in peace. An English minister must be simple indeed, who, with Catholic and Protestant, Establishmentarian and Dissenter, Methodist and Socinian, Irvingite and Mormonite, Jew and Atheist, all spread out before him like chessmen on a board, cannot contrive to wheedle so multifarious a generation into interminable divisions, suspicions, and quarrels, rendering them as a whole most perfectly subservient to his own schemes. It is only the most infatuated Tory, or the lowest Puritan, or a Premier in a transitory passion, who can be at a loss for resources, with such a chaos of elements as the imperial kingdom presents ready to his hands for cunning organisation. Brains, temper, disregard of religion and carelessness for men's souls, are all that is necessary to give a British government an almost endless lease of power over such a people as this.

One only difficulty stands in the way of our rulers. The Catholic population is far more puzzling than any Protestant denomination. All the devices of diplomacy are needed for the management of us Papists. We are thorns in the side of

a minister, clever and unscrupulous though he be. Against Protestants his resources are ample. With an annual revenue of many millions, and all the honours which the world can bestow, the Establishment, shout and declaim as it may, is the most amiable of domestic servants. It may roar like a lion, but it will lie down like a lamb. With more than ten thousand snug vicarages and rectories, with acres of glebe without end, with Oxford and Cambridge all for its exclusive enjoyment, with six-and-twenty bishops in the House of Lords, besides "perquisites" enough to make the coldest expectant's mouth water,—what Premier can feel a moment's uneasiness respecting the mode of controlling so sleek and well-fed a member of the national household?

The Nonconformists, too, what are they? As a class of men, shopkeepers. Who could not keep the peace with a race of *bourgeoisie*? Tax them moderately; permit them ample indulgence of the tongue; spare them an occasional word of flattery; throw them a stray lord or so, now and then, to go to their meetings and tolerate their unctuous adulation; and lo, they straightway subside into the mildest of remonstrants; their consciences prove sufficiently elastic for all practical purposes; and as fast as they make fortunes in business, they quietly drop off from the dissenting branches, and are grafted into the sheltering and gentlemanly Establishment. Oh! what simple politicians were they who tormented the elder Puritans, and drove the "Pilgrim Fathers" to the New World! What a satire on a "government" was that which threw the reins of power into the grasp of Cromwell and his Ironsides! We know better in these days. We know better than to cut off Nonconformist ears, long though they may be. We pour sweet nonsense into those willing receptacles, and the land is free from Prynnes, and Hampdens, and Bunyans.

But when all else are disposed of, the Papist remains. He has certain peculiarities which render him an awkward subject for ministerial manipulation. First of all, he differs from all classes of Protestants in having one fixed, distinct, and perfectly-well ascertained religious creed. Hence the government wedge cannot be introduced into any of those doctrinal crevices, which prove so convenient in the case of others. Without imputing any extraordinary or conscious insincerity to a Protestant, it is certain that the vague and undefined character of his opinions enables statesmen of very moderate ingenuity to devise subtle compromises, by which the Protestant conscience is reconciled to the parliamentary or judicial decree. A person whose creed is purely a matter of private opinion is rarely so thoroughly of the same mind

for two years together, as to have any decent pretence for setting his "views" in glaring opposition to a clear, downright act of Parliament or magisterial sentence. Amid the endless fluctuations produced by the conflict of Thirty-nine Articles, Rubrics, Bishops' Charges, Biblical Criticism, Assembly's Catechism, Wesleyan Experiences, Evangelical Commentaries, Newspaper Articles, and Exeter-Hall Orations, opportunities for "statesmanlike" management occur in almost embarrassing profusion. With us, on the contrary, the Council of Trent, the Pope's Bulls, and sundry condemned Propositions besides, produce so decided a uniformity of faith, that it is hopeless for a government to try to divide us against one another on grounds of religious doctrine. Our faith of to-day will be our faith twenty years hence.

Further still, and worse still, we are, by our first principles, a compact, organised, and living body. Protestants, however numerically formidable, have no corporate strength. They are a mere aggregate of individuals. We, on the contrary, are a Church. Every blow struck at a single member sends a shock through the whole framework of which he is a portion. No man stands alone amongst us, and therefore no man can be injured without a proportionate suffering on the part of every fellow-Catholic in existence. Every person, moreover, having his own proper place and office in the organised whole, any interference with the fulfilment of his functions produces an instantaneous irritation and resistance in the universal body. No one can act alone. He *must* compromise, more or less, his superiors and his inferiors together. He cannot shake off his relation to his fellow-Catholics, and play into the hands of their opponents, without ceasing to be a Catholic, at least in spirit. Hence, a designing government cannot negotiate with, or practise upon, individual Catholics with the same facility as upon individual Protestants. It is not an easy matter to *divide us in order to govern us*. More or less, in some shape or other, the secular power is driven to recognise our spiritual authorities and the validity of our constitution. It is impossible, whatever acts of Parliament may say, to forget that a Catholic bishop is a real bishop, and that the sovereignty of the Pope is something different from the supremacy of the Queen.

In this dilemma, it is the usual practice with governments to adopt a far more odious system with Catholics than they find necessary in their dealings with Protestants. The fundamental principle of Protestantism allowing of and sanctioning disunion, a man may be a very good specimen of a Protestant, though he stands absolutely alone in his views

and conduct. Hence the secular power has no difficulty in finding most unexceptionable samples of Protestantism with whom to ally itself in its schemes for employing all religious sects as instruments for its own ends. If one man is stupid, obstinate, and pragmatismal, another is at hand, at once respectable, accomplished, and facile. The government accordingly, wise in its generation, pays its court to the best types of the Protestant schools, and in their aid and service gathers new claims to the title of a Christian, an enlightened, a respectable power.

From amongst us, on the other hand, the system of rulers has generally been to fix upon the worst possible examples of Catholicism whom they could discover in our ranks. Whatever is least ultramontane, least spiritual, least anxious for the conversion of Protestants, least jealous of the encroachments of the world on the Church, least zealous for the honour of the episcopacy and priesthood,—that is the Catholicism through which English ministries have sought to carry out their aims in respect to the Catholics of the United Kingdom. We admit, undoubtedly, exceptions. We admit the perfect respectability, the personal piety of some individuals of all those who have attracted the eyes of ministers and parliaments. Here and there, further, we grant that they may have employed the services of thorough-going, undeniable, and utterly *Popish* men; who never for a moment suffered themselves to be hoodwinked, and would have sacrificed their lives rather than betrayed one iota of the independence of the Church. But, speaking generally, the English Government has sought its support in men in whom it well knew it would find, not friends, but tools. That such must always exist amongst us, is a necessary result of the infirmities of human nature. Many things are sufficient to make a man a very questionable Catholic, without amounting to a ground for excommunication, and without reaching the extent of voluntary apostasy. And these are they who have been the favourites of our rulers, and who still are, by too many of them, accounted the fittest instruments for neutralising the power of Catholicism when it comes into contact with the temporal power.

For ourselves, we need not say that we regard such a system as hateful in the extreme. It is Machiavellianism in its subtlest and vilest form. And we put it to every conscientious and honourable Protestant, whether such a system can possibly subserve the interests of the country where it is adopted. Is it likely, is it conceivable, that the *honourable* ends of the temporal power should be advanced by intercourse with the Catholic Church conducted by men who are partially

traitors to the cause they profess to serve? If the secular power *has* a divine authority,—if governments are designed to work for the benefit of the people, in harmony with, and not in perpetual contradiction to, the principles of Christianity, is it not monstrous to imagine that this alliance is to be maintained by means of the vilest intrigue, by assuming that the true wisdom of the State consists in tricking the Church, in denying her her rights, in employing her least trusted and least devoted servants?

We do not ask a Protestant Government to treat the Pope and his subjects on purely Catholic principles. We do not ask them to recognise the exclusive title to true Christianity which we claim. We ask only to be treated on the system on which all affairs are conducted between individuals, corporate bodies, and nations. We call upon the Queen's Government and the Houses of Parliament to admit that it is better to be at peace with us than to be at war with us; and to manage their relations with us through individuals whose name and character are irreproachable *among us*; who may be taken as representatives of thorough, unflinching Catholicism; and whose first object is, to beware of betraying the cause they are called on to protect. Who does not act thus in his intercourse with other men in secular affairs? If a house in trade would have honourable relations with another house, does it seek to establish a correspondence with the least-trusted of all the partners with whom it would be on terms of friendship? If the English Government negotiates with a foreign Government, does it prefer to communicate diplomatically with some half-hearted traitor to his own country, and not with duly-recognised representatives? If the Emperor of the French were to send over to London as an ambassador some disreputable Frenchman notorious for his disloyalty to France, and a well-known intriguer for his own private advancement, who would not account the English nation insulted by the mission of such a man? Who would expect to perpetuate the French alliance by negotiations with him? Who would place the slightest trust in the representations which he might make of the feelings and the intentions of France herself? Why, then, is the Catholic Church alone to be swindled into friendship? Why is this sneaking, insulting policy to be adopted towards us alone?

That such a policy should practically succeed is impossible. It may succeed in doing us mischief; but it will never succeed in furthering the best interests of this kingdom. No government was ever well served by a corrupted people. Good Catholics are far better subjects to Queen Victoria than

bad Catholics. In every lawful and creditable object which rulers can have in view, they will find Ultramontaniam a better ally than Gallicanism. We do not say that Ultramontaniam will serve the cause of despotism as well as Gallicanism will serve it. But if this country is to be ruled by *free and liberal* institutions, we repeat that the very worst school of Catholics with whom a ministry can ally itself is that debased semi-Catholic party which delights to reduce the Papal power to its lowest practical point; which apes the nationalising propensities of Protestantism; and accounts it a finer thing to be an Englishman, or an Irishman, or a Frenchman, than to be simply a Catholic.

As Catholics, be it remembered, we have no *wish* to be on terms of hostility with the secular power. If the State must needs plot against us or persecute us, we are perfectly content to take her as our enemy. In fact, moreover, she would frequently do us less mischief as an open enemy than as a deceitful friend. But we have no wish to create such hostility. We accept the truth that governments are of Divine institution, and that as such it is right that they should be on terms of amity with the Christian Church. In every age the Catholic Church has acted on this principle. Universal history shows us, that whatever the Church could conscientiously do to promote a harmony between her working and that of the secular State, she has ever done. We have no wish to inaugurate a line of policy different from that which has the sanction of the past. The Pope has ever been ready to do the very utmost to prevent any needless clashing between the two powers. If the secular power had shown one tenth part of the forbearance towards him which he has shown towards her, the records of mankind would have to be re-written for many a century. We desire, accordingly, to be on terms of good-will with every established government on earth, whether Catholic or Protestant, Christian or Pagan. And we allege that this good-will can be best preserved by the fullest, most open, and most cordial recognition of the essentially independent rights of the Catholic Church, and of the supremacy of the See of Rome over every portion of Catholic Christendom. The system of trickery is as pernicious to the state which adopts it as it is offensive to us who suffer from it. The really wise statesman will neither reject the friendship of the Church, nor will he seek it on other than honourable terms.

In saying all this, we must not be misunderstood as advocating, in our present circumstances, any of those arrangements, pecuniary or otherwise, which are frequently implied in the idea of an "alliance between Church and State." We

have no wish to connect ourselves with the government by accepting at its hands any incomes for our clergy, or endowments for our colleges. Still less do we desire any sort of secular rank or honour for our prelates. We want no favours; we demand only an exemption from tyranny and wrong, and that general treatment which men of honour and character have a right to expect in their intercourse with their fellow-countrymen. What we do desire may be best expressed by indicating a few examples of the manner in which, as matters have hitherto stood, we have been grossly wronged.

Take, first, the subject of education, and especially in Ireland. Of the "National" system we say nothing, especially as the conduct of the present ministry, on a recent important occasion, was an exemplification of that just and honest spirit whose universal adoption we call for. We should have little to complain of, if the tyrannical duplicity of our enemies was always as satisfactorily thwarted as was the *escapade* of Dr. Whately, the Protestant Archbishop of Dublin, when he took huff because he was not allowed to turn the national system into an engine for corrupting the Catholic children of Ireland. The "godless colleges," on the contrary, furnish an illustration of that very system of trickery of which we so loudly complain. No man who will tell the truth can pretend that these establishments do not directly tend to shake the faith of all Catholics who receive their education within them. You might as well profess that the study of the daily London newspapers tends to make people Catholics, as that the education of young men, when conducted by Protestants, does not influence them towards Protestantism. It is an insult to our common sense to tell us that history or moral philosophy can be taught apart from *some* religious opinions. The ministry of the day, however, thought fit to establish certain colleges for the education of the middle and upper classes of Ireland, with the special view of including Catholic youth. What, then, would have been their conduct, if they had been sincere in their professions that they sought *only* their education, and not their conversion to Protestantism? Clearly to consult the Pope on the subject. They knew perfectly well that, without his consent, the colleges never could be really acceptable to Catholics as Catholics. But what was their conduct in fact? They attempted to cheat the Pope into giving his sanction to a scheme which they dared not propose to him in a straightforward, candid way. They were aware that differences of opinion existed among Catholic bishops, priests, and laymen on the question, and their notion was to play off one bishop against another; to negotiate, to

talk, to utter bombastic expressions, and to frame crafty regulations, by which they trusted to hoodwink his Holiness, or to place him on the horns of so awkward a dilemma as to drive him at least to tolerate a scheme which he yet would refuse to uphold. So far as creating divisions among Catholics went, they unhappily succeeded. But what have they gained? Nothing. Literally nothing, so far as the *good* of the State is concerned. They have irritated old sores, and actually perpetuated the wounds they fancied they would heal. Their colleges are undeniably a failure, and will sink lower and lower every year that goes by. The few unfortunate youths whom they will educate will prove neither good Protestants nor good Catholics; but unbelieving, conceited striplings, the enemies of all earnest religion, and the very worst possible specimens of loyalty which a deluded government can hatch for its own future punishment. All this evil simply comes from the desire of the Government to *dupe* the Pope into acquiescence with their schemes.

Another infamous wrong has been the usage of Catholics in gaols, and in the army and navy. A partial redress of this wrong is at length promised, but only a partial one; and doubts are now thrown upon the fulfilment even of this. As it is, thousands and scores of thousands of poor Catholics are turned into godless infidels, so far as the secular power can affect them. It enlists them in its ships, and allows no religious aid but those of Protestantism; while in its regiments, both at home and on service, its treatment of them is disgraced by every species of petty insult, niggardliness, and persecution. And what is true of the army and navy is true also, for the most part, of our gaols and workhouses. If the Government were to do its duty, and treat us as an honourable friendship between the Church and State would require, all this would cease in an instant. The question would not be whether Catholic chaplains are paid as much as Protestant chaplains; but whether Catholic soldiers, sailors, paupers, and prisoners, have every religious aid which their faith requires. We care nothing about what is done for Protestants. They may want more or they may want less than we do. Their clergy may expect three times the salary that ours expect. What is that to us? Let the State do its duty to them in their way, and to us in our way. Let it provide that *every* poor Catholic whose liberty it controls shall have the means of fulfilling the first duties of all Catholics. Let Catholic soldiers, sailors, paupers, and prisoners, hear Mass every Sunday and day of obligation. Let them have priests to hear their confessions when they wish it, and to minister to them in sickness and

death. And let no Protestant tricks be played upon their souls, under cover of those secular regulations to which the necessities of their cases have forced them to submit. Until we have *all* this granted to us, without stint or deception, we shall justly regard ourselves as ill-used and tyrannised over by the Government, which we really wish to uphold, if only it will deal fairly with us.

Equally unwise, on all principles of sound policy, has been the usual choice of Catholics made by different governments for office under the Crown. Whenever they have conceived it desirable to appoint a Catholic to a "place" of any kind, and still more so to an office in the ministry, their ordinary system has been, to select those who have the least title to represent the spirit of living and thoroughly Papal Catholicism. The less a man has been of a Catholic, the more agreeable has he been in a Premier's eyes. Or if he has been a Catholic in reality as well as in name, his character has been hampered with a past history which utterly forbids his appointment from strengthening the *morale* of the government which allies itself with him, and in no way tends to inspire the Catholic body, as Catholics, with confidence in his patrons.

This same fatal blundering has infected the present Ministry almost as perniciously as its predecessors. Lord Aberdeen, on entering office, wished, like a man of sense and statesmanlike views, to enlist some few Catholics among his supporters. That he found it no peculiarly easy matter to do this to his satisfaction we readily admit. Unhappily, we have so few men of political capacity and character amongst us, that had Lord Aberdeen been a devoted Catholic himself, he would have been compelled to search pretty keenly for such Catholic aid as he need not have been ashamed to invoke. As it was, he committed a most serious blunder. Of three Catholics whom he named to political office, two were wholly unfitted by their antecedents to give real strength to his ministry. In every respect Mr. Monsell's appointment was a wise and unexceptionable one; the other two, those of Messrs. Keogh and Sadleir, were simply suicidal. Of those gentlemen, as personally fitted for office, we have nothing to say; but they had just pledged themselves in so emphatic a manner against *any* such government as Lord Aberdeen's, that it was impossible that they could enter office with a single rag of political reputation. How far Lord Aberdeen was aware of their previous history we cannot tell; but we much doubt whether he knew any thing more of them than that

they were Catholics, and that Mr. Sadleir was a man of property and local influence, and Mr. Keogh a clever lawyer and effective speaker.

At the same time, it is of this very ignorance of the comparative merits of different Catholics, on the part of Protestant statesmen, that we loudly complain. They take no pains to ascertain our real internal condition and mutual relationships. They start by regarding us as natural enemies to the constitution and government of the kingdom; and if they employ us, it is on the principle of dividing us one against another, and so weakening our strength. Seeking to rule us through our infirmities and passions, all they care to know is, *who is to be bought*. That Catholic members of Parliament have given successive governments too much reason to imagine that we are all of us in the market, and that there exists no other and better spirit amongst us than what is displayed in violent personalities and clumsy intrigue, we are forced to confess, with no little shame and mortification. But we protest against its being supposed that we are really "represented" by men whose sole object is *place*, and whose chief occupation is fiery abuse of one another. And we venture to assure Lord Aberdeen, and every other Protestant who desires to know the true state of English and Irish Catholicism, that for the most part these noisy and disreputable place-hunters, whether in Parliament or out of it—these hangers-on upon every Whig administration that would throw them a bone to stop their howlings,—are Catholics of the lowest Gallican school, who care very little more for the Pope than for the Archbishop of Canterbury; and that they are the very last persons who can be taken as representing that living, energetic spirit of Catholicism which it ought to be the policy of every government to conciliate by honourable treatment.

In pressing these considerations on influential politicians, we have all along assumed that it was their principle to seek, by some means or other, to be on good terms with the Catholic portion of the people. That any man, with the slightest pretensions to the character of a statesman, should deliberately prefer a state of open hostility towards an immense section of the nation, would, apart from experience, seem simply impossible. Yet, unfortunately, there exists a class of men, not without their influence on the national counsels, whose stupidity so fatally predominates over their capacities, that they make it a first element in their policy to torment, to thwart, and to victimise us, by every possible engine they can set in motion.

With these men, to be a Catholic is to be guilty of deadly crime against the State. A Catholic is a traitor, an outcast, a villain, to be scorned, crushed, and exterminated.

To argue, then, with fanatics like these is bootless. They cannot argue with us; and knowing this, they prefer to scourge us into silence. For them there remains but the single motive of fear. Nothing will touch them but a dread of the consequences to themselves. To them, therefore, we say, What will you gain by refusing us our rights, by robbing us of the social and political advantages of which we are in possession, by bullying our nuns, by insulting our clergy, by trampling upon the consciences of our poor, by turning with a silly shudder from our aristocracy and gentry, or by denouncing us, in public and private, as liars, swindlers, traitors, intriguers, Bible-haters, and heretic-burners? We are several millions in number. We have property, influence, education, respectability, and intellectual power, which you envy, even while you profess to despise. All the laws you *can* enact, all the underhand and cowardly devices you can enforce in the relations of society, cannot turn us into Protestants, or reduce us to insignificance. Why, then, are you so senseless as to drive us to abhor you; to make attachment to the British Crown impossible; to convince us that British freedom in our case is an insulting mockery; to force us to desire the degradation of the English power, and to conclude that, as Catholics, we should gain by those chances of war which would convert Great Britain into the tributary of some foreign state? Do you call it doing good service to the Crown and Constitution to convert millions of the nation into silent favourers of what you would call treason; to turn that very class of the people whose creed peculiarly indisposes them to revolution, into a justly irritated anti-national party, whose joy will be in your humiliation, and whose discontent will be a cutting thorn in your sides? You *cannot* convert us; you see you cannot do it. We will not disown the Pope. We will not acknowledge the Queen's supremacy over our consciences. If you make laws against our religion, we will defy or evade them by every means in our power. Come what may, we will uphold the indefeasible rights of our consciences amidst contempt, mockery, chains, or even death. Are you mad, then, that you will go out of your way to create this opposition between our allegiance to God and our duties to the State? Are you in love with popular discontent, disloyalty, and an abhorrence of the English constitution on the part of those who have to submit to it, that you must needs treat us worse than you would treat Turks, pagans, and infidels?

To you, in parting, we say : Read, if you can, the signs of the times. Forget your nursery prejudices, your apocalyptic maunderings, your personal antipathies, and look abroad on the map of Europe, and into the dark places of the English social system. Can you foresee what is coming? Can you imagine that this nation is not now commencing a struggle in which no human eye can perceive the shocks she will encounter? Remember, that in the mutations of a long war England may be opposed to some power essentially Catholic; and that if there is one thing which such a power would desire, it would be the prevalence of discontent among the Catholic population of these kingdoms. You count all this as of little moment now that events are far off, and that a straightforward advance to conquest seems all that is required of the British nation. But we venture to break in upon your agreeable speculations by reminding you that in the time of your distress, with an exhausted treasury, with upper and middle classes rent by political divisions, with peasantry and operatives ground down to starvation and flaming with irritation, with diplomacy at fault, with fleets burnt and armies slaughtered, and with pestilence at your doors,—and all these things *may be*, and perhaps *will be*,—you will rue the day when you drew the sword against your Catholic fellow-countrymen, and made loyalty an impossibility amongst us.

THE LIFE OF AN EDITOR.

BE not alarmed, kind reader, when you see the title of this paper, at the thought that the Editor is about to favour you with his autobiography, from his childhood upwards. *Poeta nascitur, non fit*, is so true, that every poet's life is written from the time when he first "lisp'd in numbers, for the numbers came;" and Lord John Russell is obliged to find time amidst his parliamentary duties to publish an endless number of volumes about the most minute details in the private life of one of that privileged fraternity. But who cares to write the life of the child-editor? To be sure, if we could go back to those early days, we might perchance find some feeble germ of his future vocation in the form of a harsh or peevish criticism upon the omission of the letter *h*, or the purloining of a final letter from the Queen's adjectives, by his plebeian nurse; or in the clear perception which he had that his own compositions excelled those of his schoolfellows. But we write not

to-day of such a period in his life. Our song is rather of the successive *Numbers* of his journal, which each month so sternly demands.

We need not recur to old familiar comparisons, of the blind horse that turns hour after hour round the same circle; of the briefless barrister, who varies his dinner from mutton-chops to beefsteaks, and from beefsteaks to mutton-chops; of the young midshipman, who starts in his dream, only to find himself called to his dull watch at the same midnight hour:—all these at least *know* their fate; there is an order and a regularity about the execution of their duties, which, even though it be somewhat tame and monotonous, yet certainly is not vexatious or harassing. With the editor it is otherwise; when the present month's Number has gone forth, in its livery of green or yellow, to haunt the table of the learned, or to be buried under the piles of the daily papers in the club-room, until some good-natured contributor contrives to bring it to light, and to give it (his own paper not forgotten) a chance of being read and admired, the editor has not only to resume his unvarying course of duties, but is liable to all sorts of distressing annoyances through the unexpected interposition of certain disturbing causes from without. For instance, the newspaper critics have determined that the article on *The Pyramids of Scotland* was dull; and how, then, shall the editor venture upon continuing it in the forthcoming Number, as he had fully reckoned upon doing? Then, the author of a criticism on *Chinese Lawyers* was deeply offended, because, by a misprint, the chief mandarin was called a *fudge*, whereas *judge* was the word which he had used; and, "since his papers are to be made nonsense of after this fashion, through the unpardonable carelessness of the editor," he indignantly refuses to send any more contributions to so ill-managed a periodical. Or, again, a very able writer had promised us an article on the Eastern Question, and was anxiously waiting for the return of the deputation of the Peace Society from Russia, in order to prove triumphantly that Nesselrode has outwitted Louis Napoleon and Lord Aberdeen, when the latest telegraphic message in the Opposition papers announces that the Turkish Empire is a thing that was, a vision that has melted away, and a geographical name and shadow, to be looked for in vain, like wit in the House of Commons, or a civil answer to an address from Convocation; so there is an end of *that* article. In a word, it is an editor's monthly destiny to experience, in a most inconvenient manner, the truth of the homely saying, "there's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip." He may flatter himself that he has taken time by the

forelock, and that he sees his way through the next few numbers of his magazine, and that each one will be more brilliant than the last; yet a dozen unforeseen accidents may arise, deranging all his plans, and surrounding him with embarrassments. If the readers of monthly periodicals, which are made up of the contributions of many authors, would bear these things in mind, we are sure they would be more patient than they sometimes are under any disappointment they may themselves experience at the unusually *dry* character of some particular number; or the temporary interruption of some favourite series of papers; or the postponement of some subject of the day, on which they think we ought to express an opinion, &c. &c.

Then there is the race of publishers, who are ordinarily a fruitful "*fons et origo malorum*" to unhappy editors. It is true, indeed, that we ourselves are not so subject to inconveniences from this quarter as the editor of a Protestant periodical enjoying the same circulation would be. For there are but few Catholic books published in England and Ireland; and, speaking *generally*, Protestant publishers have not yet learnt that there is a considerable number of their Catholic fellow-countrymen who are interested in literary matters, and who are anxious both to know what new books are appearing, and whether they are written ably or otherwise, and also to have the opinion of some competent judge, as to whether the general subjects of which they treat are handled in such a manner as to be dangerous to the faith and morals, or offensive to the feelings of Catholic readers. For this reason, then, our library-table does not groan under "presentation copies" in the same way as that of a Protestant editor may be supposed to do. Nevertheless, we are not wholly exempt from some of the inconveniences to which we allude; and we are not sorry to have this opportunity of saying a few words about them. A year or two ago, a new quarterly periodical was started in London, the characteristic excellence of which, as set forth in its prospectus, was to be its unimpeachable honesty, and its independence of all bookselling connection. It was stated by its projectors, that literary criticism had degenerated, or was rapidly degenerating, into a mere sordid traffic; that it had become "but a bookseller's bellman;" that it "represented, not the brains, but the breeches-pockets" of the literature of the day; in a word, that the several Reviews were so many "puffing advertisements" belonging to certain great houses in the trade. Now it is no part of our present purpose to inquire what degree of truth there may be, or whether there be any, in the allegations thus summarily brought against the

multiplied legions of Protestant Reviews; neither, again, do we propose to inquire whether similar complaints might with justice be made concerning any *Catholic* Reviews, either existing or defunct. Our concern to-day is with ourselves; and we are anxious to put on record—what, indeed, we had thought was sufficiently known, but for certain rumours, and certain more substantial letters, that have reached us, clearly showing the contrary; namely—that *this Review is wholly independent of any bookseller's connection whatever*. The *Rambler* is absolutely and entirely our own property; that is, the property of the editor, not of the publisher; and our criticisms are determined by the merits of the work criticised, not by the name of the bookseller which stands at the foot of the title-page. Should the house of Messrs. Burns and Lambert give forth to the world some atrocious translation of a foreign work, or commit any other offence against the commonweal of Catholic literature, it would be registered in these pages with the same honesty, and commented on with the same severity, as if it had proceeded from the respected press of Messrs. Jones, Brown, and Robinson, or any of the mighty potentates of Marlborough Street, New Burlington Street, Albemarle Street, or Paternoster Row. We know that our publishers are far too high-minded, and have too sincere a concern for the interests of Catholic literature, to wish for one moment that it should be otherwise; indeed, at one time, when we were anxious, for certain private reasons of our own, that they *should* take the property of this Journal off our hands, the offer was declined partly on this very ground, that a Review which was the *property* of a bookseller could not be so independent in its criticisms and its general character as a Review *ought* to be. But even were it otherwise, were our publishers as anxious to restrain our liberty as they have shown themselves unwilling to do so, the result would still be the same, for this simple reason, that, be their *will* what it may, they are absolutely without *power*, as long as we continue to hold the property in our own hands, and to publish at our own risk. Are they offended at any criticism we have made upon their publications? Let them settle their accounts with us immediately, and we shall have no difficulty in finding a hearty welcome elsewhere. But enough upon these personal concerns; on which we should not have entered, however, without a reason.

We were saying, that the publishers were often a very sharp thorn in the sides of an editor; speaking of an editor in the abstract, or of the word editor. One man is discontented because a handsome and costly volume which he sent was very

coldly noticed, or perhaps even sharply censured; another is heard to express his disappointment that the review did not contain some pointed compliment which would have looked well in an advertisement, such as "unparalleled in thought, and brilliant in expression;" "pre-eminently the book of the season;" "most classical in its Latin quotations, and perfect in the declensions of the Greek nouns," &c. Some publishers measure the value of a notice by the number of lines in which it is expressed, and are clamorous to have their books made the subject of special articles; whilst others only ask to have them briefly but pointedly recommended amongst the *Short Notices*. Sometimes we are censured for unnecessary delay, because we are not satisfied to run through the table of contents and the index of some valuable work, and so insert a worthless notice ten days after the sheets are out of the printer's hands, but choose rather to wait another month, that we may give an opinion which we shall not afterwards wish to retract. Sometimes, again, we excite a publisher's wrath because we have taken no notice of his third, fourth, or fortieth edition of some most diminutive *brochure*, as well known, and perhaps as uninteresting to the public, as the 'A B C' to a charity-school-boy; in other words, because we have not given him an advertisement *gratis*. Some of our contemporaries have adopted a convenient mode of shelving all such books as they do not think it worth while to give any definite opinion upon (or, at least, not at present), by announcing them all together as "books received." Certainly, some general formula would seem to be wanted, under which may be classed all those works towards which an editor may be excused for feeling perfect indifference. A friend, to whom we are greatly indebted for assistance in the critical department of our Journal, has supplied us with such a formula; and if it lack somewhat of that brevity which would be desirable, yet it must be allowed that it is quite as expressive as the circumstances will allow. It runs thus: "If any good is likely to arise from the perusal of this work—and we are not prepared to say that there is not—we are glad to see that it has been published; but if *no* good is likely to arise—and we are not prepared to say that there is—*transeat*."

Next to the publishers come the authors, to whom, indeed, a great deal of what has been said about publishers equally applies; but who have (in addition) certain special grievances of their own, which often cause them to be a fruitful source of trouble to the race of editors. They forget that, when once a work is published, it becomes in a manner public property; and that it is the special province and privilege of

critics to judge of what is thus set before them, and often to form a different estimate of its value from that assigned to it by its too affectionate parent. They therefore wish to have their say in reply to the editorial remarks, and must prove to him that it is quite certain they understand the science on which they have ventured to write far better than he does, and that he has done them gross injustice. A painter wonders why we found fault with the foreshortening of the Giant's nose in his illustrated edition of *Jack the Giant Killer*; it was the very point he prided himself upon, and all the best judges consider that it was a perfect triumph of art. A musician thinks that we *might* have noticed the pleasing introduction of the kettle-drums at the end of his new opera of *Tom Thumb*, and is surprised that we should have imagined that Bellini could have excelled the march in Part III., which our criticism foolishly asserted to have been borrowed from the *Puritani*. A translator of Terence and Euripides, whose innumerable and extraordinary blunders clearly proved him to be ignorant of the Greek and Latin tongues, writes to inform us that he had no opportunity of correcting the press, otherwise he should certainly have amended all these errors; and when we take no notice of his communication, he writes again, complaining that our original article and our subsequent silence have done him a serious injury; for that, having resigned his situation as teacher of the dead languages in the classical academy of his native city, he cannot now obtain a re-engagement in a similar capacity! Now we need hardly say, that an editor who takes advantage of his position, either by undeserved severity of criticism in the first place, or by the suppression of an author's reply in the second, to gratify any feelings of private pique, envy, revenge, or love of detraction, is most grossly deficient in the very elementary qualifications requisite for his office—to say nothing of the higher obligations of moral and religious duty, from which an editor is not supposed to be exempted, though they do not happen to come under consideration in this place; still—an author is not the best judge of the merits of his own performances; and as long as the reviewer has not misstated facts, made false quotations, imputed false motives, or sinned in any other way against the laws of honourable criticism, the author's best and wisest course, as well as that which is most convenient to the editor and to the public, is to remain silent; certainly he has no claim either upon the editor's time or space.

We have spoken of the petty annoyances, or more serious inconveniences, which sometimes beset an editor on the part

of authors reviewed and of publishers; these belong to what may be called the Foreign Department of his office. There are others which sometimes arise in the *Home* Department also, among his own staff; but these must be dealt gently with, for they are not for profane ears. The editor of a monthly magazine which aims at *instructing* as well as *amusing* has indeed a difficult and a delicate task. On the one hand, he is responsible both to his own conscience and to the public, not only for every article which appears in his pages as a whole, but also for *every part* of every article; for every expression, every single word. On the other hand, he is bound to respect the natural (and very proper) sensitiveness of every contributor for the integrity of his own productions. And it is often no easy matter to strike the balance between the respect due to our contributors and the respect due to ourselves. We need not pursue this subject further; we will only say, that those contributions are doubly and trebly acceptable to the editor which come accompanied by a note such as the following—and let us add that it has been our privilege to receive such from many an accomplished writer, both lay and clerical:—"With this Ms., as with all others I may send, we must have no reserve with each other. *Meum* and *tuum* should not exist between those who only wish to further the same great work. Let us have a 'community of goods' in this matter; and let me send you a paper when I can, on the express condition that you shall feel *bound* to suppress or *alter it ad majorem Dei gloriam*."*

No one but the editor himself can tell how true and how lasting are his obligations to such writers as these. It is seldom that he is allowed time to feel, or that the public will bear with him if he attempts to express all that he happens to feel; and yet he would be ungrateful, if he did not at least thus briefly but emphatically acknowledge the debt of which he is so conscious, and which he is so unable adequately to requite by any pecuniary remuneration.

We pass by all the *minor* troubles of an editor's life, such as the correcting of proof-sheets, and other similar trifles; for although the cleverness of printers has made this portion of our work less painful than it would have been in former days, yet it *is* a trouble; and no one who has not experienced it for a certain length of time has any idea of the patience, and exactness, and unflagging attention, which it requires. We almost fancy we could graduate at Herculaneum after editing some of our more bulky Quarterlies through a year or two; and at the end of our task, we should feel but

* This is a literal copy of a note we received some months since.

little inclination to hang up the sheets, like those of the Glasgow *Homer*, and offer a reward for every misprint. However, after all, this is but a *minor* trouble; and, indeed, *all* the troubles and inconveniences we have yet enumerated sink into utter insignificance when compared with that which is the crowning trouble of all, the labour and the weariness that are often inflicted upon editors by that extensive and extending class of the human family whose members believe themselves called to the vocation of authors. One day, as we were leaving our house, we were met on the threshold by a short, sharp-featured little man, carrying under his arm what seemed to be a huge folio, tied up in a pocket-handkerchief. For a moment, dim visions of unpaid taxes, or poor-rates, or church-rates, floated before the eyes of our imagination: yet there was something about the physiognomy of our guest betokening a certain degree of diffidence and humility not altogether congenial to the face of a tax-gatherer. Moreover, we observed that he was evidently at a loss how to address us; so we took the initiative ourselves, and inquired into the nature of his business. Our question was immediately met by another: "Pray, sir, are you not an editor?" The stern necessity of truth compelled us to answer in the affirmative. "Then, sir, would you be kind enough to look at my little manuscript?" Our spirit sank within us, as we took the measure of the mysterious handkerchief, whose knots were now about to be loosened. We thought to ward off the impending catastrophe by asking the *subject* of this Ms., inwardly resolving that it was a subject which should not be suitable to the pages of the *Rambler*. Our cunning was in vain. "Oh! it was upon a great number of things." As far as we could make out, it must have been upon things in general, and nothing at all in particular. However, it was impossible to plead that things in general were not suited to a magazine like our own; so we had recourse to the only means of escape which seemed open to us; and being already without the house, we fairly ran for it. The man anxiously inquired if we could not recommend him to some other editor who was less occupied than ourselves; but in mercy to our brothers in the profession, we withheld the desired information; thereby doing our best to consign to obscurity some deep philosopher perhaps (who knows?), or some brilliant poet, or some imaginative novelist. What specially amused us in this little adventure, and what has led to our relating it here, was the notion which the good man evidently entertained, that the proper definition of an editor was, a rational animal the subject-matter of whose art or science was Mss. in general; and that there was a certain

number of these animals scattered up and down the country, like so many tailors or shoemakers, always on the look-out for work; the work, namely, of sitting in judgment on unpublished Mss. Speaking from our own experience, we are inclined to think that some such idea as this must prevail far more generally than would at first sight be supposed. In the particular instance just narrated, we suffered no inconvenience from the delusion, beyond that which a well-regulated mind must always feel at the necessity of doing or saying something which would seem to be ungracious. We do not always, however, live outside our houses; and the Penny-post, and the Parcels Delivery Company, and the several railways that overspread the land, manage to penetrate even to the innermost sanctuary of an editor's study, and often crowd his table with most unwelcome guests. Sometimes these contributions come from unknown hands, without any token whatever of their parentage, like infants to a foundling-hospital; and after waiting for what we consider a reasonable period of time for some claimant to make his appearance, we burn them (not the infants, but the Mss.). Sometimes they are accompanied by little notes, anonymous or otherwise. Sometimes they have been wholly unprovoked by any thing on our part; sometimes they are a punishment brought upon us by some ambiguous criticism, or an unfortunate suggestion that has appeared in our own journal; *e.g.* in noticing the first attempts of some youthful votary of the Muses, instead of saying at once that the verses were rubbish, and ought to have been put behind the fire, we have humbly imitated the critic who, under similar circumstances, expressed an opinion that the poem before him "would be read when Homer and Milton were forgotten, *but not till then*;" at least, we have imitated this critic in the delicate caution with which he approached the unpleasant portion of his task,—in the silver paper with which he carefully wrapt it round,—but we have failed, we suppose, to imitate him in the truth-telling precision of the concluding words; we have aimed at being facetious, and have become obscure. Thus, we have said of Mr. Ferdinand Brown, that although his poem is quite beyond our powers of criticism, yet that the author might aspire to the fame of Wordsworth if he had lived amidst lake scenery, and had cultivated his talents under similar advantages and with the like success; and before many weeks are over, we receive a large packet, with a note, stating that Mr. Ferdinand Brown has taken advantage of his annual vacation from Leadenhall Street to run over to the Swiss Lakes, in consequence of our flattering recommendation; and now forwards thirteen hun-

dred sonnets in blank verse, composed amidst the tarns and rills of Switzerland, under the glaciers of the snow-clad Alps. We are requested to read them over; and if we think that sonnets would be improved by rhymes, to add them to the ends of the verses. Or, again, we are supposed to take an interest in historical or biographical subjects, because some contributor happens to have said that we do not possess a history of Central Africa, or any intelligible biography of Brian Boromhe; and straightway we receive a ponderous manuscript, containing materials which the collector thinks might be worked up for either subject, and he leaves it to us to advise which of the two we should prefer; that is to say, he wishes to know whether we will publish any thing which he can write upon it. We once heard of a student in Rome who had composed two sonnets in honour of one of his brethren, and then asked an old professor to select one of them for printing. The professor read one, and added quietly, "Print the other." "But you have not read it." "No: but it cannot be worse than the first." An editor is often disposed to answer quite as plainly; but he remembers that he too was once a beginner, and was (or at least might have been) told to bloom in the desert air of his own study until he knew more about the business. He therefore does his best to handle the critic's sceptre with mildness, yet with truth; "neither extenuating, nor setting down aught in malice."

But here we must cease our dirge over the calamities of an editorial life: only, when you call to mind, gentle reader, all that has been said, and the much more that might have been said,—when you consider the quantity of matter an editor has to bring together from various quarters, and to fit into a Procrustean bed of five, six, or seven sheets, as the case may be, by a given day in every month,—when you remember the contributors, the authors, and the publishers he has to satisfy, and the miscellaneous and changeable public he has to cater for,—perhaps you will be more tolerant of his occasional failures; you will not be surprised that somebody, at least, is not always satisfied with the result; and you will certainly agree with us in thinking, that of the two elementary accomplishments, reading is unquestionably the easier.

SUFFERINGS OF ENGLISH NUNS DURING THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

IN our last Number we gave an account of the sufferings of some of the French nuns during the Revolution in that country at the close of the last century. To-day we propose to introduce to our readers an English community which was settled in Paris at that time, and, indeed, had been residing there for more than a hundred years; but was then obliged to fly into England, where they still remain.

The community to which we refer was not one of those that was founded on the continent immediately after the dissolution of religious houses in this country at the Reformation, but only a filiation from one of them; and, like many others of its class, it suffered not a little from the action of the penal laws affecting the property of English Catholics. At one time it is recorded in their annals that they were so deeply in debt, even to their ordinary tradesmen, the butcher, baker, and brewer, &c., that these persons refused to give them any more credit, and were, moreover, very importunate for the discharge of the debts already contracted. The poor nuns, in their distress, were driven to part with their very linen; and for this purpose they intrusted a pair of sheets to a woman of their acquaintance, begging her to dispose of them as well as she could. Accordingly she took them to a charitable gentleman, assuring him that they belonged to persons of quality, now reduced to great poverty, and obliged to part with them in order to obtain food. The gentleman professed to purchase them for four *louis-d'or*, but desired the woman to keep the sheets till he should call for them. In fact, however, he had somehow guessed to whom they really belonged, and immediately took measures to inform the archbishop; and obtained permission from him that the necessities of this poor community should be published in all the churches of Paris on the following Sunday. The good nuns, who had been most agreeably surprised by receiving so high a price for their sheets, knew nothing of the charitable exertions which the purchaser was now making in their behalf; so that, though they immediately began to feel the beneficial effects of those exertions, they were altogether ignorant of their cause. The archbishop himself sent them fifty *pistoles*; and the very next day there came considerable charities from all parts of the town. The queen sent a thousand *livres*; and other noble personages smaller sums of money. Even the poorest tradesmen brought of their

goods, as bread, butter, eggs, &c.; the very labourers brought at night the money they had earned in the course of the day, and were extremely concerned if the religious showed any unwillingness to receive it. Amongst the rest, special mention is made of a poor boy who brought one evening the sum of fifteen *sous*, which was all he had earned that day; and when the Mother *Celleraria* offered to refuse it, the boy burst into tears, fearing that it was rejected because of the smallness of the gift, and protesting that indeed he had no more, or he would certainly give it. The relief which they received at this time not only delivered them from the burden of their debts, but even provided them with meal, and other things of the same kind, sufficient to last them the whole year. Moreover, it was the occasion of their receiving for some time regular pensions to a considerable amount from different persons of quality. The queen undertook to pay so much a month for their butcher's bill; another did the same for their account with the brewer; a third gave them all their bread, &c.

However, we must pass over the history of a hundred and thirty years, and come at once to the special subject of these papers,—the sufferings of these nuns during the French Revolution. Their alarms began with the taking of the Bastile on the 14th of July, 1789, and the collecting of violent mobs in the streets, setting fire to various houses, &c. which soon followed. The Mother Prioress was at that time in a most suffering state, and, in fact, very near her end; and the sisters would fain have kept from her knowledge the disturbances that were going on. This, however, was impossible: seven houses were on fire in different parts of the town at the same time; and some of these were within sight of the Infirmary windows, and the smell of the smoke came full into the room. By and by a mob came to the door, and asked for victuals. They were admitted into the parlour, had as much bread and wine as they chose, and retired very quietly; and after this the sisters were not subjected to any actual molestation for some time. Meanwhile, the Mother Prioress was taken to her rest on the 22d of November, 1789; and forty days afterwards, on January 11th, 1790, a successor was duly elected; after which, says the chronicle which we are following, “things became so disturbed as to put an end to all regular observance.” First came the difficulties arising out of the intrusion of the constitutional clergy. The nuns received an order to ring the bells for the installation of the intruded Bishop of Paris, which they refused to obey. Monsieur the Commissaire *threatened*, but no harm ensued. Then a *procès verbal* was brought, which the Prioress was required to sign, declaring

her acceptance of certain articles in a printed paper. By one of these articles she was to promise to keep the doors of the church shut, and to let no one enter but members of the community; by another, she was to allow no one to say Mass in the church who had not received faculties from the intruded bishop. To the first of these requisitions she promised assent; for many other churches were still open to the people, and indeed the church of the community was, strictly speaking, only a private one; but the second was distinctly refused, the Mother Prioress boldly replying that she neither could, nor would, acknowledge any other bishop than the lawful one, then residing in exile at Chambery. In spite of this refusal, the *commissaire* behaved with great respect, and promised the community his protection. Next came the intruded curate of the parish, *in propriâ personâ*, to ask if they would receive the procession of the Most Blessed Sacrament into their church on the Festival of Corpus Christi. They pleaded, in reply, the strict order they had received to keep the doors always closed. But it was not to be expected that this plea should avail them long. So when the curate readily undertook to get the requisite permission for disobeying that order on this special occasion, Mother Prioress was obliged to confess that, although she could offer no resistance to any violence that might be used, yet she never would voluntarily open the doors to any but the lawful pastor of the parish. Hereupon the curate retired, and sent a *commissaire* in his place; but he too received the same answer. He was well content, however, and not a little surprised, to find that he could obtain a promise that the outer walls of the convent should be hung with tapestry and other ornaments, as usual, during the time of the procession, the Prioress considering this to be a matter of mere police arrangement, on which the civil authority had a right to insist. Not long afterwards the convent churches were all re-opened, under the inspection of the civil magistrate only, and the church of this particular convent amongst the rest; and it remained open until the imprisonment of the nuns on the 3d of October, 1793. The concourse of worshippers was immense, being well assured that here at least there was no danger of meeting with a constitutional priest; whereas of the other churches in Paris many had been destroyed, and from others the lawful curates had been deposed.

Of course, all these annoyances and difficulties, arising from the schismatical position of so large a number of the clergy, were as nothing compared with what came afterwards. Nevertheless, they were sufficiently distressing in themselves to a community of religious ladies, who were anxious, on the

one hand, steadfastly to adhere to all the strictest discipline of the Church, and freely to profess their religious faith, on every proper and necessary occasion, yet, on the other hand, were naturally solicitous to avoid all rash or imprudent measures, that might draw down mischief upon themselves, without in any way benefiting the cause of religion.

The first official domiciliary visit to the convent was early in the year 1793. A body of armed men presented themselves at the gate, and demanded to speak with the Superior. The summons was immediately obeyed; and the Mother Prioress inquired into the nature of their business. This they declined to communicate; but the leader of the band, accompanied by two others, desired to be conducted to her apartment. When there, they diligently examined her correspondence. Finding nothing, however, but English letters, and one from a deputy of the National Assembly (for all other French letters had been carefully destroyed), they expressed themselves satisfied, and retired. After this, the nuns were left in peace until Holy Thursday in the same year; when the house was surrounded by 300 soldiers, and most rigidly searched throughout, under the pretext of discovering certain priests and stores of arms that were said to be concealed there. The third visit was made in the night of the 7th of September, or rather at two o'clock in the morning of the 8th. The alarm of the religious, thus violently disturbed from their slumbers, may be easily conceived. They rose and dressed as quickly as they could, the officers being all this time clamorous in their demands for immediate admission. When they had entered, they proceeded to institute a most rigorous search into the contents of every cell in the house, and placed the seal of the nation on all letters and other papers which they could discover. When this had been done, the poor nuns were allowed to go into the choir, excepting the Mother Prioress and another, who remained with the men till five o'clock, when they went away; and, as our chronicle adds, with most touching simplicity, "the community said Matins." The next visit was productive of more serious consequences; it was made in the afternoon of the 3d of October, 1793, and it ended by the officers declaring all the inmates of the house to be under arrest, and leaving a guard upon the premises, to be maintained at the expense of the community. This guard was an old man, and disposed to behave kindly towards them; but it was his duty to see that nothing passed in or out of the convent without his knowledge. At this time also the officers took possession of all the documents, deeds, contracts, registers, &c. belonging to the house, excepting only the

parchments on which the religious vows were written, of which each nun was allowed to retain her own. Moreover, the effects of all Englishmen having been now put under sequestration, no rents were any longer received by the community; and for some time they were reduced to live on charity, and such means as they could obtain by the sale of needlework or any other trifles which they could make; for no assistance was given them by the public committee appointed for this purpose until the day before Christmas.

During the first period of the imprisonment of the nuns in their own house, they were able to continue all their religious exercises as usual; only being interrupted from time to time by the arrival of sundry officers, who came to see how many spare rooms there were, and how many prisoners brought from other places could be accommodated in them. At the same time, however, they assured the nuns that these prisoners should only be ladies of their own country. At length, in one of the first days of November, a very zealous Jacobin presented himself to the nuns, and produced his credentials as their future jailer. This was taken as an intimation that other prisoners might soon be expected; as proved, indeed, to be the case. On the 7th inst. six ladies arrived, accompanied by two maid-servants, who refused to be separated from them; and presently afterwards the house was *filled* with prisoners of all ranks—men, women, and children. Many of these prisoners were persons of the highest condition; their accommodations, however, were necessarily of the meanest kind. The Duchess of Montmorency, for instance, her child and waiting-maid, were all three lodged in a very small garret, which had been used as a sort of closet by the infirmarian, where she kept the earthenware required for the use of the sick. The duchess's maid soon fell ill; and her mistress so assiduously waited upon her, that she too became very ill herself. Her father, the Duke d'Aloine, was a prisoner in the same house, and went upstairs to visit his daughter; but "his grace being extremely large, and the door very narrow, he could not enter the room; which caused," we are told, "some diversion among the prisoners."

Many of the noble families that were thus imprisoned gave great edification by their exemplary patience under all their trials; there were others, alas! who showed that their principles were according to the times; and most of these went out of the prison to meet their death in a state of infatuation, not seeking or desiring the aid of any spiritual ministrations whatever. A few made good use of the respite afforded them by their imprisonment; and to these God often vouchsafed,

in a wonderful manner, the opportunity of approaching the Sacrament of Penance. One lady, in particular, who had long neglected her religious duties, and who earnestly solicited the prayers and assistance of the nuns, since there were no means of obtaining a priest, was surprised one day by seeing her uncle, who was a very zealous priest, among her fellow-prisoners: from him she had the happiness of receiving all the spiritual aid he could afford her, before she was led out to execution. Most of the prisoners behaved very respectfully to the religious when they met them any where about the house; and when, after a long and rigorous confinement to their few and small apartments, they were at length persuaded to walk out into the garden, the other prisoners abandoned the particular walk which the nuns selected, and would not disturb them. Still, we need not say that the crowding together of so many seculars of all classes into a religious house, and the bringing them into such close quarters with the religious themselves, was a source of continual distress and annoyance in a thousand ways. One night a French Benedictine nun, who had been brought there from another house, was dying; and, of course, the good sisters who were waiting upon her immediately began to recite the prayers for the agonising; whereupon one of the prisoners, who heard them, got up and expressed great displeasure at the disturbance, as he called it; and they were obliged to be more cautious for the future. Moreover, many of the gentlemen retained so much of their national *gaieté*, even in their misfortunes, that they were often skipping and dancing about the courts and dormitories, much to the annoyance of the sisters. Again, many of the prisoners had a very great dislike to the religious habit, and joined with the jailer in pressing the nuns to leave it off. The *commissaires*, also, who paid them official visits occasionally, urged the same thing; they acknowledged that they had no orders to oblige them to make the change, but they counselled it as a matter of prudence, saying that they could not answer for the consequences if the mob were to see them in their habits. A number of ladies, both in and out of the convent, provided them with the necessary change of apparel (for the nuns had no money to purchase them for themselves); and on the 29th of December, to the great grief of the community, the change was made.

Already, at the beginning of this month, they had lost their confessor, an old and infirm Benedictine father, against whom the jailer conceived a special aversion, and whom he caused to be removed, therefore, to another place of confinement; and a week earlier still, they had ceased to enjoy the

blessing of hearing Mass. For a short time after the arrival of the prisoners, the community continued their choir-duties as usual; the Blessed Sacrament was still reserved in the tabernacle, and they heard Mass daily.

By and by it was deemed safer not to keep the Blessed Sacrament any longer in the tabernacle, as many horrible profanations had already been committed in other churches: nevertheless they took the precaution of retaining the lamp burning as usual, so that if any change for the better should take place in the state of public affairs, it might be restored without notice. As much of the church plate as could be spared, had, by order of the ecclesiastical superiors, been sold at a very early period of the Revolution; and even when the *commissaires* had taken away the only silver chalice and ciborium that was left, Mass was still said, a chalice and ciborium of pewter-gilt being used. On a later occasion, the *commissaires* carried off the silver monstrance, thurible, and crucifix, and even a little silver reliquary which the Mother Prioress wore about her own person, saying that "the nation had need of all." On the 25th of November, however, a sixth official visit was made to the convent; and this time all the brass, copper, and other metals belonging to the church were seized, and such a work of devastation committed as entirely prevented the saying of Mass for the future. The scene which the church presented on this occasion is described by an eye-witness as most horrible. Dreadful figures, in all kinds of disguises, came rushing in, "one driving the other, and seeming to exult in the work they were sent to do. They ran up and down the church, snatching, tearing down curtains and the shrines of saints, crosses, pictures, &c.; throwing about the holy water; casting things down to the ground, then kicking them up into the air; jumping, racing about, calling on each other's names with loud laughter, &c. Then they collected all together, and carried the things into the vestry at the bottom of the church, and placed the seal of the nation on the door. Next they passed into the other vestry, and there one of these irreligious creatures dressed himself like an abbess, and taking a crosier in his hand, came in mockery into the chapter-room, singing, *Veni, sponsa Christi.*" They also threw open all the large cupboards, in which the vestments and other church ornaments were kept, pulled down the cupboards, and took them into the courtyard to fit up rooms for prisoners, and carried the vestments away. Meanwhile, the utmost which the poor religious could do, was to remove as many of their office-books and other books of devotion as they could lay their hands upon, from the choir to their own private apartments. But not even

these cells were destined to be safe from the inquisitorial search, sometimes of the regular *commissaires*, sometimes of private individuals, whose zeal would not allow them to wait for an official appointment. On one occasion they discovered a few old flowers and other such things belonging to a little chapel of our Lady in the cemetery. The discovery of these religious objects seemed to be considered a great conquest, and they were carried off in triumph as the property of the nation. At another time they obliged the nuns to empty their pockets, turned over their books to see if there were any pictures in them that gave offence, "such as Sacred Hearts, &c.;" in short, the nuns were continually molested by these visitations, and by the most rigorous search which never failed to accompany them.

Meanwhile new encroachments had continually been made upon the portion of the house originally assigned to them, until at length two were obliged to live together in almost every cell; and in the depth of winter the jailer deprived them of every room having a chimney in which they were able to meet together, and it was a fortnight or more before they could get a stove fixed in the only room which was left, large enough for them to take their meals in. They were also reduced to great straits for want of money. The allowance which had at first been made to them, lasted until May 1794; but after that time, although they had been told to ask for more as soon as they wanted it, not a penny could they obtain. They managed to gain something by their work; but provisions of all kinds were both scarce and dear. "We were obliged to keep a Lent," they say, "from the beginning of Septuagesima till some time after Pentecost. About a pound of meat was allowed once in five days to each sick prisoner. One of the nuns who greatly needed it got some two or three times, after which the jailer brought no more, and said there was none to spare. Some of the prisoners, however, were very kind in giving such assistance as they could; those who could get fowls from their tenants, farmers in the country, would often bring us the *remains* of them, which was a great help for the sick." By and by all money belonging to any of the prisoners was taken from them, and thrown into a common fund; from whence a certain fixed sum was given every day to all the prisoners alike, the nuns as well as the rest; and the nuns were even obliged to take their meals at the same table with the others. But this was only about a week or ten days before they were removed to another prison; for by this time, all their effects having been plundered, their keeper was

very anxious that they should be taken elsewhere as soon as possible.

On the 15th of July, 1794, between ten and eleven in the morning, an officer came and announced to them their immediate removal; but without saying whither they were going. He proceeded to institute a most minute search into the contents of every cell, even ripping open pincushions to see that nothing was concealed in them, putting his knife to the bottom of the tea-canister, &c. &c.; and then gave out to each nun what he was pleased to allow them to carry with them, viz. such secular clothing as they happened to have, their Breviaries, and a few other books. Each parcel was made up separately, one for each cell, and then carefully fastened and sent down to the *greffe*, that nothing might be added to it. And this tedious process was continued without intermission all through the night, so that none of the religious could go to bed; and it was not all over until two or three o'clock in the afternoon of the 16th. Then every cell was emptied and locked up, so that the religious had no where to put themselves; for by this time the coaches, which had been in waiting all the morning, were gone away, and it was necessary to send for others. Some few of the prisoners took some of them to their own rooms, that they might get a little rest; but the others were obliged to stand together for some hours in the dormitory. Moreover, a difficulty occurred which threatened to bring worse evils in its train than mere delay. In examining one of the trunks of linen in the house, a red nightcap was found, which the father confessor of the convent had long since brought from England, and used to wear when he suffered from rheumatism in the head. The officer, however, chose to look upon it as a sure token of complicity in a plot to bring about a counter-revolution; for it happened that at that time the *bonnet rouge* was a great object of suspicion, and actually forbidden.* He therefore sent it to the authorities of the section, together with some little pictures of the Sacred Heart, which had been found in another cell. The Mother Prioress, and one or two of the religious, were summoned before the *commissaires* of the section, and a *procès verbal* of the fact was drawn up, which they were made to sign. The magistrates professed to look upon it in a very serious light; and as some of the officers who had been searching the house had repeatedly assured them that in the place whither they were going they would want nothing,—which was supposed to imply that they would be sent to another life,—the poor nuns

* This officer was himself executed on the fall of Robespierre.

knew not what they might not expect as a consequence of having a red nightcap and a few pictures of the Sacred Heart.

At last they were ordered to come down into the courtyard; and there they were all put into a dark dungeon where there was nothing but a heap of straw, and which had lately been made a place of punishment for any breach of discipline in the prison. From hence they were called forth by name, three at a time; and passing between a number of soldiers, who stood on either side with drawn swords in their hands, they were put into coaches,—three religious and a guard into each coach. It was about eleven o'clock at night when they really left their home; and at one the following morning they were at Vincennes. They had not slept, and scarcely eaten any thing, during the last forty hours; and now they were detained for some time at the prison-gates, the jailer being in bed. Even after their admission, it was necessary for them to remain in the kitchen whilst the guards proceeded to select their apartments; and for refreshment they could get nothing but bread and water; to which, however, they were fortunately able to add a little wine of their own, from what had been given to the Mother Prioress on their departure by one of the prisoners. After having been made to pay for the hire of the carriages which had brought them to Vincennes, and having their pockets searched by the jailer's wife and another woman, they were conducted to their new place of confinement. They ascended a stone spiral staircase of 150 steps, being lighted by men with torches in their hands stationed at various intervals of the ascent, and passing by a number of doors, secured by such locks and bolts as struck terror into the souls of the good nuns, who had never seen such instruments before. At length they paused before a large folding-door provided with the same formidable-looking bolts; and they were ushered into a suite of four apartments, and there left with a candle and several buckets of water, out of which they were mockingly invited to drink. "We were so fatigued that we made no ceremony, but each found herself a mattress and lay down in her clothes to repose; and we were so weary that I believe all slept a little." It was late in the next day before any one came near them; and it was not without difficulty that they succeeded in getting a very small jug of hot water, to make some tea for the invalids. They found they had a fellow-prisoner in their rooms; one who had been tried for her life, but was sentenced only to imprisonment. At first they looked upon her with suspicion, as being probably a spy upon them; and she in her turn had a strong objection to nuns. However, she soon found that their society was a great solace to her in her confinement, and they

learnt no longer to mistrust her. Some time in the course of the day their boxes were brought up to their rooms, by which means they recovered their Breviaries, and were able to say office again, which for two days had been interrupted, and to resume their other duties as far as circumstances permitted. All their money was taken away, and the only meal in the day which was provided for them was dinner. This was served at any time, from one to three o'clock in the afternoon, that happened to suit the jailer's convenience, and seems to have been but a very meagre affair. Nevertheless, they were obliged to put aside, even from this scanty allowance, a little bread and vegetables for supper; and any wine they could spare was exchanged for milk, to mix with their tea in the morning. As to butter, they had none; and after a few days their little stock of sugar was exhausted. Under these privations, it is not to be wondered at that several of the sisters fell sick with agues, &c.; and the Mother Prioress became so alarmingly ill, as to require two of the sisters to be in constant attendance upon her both day and night for a period of five or six weeks. She recovered at last, and they attributed her recovery to the intercession of St. Winifred; for at a time when she seemed to be in a state of insensibility, she asked for a stone from her well which they happened to have amongst them, and desired them to make a novena in honour of the saint, whose litany also they recited daily until she was restored to health. Another of the sisters, who was naturally of a very weak constitution, was so overcome by the bodily hardships and mental anxieties of this imprisonment, that she gradually sank under them, and lost her reason. The good sisters were extremely desirous of still keeping her amongst them; but when the Mother Prioress fell ill, the officers and medical attendants of the house insisted upon her removal to the hospital, where they said she would have the benefit of baths and other remedies, which could not be procured in the prison. This was a most severe trial to the community; it is recorded in their chronicles as "the cruellest stroke they met with;" nor could they ever succeed in learning what had become of their sister until shortly before their own release from Vincennes, when a friend, who had been most indefatigable in making inquiries after her, discovered that she died in the Hôtel Dieu at Paris on the 13th of October, 1794.

It was not long after these religious were removed to Vincennes, that the death of Robespierre produced a considerable amelioration in the condition of most prisoners. Amongst the rest, the woman who had been confined with them was now set at liberty, and returned not long afterwards to pay them a

visit. The Prioress of the Carmelites also came to visit them, and to see an English nun of her community who had been sent to join her fellow-countrywomen in this house when first the Carmelites were dispersed; and who was now therefore imprisoned with them. The prioress wished to obtain her liberty; but rather than be obliged to resume life in the world in Paris, she chose to remain in prison at Vincennes.

By and by rumours reached our English nuns that they too were to obtain their liberty, or at least were to be taken back to Paris; but first they were removed to another part of the castle of Vincennes, in consequence of certain alterations which were going on in the rooms below their own, and which endangered the security of that part of the building. After many expostulations with their jailer, they were removed to safer but far more confined and inconvenient quarters, being a low *entresol*, two garret-shaped rooms with arched ceiling, with a doorway between them, but no door, and such a draught of wind both from the outer door and the windows as entirely neutralised all the heat of the fire. They had reason, however, to congratulate themselves upon the change; for the very next day the ceiling of the room above their former habitation, in which, by the by, were confined murderers and other criminals of the very worst class—so savage that not even the jailer ever visited them without the companionship of a fierce dog and some armed guards—fell through, and a portion of it was precipitated into the room beneath.

At length, on the 7th of November, 1794, they were told that they must now return to Paris. They had already received intelligence of this from some friends without the prison; and moreover, that they were to be restored to their old convent. Accordingly, they left Vincennes in very good spirits, riding in a covered waggon which had been provided for them,—all but four, for whom there was no room, and who were therefore obliged to walk with the guards. On the road they learnt to their great disappointment that they were not going to their own house, but to the convent of the English Augustinians at the Fosse St. Victor, where arrived also, a day or two afterwards, the other community of English nuns from the Rue Charenton, Faubourg St. Antoine. Here they fared very well as far as their food was concerned; for a cook was appointed to provide for them all, and a certain sum was allowed him every day for each person. Each community dined in their own rooms, having fetched their dinner from this common kitchen at their own appointed hour. But they all soon found that, though so well provided with food, it was at the cost of considerable privation as far as their other ne-

cessities were concerned; for they had to procure their own firing, tea and sugar, washing, &c. &c.; and their slender stock of money was soon exhausted. They petitioned, therefore, that the daily allowance might be made them in money instead of in kind; and after some time the petition was granted. Moreover, our poor nuns suffered a great deal from want of proper furniture. The Augustinians had only been able to provide them with two bedsteads, and the beds of all the others were laid upon the cold and damp brick floor. The winter was most unusually severe, so that even the very fire-wood which they got, and for which they had to pay a great price, "was half ice; and though we broke off all the ice we could, instead of burning, the water used to run down from the fire about our room." Meanwhile, their own furniture was all under lock and key and the seal of the nation, in their own convent; and with very great difficulty they succeeded at length in getting permission to send for it. When this arrived, they were able to make themselves much more comfortable, being no longer obliged to sleep upon the damp floor, and having many old broken articles which they could use as fire-wood.

Here then they remained, all the three communities imprisoned together, but without the inconvenience of any secular prisoners, until the 1st of March, 1795, which was also the first Sunday in Lent. On that day the keeper announced to them that they were all at liberty; but since they were in an English convent, they might remain there if they pleased. The keeper himself also remained, but the guards were withdrawn; and all who came to visit either of the three communities were admitted without difficulty. On the other hand, this boon was attended by the very considerable inconvenience of the withdrawal of their daily pension from government, whilst yet they could not succeed in obtaining their own rents. This was the cause of very severe suffering to all the community, and many of the sisters were much reduced in health by it. They could only allow themselves four ounces of bread a day, and other things in proportion; their chief article of food was potatoes, which some lady who had been a prisoner with them in their convent, procured from the country at a reasonable price. But provisions were so scarce and dear at this time, that the nuns could see from their windows poor people come to the very dunghills in the streets, and greedily eat of the refuse of vegetables that was thrown there; and many even died from want. Under these critical circumstances, the Mother Prioress, after long and anxious thought and much prayer to God, proposed to then

whether they should attempt to get to England. All agreed it would be the best thing, if it could be done; but none could give any idea how it was to be accomplished; nor were they at all aware that any religious community had yet ventured to take a similar step. In an affair of so much importance the votes of the community were taken; and *all but one* were for going to England. They next consulted the Grand Vicar, who was acting in the place of the Archbishop; and he gave his advice briefly, but very decidedly, to the same effect. It now only remained to cast about for the means of really fulfilling the resolution they had come to; and the only means which seemed at all within their reach was the sale of their furniture. They had no money of their own; their numerous petitions for aid to the government had received no answer; they had nothing but their furniture to dispose of; and they were very doubtful whether they would be allowed to dispose of this. However, Mother Prioress ventured to speak on the subject to the keeper, who replied that he was only responsible for the safe custody of the goods of the Augustinian ladies, to whom the house belonged; that he had never received any charge concerning the goods of the communities that had been sent here for confinement, and that he should make no difficulty, therefore, to her selling any thing she pleased. This was a great step gained; and they thought at first of disposing of every thing at once by a public auction. On second thoughts, however, this was abandoned, as manifestly imprudent and likely to attract attention; and they determined to do nothing in the sale till they had secured their passports. This was a work of time, some new insurrection which broke out causing a delay of some weeks. At length the passports were obtained, each nun going before the revolutionary committee of the section, in order that her form, features, &c. might be accurately described on the precious document; three or four, who were too sick to go out, were visited in their own rooms for the same purpose. The passports being now safe, their next step was to secure places in the public conveyances to Calais, of which there were at that time only two in the week, carrying eight passengers. They therefore engaged the whole of the coach for Friday the 19th of June, and for Tuesday the 22d; and during the three weeks' interval that remained before these days would come, they sold all their property in small lots to different people; and managed to get them all out of the house, and safely delivered to their respective purchasers, before the last division of the community left Paris. These sales realised a sum of about 1500 *livres*; and the very day before the last party started on their journey, they received a further sum of

2000 *livres* from the government; the first grant which they had ever obtained in answer to their numerous petitions, and which, by God's good providence, now arrived most opportunely to assist them in their journey.

It is amusing, at this distance of time, and with Bradshaw's "Railway Time-tables" by our side, to look back on the records of a journey from Paris to Calais in 1794. It appears that the detachment of nuns who started on Friday reached Calais on the following Wednesday; and the second detachment were still longer on the road. They left Paris immediately after dinner on Tuesday, and arrived at the hotel in Calais just in time for dinner on the following Monday! In a little village, two leagues on the Paris side of Abbeville, they were obliged to sit all night in the coaches, stationary in the high road, for lack of horses. At Amiens they were obliged to procure farmers' horses, ploughboys leading them just as they would have driven a loaded wagon. At Montreuille they were again detained from the same cause, and again at Boulogne for a day and a night. However, at length the whole community found themselves reassembled in an inn at Calais; but the wind was "so high and contrary" that they could not attempt to sail. And here a little encounter which they had with "the world" in its own proper and ordinary form, is too simply yet graphically narrated in their own words to allow of our shortening it. "We were tormented," they say, "with the solicitation of one captain, and the friends of another (who was absent), to engage to go in their vessel. The friends of the absent one did not fail to use every argument in his favour and to discredit the other, which was very disagreeable. The innkeeper was interested for the absent one; the other came himself, and also got friends to speak for him. Mother Prioress, to be rid of these harassing importunities, was resolved to agree with one; which she did with the one present, for two reasons: first, because he said the least ill of the other, though the parties were both very warm, and it was difficult to decide which was best to choose; 2dly, because he was much recommended to us by two communities who came to see us, one Dominicanesses, the other Benedictines. This man was a Danish captain; and he agreed to take us for 2400 *livres*, which was at the rate of about two guineas a head. The waiter was much displeased at this agreement, and did not cease from endeavouring to ruin the captain. The night before we expected to sail, the vessel lying at anchor and all our luggage on board, the cable which fastened it to land was cut; and when the tide came in, the vessel turned aside, and was almost filled with water. This

was the first news told us in the morning; and that she was totally disabled from sailing, and that our luggage must be put into another vessel. This was the last effort of this battle of envy and jealousy, which appeared to us as horrible as a domiciliary visit; and it is true we never in our lives saw any thing so uncharitable!" An English lady who was of their party, but not a nun, went to the spot to see for herself, and prevented the goods from being removed; and the captain brought a carpenter, who certified that he had visited and repaired the ship, and that she was in a state to sail with safety. They therefore wisely determined to keep to their agreement; and on the evening of Thursday the 2d of July they went on board, "the enemies of the captain" standing by all the while, and charitably "wishing them all at the bottom." There proved to be but poor accommodation in the ship; only beds for five or six; but "the captain made up for it by his great attention and good nature;" and after a tedious sail of twenty hours they were safely landed at Dover, very hungry and weary, and with one French guinea in their pockets, which they exchanged for eighteen shillings. "A very great crowd waited their arrival on shore; many gave them a hearty welcome and congratulation." The officers at the custom-house gave but a slight look into their parcels; and they soon found themselves in an inn, "provided with a good fish-dinner, and such excellent bread, we could hardly believe either our eyes or our taste." The next day they were furnished with three coaches to take them to London, for the sum of 33*l.*; a sum which they were enabled to pay through the kindness of half a dozen friends, who had subscribed together to supply their immediate necessities. They left Dover early on Saturday morning, and travelled all night, in order that they might be able to hear Mass on Sunday, which they had not done since they left Paris. On arriving in London at six o'clock, and "having much to do to get a servant up at the inn," they procured a messenger as soon as they could to go and announce their arrival to a friend, at whose house they presently breakfasted; and after breakfast "we heard Mass, as well as we were able; but, alas! very sleepy prayers." Nevertheless, five days afterwards we find them in a little house in Orchard Street, rising to Matins at their usual hour of four in the morning, keeping choir, and fulfilling all their community duties as though they had never been disturbed. The Right Rev. Dr. Douglas had visited them on the very day after their arrival; had welcomed them with the most fatherly kindness, and given them leave to have Mass in their house, and to reserve the Blessed Sacrament there, provided they could set

apart a room that should be used solely for this purpose. "We made a very neat altar upon a chest of drawers," says the chronicle, of which we must now unwillingly take our leave; "and I cannot express the happiness we all experienced in having again the Blessed Sacrament: a happiness of which we had been deprived from the 24th of November, 1793, till the 9th or 10th of July, 1795."

Reviews.

THE CZAR AND HIS SUBJECTS.

1. *The Russian Shores of the Black Sea in the Autumn of 1852; with a Voyage down the Volga, and a Tour through the Country of the Don Cossacks.* By Lawrence Oliphant. Blackwood.
2. *The last Days of Alexander and the first Days of Nicholas, Emperor of Russia.* By Robert Lee, M.D., F.R.S. Bentley.
3. *Russia and the Russians; comprising an Account of the Czar Nicholas, and the House of Romanoff.* By J. W. Cole, H.P. 21st Fusiliers. Bentley.

NICHOLAS the Czar reigns over a territory comprising one-sixth of the habitable globe. Within the last sixty years Russia has appropriated provinces on the Black Sea alone, as large as all that now remains of European Turkey. With Russia, or rather with the Czar, we are now at war. A portentous fact for the trade-loving, crystal-palace-building, peace-nurtured England of the year 1854. And a fact all the more portentous from the circumstance that it is with the Czar, more than with Russia, that we are at war. That sixth part of the globe which is now armed against us is under the dominion of one man. What would the Russians be without their emperor? An enormous horde; half-civilised or wholly barbarous; speaking different tongues, professing different creeds, inhabiting different climates, without a single bond in common; in fact, a gigantic, scattered, unorganised, and heterogeneous multitude. What were European and Asiatic Russia to boot against compact England and disciplined France? Without its despotic monarch, ruling their pockets, actions, and lives, at his own discretion, the struggle could

not last a year. But with a head, and with such a head, animated by such a policy, worshipped by the millions, though hated by the units of his people, Russia is a foe whose power may well make the most daring pause before they calculate on the chances of one single campaign.

After all, however, despotic monarchs are not omnipotent. There are limits even to the power of a czar over the wills of his subjects. There is a point at which his will *must* yield to theirs. And, far short of that point, there is a period at which their contributions to his treasury must cease, for the simple reason that they have nothing more to supply.

What, then, are the real resources of this most formidable foe? Is he an invincible giant, or a monstrous bugbear? Is his wealth as complete a sham as his "honour?" Has he the raw material in his territory and his people, from which his arbitrary will can create army after army, with clothing, arms, and food, to supply the exigencies of a prolonged struggle against the Western Powers?

The booksellers are quite ready to answer these and all such questions. If we don't know every thing about Nicholas and his means, it is not the fault of authors and publishers. Every body who has stored in his memory or his diary any thing to tell, seems rushing with his ms. to Paternoster Row, New Burlington Street, or Farringdon Street; and we have little doubt that books which in ordinary times would not sell off a small edition of a few hundred copies, are now printed by the thousand, and carried off rapidly by eager purchasers.

The great difficulty is, to know how much of all this information is true; or if it really is true, how far it is, or fairly represents, the whole truth. Unfortunately, few travellers can speak Russ; while there is not a country in the world where travellers are so completely at the mercy of a jealous government, as to what they shall see and what they shall not see. Russia, undeniably, is a horrible country for travelling in. Climate, roads, inns, conveyances, are alike detestable, with few exceptions; and over all and through all reigns a system of police and passport, devised by suspicious despotism and conducted by corrupt officials, which produces an amount of annoyance to strangers comparable only to the sufferings inflicted by the multifarious varieties of vermin which swarm through the length and breadth of that happy land.

Insects and police, indeed, seem nationalised throughout the empire. Who would expect to be bitten to death by mosquitoes *in Siberia*? Yet a certain Polish lady, who was banished to that region of frost, and who lately wrote a book on her return from exile, informs us that at Berezov, the

place of her detention, the brief summer which suddenly shot out from the rigours of a frightful winter, brought myriads of those torturing insects, and drove her almost to distraction. The temperature within a day or two changed from that of the North Pole almost to that of the Equator. What a climate!—under which in summer-time the only way to preserve meat is to dig a few feet down into the earth, in order to arrive at the still-frozen soil, surrounded by which the flesh of animals can alone be saved from rapid destruction! Literally, in a Siberian house, the temperature in the rooms may be at 120° Fahrenheit, and the cellars at *many* degrees below zero.

Of the different publications which the war has called forth, one of the best is undoubtedly Mr. Oliphant's *Russian Shores of the Black Sea*, which we briefly noticed in a recent number. Mr. Oliphant travelled through those interesting regions no later than in the autumn of 1852; and he seems to be an acute, observant, well-informed, and energetic man. The chief drawback in his book is his vehement dislike of Russia, and his prejudice in favour of Mahometanism *in preference* to the Greek religion. Allowing, however, for any warping of his judgment from these causes, his observations and conclusions go strongly to prove that in her present state Russia *could not* hold out long against France and England. The Czar seems to have at his command neither the power of the old barbarian races, nor that of the modern civilised European kingdom. The *whole* system of Russia is artificial. It is not the natural condition of nations in that degree of civilisation to which it has yet attained. And being thus unnatural, its tendency is to decay rather than to vigorous growth; while it possesses neither the lasting resources by which modern warfare is carried on, nor the impetuous enthusiasm, or momentum, by which victorious multitudes in former times have swarmed to conquest.

Russia is ruled by one gigantic and complicated system of despotism, of the most mean and degrading kind; and in this respect presents an entire contrast to the condition of the European and Asiatic hordes who have swept over the earth at different epochs. Despotic as was nominally the government of these various races, it was a despotism based on the free will of an enormous population, upheld by them for their own purposes, and controlled by venerable and venerated traditions. Unity of *idea* has ever been the animating principle of a mighty people, barbarous or cultivated. Wild, involved in incessant quarrels among themselves, incapable of what we call "self-government;" still there has ever been

some species of unanimity, which has roused them to spontaneous exertion and sacrifice, in circumstances which strongly appealed to their passions.

To all this there is no parallel in modern Russia. It is a congeries of subjugated provinces, held in subjection by craft and all the devices of modern bureaucracy. The veneration entertained by a portion of the masses for the sovereign is the result of trick. Neither he, nor his family, nor his aristocracy, have the faintest natural kindred to the governed multitude. The masters are of one kind, and the servants of another. Unity of interest there is not; unity of occupations and ideas there is not; and therefore there can only be unity of action in the way of conquest so long as the millions who supply the soldiery can be forced to give themselves to the slaughter.

As to the money-resources of Russia, they cannot last; because Russia is not a producing country, except so far as compulsory labour can produce. Already its most magnificent provinces, naturally fertile in the highest degree, are not half cultivated; nor can they be cultivated while serfdom destroys every natural energy in the peasantry. In war, moreover, these peasantry, already far too few, are annually diminished to supply the demands of army and navy; while the wealth of the country is taxed beyond its ordinary wont. Every serf turned into a soldier is, therefore, equivalent to precisely *the loss* of so much corn, flax, or wine, that his labour has produced. Trade and manufactures, comparatively speaking, Russia has little: while what she has are, to a considerable extent, paralysed by a war with powers who command the seas. Add to this the peculiar feelings which for generations have been entertained by the Russian nobles to their czars; and we see at once the impossibility of any permanent aggression on the Western Powers. The wealth of the empire is in the hands either of the sovereign or the nobles. What those nobles think of that sovereign may be judged by the history of the lives, or rather deaths, of *all* the male sovereigns of Russia since Peter the Great, with the exception of the late Emperor Alexander. Alexis, the son and heir of Peter, was executed by his father. Peter II., the son of Alexis, was deposed and murdered. Ivan Antonovitch, the next male sovereign, was deposed by his cousin Elizabeth, confined by her in various prisons, and made away with by Catherine II. This same Catherine murdered her husband, Peter III. Her son Paul was murdered by his nobles. Is it possible that such a monarch, such nobles, and such a people, can carry on a war of aggression? A nation of slaves never yet conquered

a powerful enemy by crushing it with overwhelming numbers. Hitherto Russia has conquered none but nations in a state of disorganisation and decay.

If Mr. Oliphant is to be credited, that very section of the Russian population which is viewed with the most alarm is especially disaffected to the dominion of the Czar, and is in itself as little formidable a foe as need be. The Don Cossacks are supposed to be the future Goths, Huns, and Vandals, who are to burn Paris and eat up London. The word "Cossack" itself furnishes one of the most obscure of etymological puzzles. Some say it signifies "an armed man," others "a sabre," others "a goat," others "a rover," others "a promontory," others "a coat," others "a cassock," others "a district in Circassia." The country in the neighbourhood of the Don, which they inhabit, possesses a superb soil; and Mr. Oliphant thinks the Cossacks, though the bravest of the Russian army, vastly more inclined to agriculture and peaceful enterprise than to bloodshedding and conquest.

Nevertheless, these Cossacks, though one-seventh of their entire numbers are always away from home, employed as targets for Circassian riflemen, or on some similar military *non-producing* business, contrive to cultivate thirty-three per cent more land than the average of the rest of the Russian population.

It appears to us obvious that a nation composed of distinct races, thus subjected to the influence of one uniform system of repression and tyranny, so far from advancing in real power, must infallibly be hastening to disorganisation. A national existence which only endures through the incessant interference of government officials, heartless, needy, and corrupt in all the relations of life, can only tend to the production of one level state of degradation. Russian political economy seems, in fact, founded upon an infatuation perfectly suicidal. Commerce and production are rendered practically impossible to any large extent; and even where they do exist, it is chiefly through the decrees of that same despotism which will scarcely allow a man to eat and breathe as nature would have him. Immense sums are in many cases demanded for permission to trade; the heaviest burdens of this kind being reserved for native Russians. Even the multiplication of labour, that great want of the nation, is practically prohibited in a natural way:

"The thousands half starving in many parts of the country, who are not altogether bound down as serfs to a particular locality, are unable to migrate to this land of plenty, on account of the system which obliges them to invest their all in a passport to bring them

here, and when they have made a little money, to spend their savings in bribes to government officials for more passports to take them back again to their own district, from which they may not be absent above a limited time; while the journey there and back would most probably occupy a considerable period, if it were not altogether impracticable for persons in their condition."

Sometimes, as in the case of the vodka, or corn-brandy, the government monopolises the sale; and, by way of increasing the revenues thereby provided, extends an especial patronage to drunkenness. Mr. Oliphant was informed by a Russian gentleman that the police have strict orders not to take up any person found drunk in the streets. The number of tipsy men whom he saw reeling about the large towns seemed to confirm the accuracy of the statement. At the same time a determined war is waged against tobacco, the very lighting of a cigar insuring a demand for three rubles from the first policeman who can pounce on the unwary smoker. During his voyage down the Volga, Mr. Oliphant encountered a splendid specimen of the wealthy Russian drunkard:

"The consignee of the flock we were then contemplating was said to be the richest merchant on the river—the countless millions of rubles which he was reputed to possess throwing Rothschild far into the shade. We were rather astonished when a heavy-looking man, clad in a shirt and loose drawers, who came reeling on board in a state of extreme intoxication, proved to be the millionaire in question; and it was highly disgusting to find that he, and a friend in no better condition, were to occupy the cabin adjoining ours. Every body paid great deference to this personage,—chiefly, as it appeared, because he was a noble, though of the lowest grade, and could afford to get drunk on English bottled stout at five shillings a bottle. Porter certainly seemed a very odd thing for a man at Saratov to select as a beverage for this purpose; but the secret of the choice was, that it required an expenditure of about two pounds daily to enable him to effect the desired end—a circumstance that raised him immensely in the estimation of his fellows. How the pilots envied him! A few miserable copeks, spent with a similar design, subjected them to the harshest treatment. Not so, however, the more fortunate passengers in the barge. Profiting by the example of the wealthy nobleman, rich with the spoils at Nijni, and responsible to no one, they one and all indulged most copiously; and the scenes of drunkenness and immorality which went on at every station would not bear description; if, indeed, words could convey any adequate notion of them."

The matrimonial arrangements of the captain of the vessel furnished another illustration of popular virtue:

"Whatever may be the morals of the peasantry in remote

districts, those living in the towns and villages on the Volga are more degraded in their habits than any other people amongst whom I have travelled; and they can hardly be said to disregard, since they have never been acquainted with, the ordinary decencies of life. What better result can indeed be expected from a system by which the upper classes are wealthy in proportion to the number of serfs possessed by each proprietor? The rapid increase of the population is no less an object with the private serf-owner, than the extensive consumption of ardent spirits is desired by the government. Thus each vice is privileged with especial patronage. Marriages, in the Russian sense of the term, are consummated at an early age, and are arranged by the steward, without consulting the parties—the lord's approval alone being necessary. The price of a family ranges from 25*l.* to 40*l.* Our captain had taken his wife on a lease of five years, the rent for that term amounting to fifty rubles, with the privilege of renewal at the expiration of it."

In every thing, the one grand object of the Russian government appears to be the keeping the people in subjection. The idea that government, as such, exists for the benefit of the governed, of course never occurs to the brain of a Russian ruler in his wildest dreams. But he is equally ignorant of the less noble, but yet practically useful theory, that a government, for mere selfish considerations, should use its power for the purpose of developing the natural powers of the people it rules. When the old Romans subdued a people, they adopted for themselves whatever they found worth imitation, while they imported into their new acquisitions their own arts and cultivation. The Czar, on the contrary, has no gifts for a conquered province but policemen, passports, taxes, and soldiers. Right across the country of the Don Cossacks is established a long line of posting-houses; but it is all for the furtherance of military despatches. The Black Sea is made to swarm with war-steamers instead of merchant-vessels. A railway runs from north to south; but its chief object is the conveyance of troops. We take it, however, that there is no more pregnant proof of the inherent rottenness of Russia as a nation than the corruption of the official *employés* of every grade. The worst jobbing in our own country is immaculate virtue in contrast with the systematic rascality of the servants of Nicholas. If you want to start in a steam-navigation company's boat on the Volga, you may have to wait a week beyond the appointed day, until the clerks of the police consider themselves sufficiently bribed to fill up the necessary papers. The history of this same steam-company supplied a pretty sample of the national honour.

"Perhaps the most serious impediment to the successful pro-

secution of commercial enterprise in Russia, is the impossibility of finding *employés* upon whose honesty any reliance can be placed. All Russians are so much in the habit of cheating their government, that they are unable to divest themselves of this propensity where the pockets of private individuals are concerned. Nor do rank or station offer any guarantee, since greater responsibilities only afford greater facilities for successful speculation. The experiences of the Volga Steam Company amusingly illustrate the truth of this. It was found that while the affairs of the company were managed by some Russian gentlemen resident at Nijni, there was a heavy annual loss; and, notwithstanding the certain prospect of remuneration which the speculation had originally held out, it became apparent that, unless an entire change took place in the circumstances of the Volga Steam Company, that respectable association would soon be inevitably bankrupt. Some Englishmen were consequently deputed to inquire into a state of matters so extremely unsatisfactory. They at once discovered that a system of wholesale robbery had been practised by the agents, to such an extent, that the deficiencies were easily accounted for. Among other ingenious contrivances resorted to for appropriating the company's funds, the most highly approved was that of sharing the demurrage obtained by the owners of cargo upon those barges which were detained beyond a certain time upon their voyage. It was easily arranged between the merchants, the captains of the steam-tugs, and the managers at Nijni, that these delays should frequently occur; and as the amount of demurrage was regulated by the length of their duration, the company was mulcted of large sums, and these worthy associates divided the spoil. Since then the affairs of the company are managed by Englishmen, who are rapidly making up the losses sustained under the Russian administration."

At Odessa, really one of the most important towns in the empire, our traveller came in for an illustration of political wisdom which, we think, must be unique. Odessa, of course, *must* have its theatricals. *Sic volo, sic jubeo*, says the Czar, in amusements, as in commerce and religion. But manager-ship is a worse speculation at Odessa than even in London. Muscovite wisdom, therefore, has decreed that the theatre shall always be rented by the individual who has the contract for supplying the quarantine establishment with provisions, which contract is a very lucrative affair. From this ingenious union of plays and pestilence, it results that the manager-contractor strains every nerve to prove that every ship-load of passengers that comes to Odessa is infected with some contagious disease, which will enable him to fill his pit, boxes, and gallery with the unfortunate persons condemned to an enforced residence in the town. Mr. Oliphant barely escaped being thus victimised.

Every where the story of official swindling was the same. At Taganrog, the port at the mouth of the Don, and a place of great importance, the harbour has a natural tendency to become shallow by the deposit of soil. Accordingly, government levies a heavy penalty on all ships that throw their ballast overboard, instead of landing it on the shore. But what of that? What do the officials of the custom-house care for the harbour in comparison with their own pockets? A captain has only to bribe in proportion to his ballast, and he may shoot as many hundred tons of stones into the sea as he pleases. The consequence, as our author remarks, is, that in exact proportion with the increase of the trade of the town, will be the rapidity with which it is made utterly unapproachable by sea; the approach by sea being that which alone gives the place any importance at all.

But all this is little to the doings in the great Russian arsenal, Sebastopol itself. Foreigners are rarely permitted to enter that town of fortifications, harbours, and magazines. Even this permission can be granted by the governor alone, and has to be renewed daily during the stranger's visit. Mr. Oliphant and his friend *therefore* resolved to try to see the place without any permission at all. They hired a peasant's cart, and actually jogged into the naval *sanctum* undetected by the eyes of a whole regiment of soldiers.

If one half of what Mr. Oliphant tells us of Sebastopol is true, Russia has no stamina, and is a bugbear. His account is so important that we give it nearly at length:

"As I stood upon the handsome stairs that lead down to the water's edge, I counted thirteen sail of the line anchored in the principal harbour. The newest of these, a noble three-decker, was lying within pistol-shot of the quay. The average breadth of this inlet is one thousand yards; two creeks branch off from it, intersecting the town in a southerly direction, and containing steamers and smaller craft, besides a long row of hulks which have been converted into magazines or prison-ships.

"The hard service which has reduced so many of the handsomest ships of the Russian navy to this condition, consists in lying for eight or ten years upon the sleeping bosom of the harbour. After the expiration of that period, their timbers, composed of fir or pine-wood never properly seasoned, become perfectly rotten. This result is chiefly owing to inherent decay, and in some degree to the ravages of a worm that abounds in the muddy waters of the Tchernoi Retcka, a stream which, traversing the valley of Inkerman, falls into the upper part of the main harbour. It is said that this pernicious insect—which is equally destructive in salt water as in fresh—costs the Russian government many thousands, and is one

of the most serious obstacles to the formation of an efficient navy on the Black Sea.

"It is difficult to see, however, why this should be the case, if the ships are copper-bottomed; and a more intimate acquaintance with the real state of matters would lead one to suspect that the attacks of the naval *employés* are more formidable to the coffers of the government than the attacks of this worm, which is used as a convenient scape-goat, when the present rotten state of the Black Sea fleet cannot otherwise be accounted for. In contradiction to this, we may be referred to the infinitely more efficient condition of the Baltic fleet; but that may arise rather from their proximity to head-quarters than from the absence of the worm in the northern seas.

"The wages of the seaman are so low—about sixteen rubles a year—that it is not unnatural they should desire to increase so miserable a pittance by any means in their power. The consequence is, that from the members of the naval board to the boys that blow the smiths' bellows in the dockyard, every body shares the spoils obtained by an elaborately devised system of plunder carried on somewhat in this way:—A certain quantity of well-seasoned oak being required, government issues tenders for the supply of the requisite amount. A number of contractors submit their tenders to a board appointed for the purpose of receiving them, who are regulated in their choice of a contractor, not by the amount of his tender, but of his bribe. The fortunate individual selected immediately sub-contracts upon a somewhat similar principle. Arranging to be supplied with the timber for half the amount of his tender, the sub-contractor carries on the game, and perhaps the eighth link in this contracting chain is the man who, for an absurdly low figure, undertakes to produce the seasoned wood.

"His agents in the central provinces, accordingly, float a quantity of green pines and firs down the Dnieper and Bog to Nicholaëff, which are duly handed up to the head contractor, each man pocketing the difference between his contract and that of his neighbour. When the wood is produced before the board appointed to inspect it, another bribe seasons it; and the government, after paying the price of well-seasoned oak, is surprised that the 120 gun-ship, of which it has been built, is unfit for service in five years.

"The rich harvest that is reaped by those employed in building and fitting her up is as easily obtained; and to such an extent did the dockyard workmen trade in government stores, &c., that merchant vessels were for a long time prohibited from entering the harbour. I was not surprised, after obtaining this interesting description of Russian ingenuity, to learn that, out of the imposing array before us, there were only two ships in a condition to undertake the voyage round the Cape.

"Nothing can be more formidable than the appearance of Sevastopol from the seaward. Upon a future occasion we visited in a steamer, and found that at one point we were commanded by twelve hundred pieces of artillery: fortunately for a hostile fleet,

we afterwards heard that these could not be discharged without bringing down the rotten batteries upon which they are placed, and which are so badly constructed that they look as if they had been done by contract. Four of the forts consist of three tiers of batteries. We were, of course, unable to do more than take a very general survey of these celebrated fortifications, and therefore cannot vouch for the truth of the assertion, that the rooms in which the guns are worked are so narrow and ill-ventilated, that the artillerymen would be inevitably stifled in the attempt to discharge their guns and their duty; but of one fact there was no doubt, that however well fortified may be the approaches to Sevastopol by sea, there is nothing whatever to prevent any number of troops landing a few miles to the south of the town, in one of the six convenient bays with which the coast, as far as Cape Kherson, is indented, and marching down the main street (provided they were strong enough to defeat any military force that might be opposed to them in the open field), sack the town, and burn the fleet.

“Notwithstanding the large numerical force which occupies the south of Russia, the greatest difficulty must attend the concentration of the army upon any one point, until railroads intersect the empire, and its water-communication is improved. At present, except during four months in the year, the climate alone offers obstacles almost insurmountable to the movements of large bodies of men; the roads are impassable for pedestrians in spring and autumn, and in winter the severity of the weather precludes the possibility of troops crossing the dreary steppes. But in addition to the natural impediments presented by the configuration of the country, the absence of roads, and the rigour of the climate, all military operations are crippled by that same system of wholesale corruption so successfully carried on in the naval department.

“Indeed, it would be most unfair if one service monopolised all the profits arising from this source. The accounts I received of the war in the Caucasus, from those who had been present, exceeded any thing of the sort I could have conceived possible. The frightful mortality among the troops employed there amounts to nearly twenty thousand annually. Of these, far the greater part fall victims to disease and starvation, attributable to the rapacity of their commanding officers, who trade in the commissariat so extensively that they speedily acquire large fortunes. As they are subject to no control in their dealings with contractors for supplying their requirements, there is nothing to check the ardour of speculation; and the profits enjoyed by the colonel of a regiment are calculated at 3000*l.* or 4000*l.* a-year, besides his pay. It is scarcely possible to apprehend at a glance the full effect of a process so paralysing to the thaws and sinews of war; or at once to realise the fact, that the Russian army, numerically so far superior to that of any European power, and supplied from sources which appear inexhaustible, is really in a most inefficient condition, and scarcely worthy of that exaggerated estimate which the British public seem to have formed of its capa-

bilities. It is not upon the plains of Krasna Selo or Vosnesensk, amid the dazzling glitter of a grand field-day in the Emperor's presence, that any correct notion can be formed of the Russian army. The imperial plaything assumes a very different appearance in the remote Cossack guard-house, where I have scarcely been able to recognise the soldier in the tattered and miserably-equipped being before me, or on a harassing march, or in the presence of an indomitable enemy.

"We have only to remember that the present position of Russia in the Caucasus has remained unaltered for the last twenty-two years, notwithstanding the vast resources which have been brought to bear upon this interminable war, to perceive that the brilliant appearance of the Russian soldier on parade affords no criterion of his efficiency in the field of battle; while no more convincing proof could be desired of the gross corruption and mismanagement which characterises the proceedings of this campaign, than the fact of an overwhelming force of two hundred thousand men being held in check for so long a period by the small but gallant band who are fighting for their snow-clad mountains and their liberty.

"When we returned to Sevastopol not long afterwards, we heard that the Emperor had left the military portion of the community a reminiscence that was calculated to produce a deep impression. He had scarcely terminated his flying visit, and the smoke of the steamer by which he returned to Odessa still hung upon the horizon, when, in a smothered whisper, one soldier confided to another that their ranks had received an addition; and when we returned to Sevastopol, it was said that the late governor, in a significant white costume, was employed with the rest of the gang upon the streets he had a fortnight before rolled proudly through with all the pomp and circumstance befitting his high position. No dilatory trial had reduced him to the condition in which he now appeared before the inhabitants of his late government. The fiat had gone forth, and the general commanding became the convict sweeping. I was very anxious to discover what crime had been deemed worthy of so severe a punishment, but upon no two occasions was the same reason assigned, so it was very clear that nobody knew; and probably no one found it more difficult than the sufferer himself to single out the particular misdemeanour for which he was disgraced. The general opinion seemed to be, that the unfortunate man had been lulled into security in his remote province, and, fancying himself unnoticed in this distant corner of the empire, had neglected to practise that customary caution, in the appropriation of his bribes and other perquisites, which is the first qualification of a man in an elevated position in Russia, and without which he can never look for promotion in the army, or make a successful governor. At the same time, the expenses attendant upon this latter position are generally so very heavy, that it does not answer to be too timid or fastidious.

"I think it is De Custine who says that no half-measures in

plundering will do here. If a man has not, during the time of his holding an appointment, sufficiently enriched himself to be able to bribe the judges who try him for his dishonest practices, he will certainly end his days in Siberia; so that, if the fraud has not been extensive, the margin left will barely remunerate him for his trouble and anxiety. The probability is, that General —— had calculated upon the usual court of inquiry, and was consequently quite unprepared for the decided measures of his imperial master."

Mr. Oliphant's ideas as to the condition of the empire are entirely confirmed by Dr. Lee, whose book is the more trustworthy from the fact that it has not been got up to meet the present demand for anti-Russian declamation. In substance, it consists of the doctor's journal, kept by him in the years 1825 and 1826, memorable in Russia for the death of Alexander and the accession of Nicholas. His circumstances, also, were favourable for observation of the brighter side of things, rather than the blacker. He was attached to the family of Count Woronzow, one of the very first and most enlightened of Russian nobility, in the capacity of household physician. He came personally into contact with the Emperor Alexander, and, like most people, was favourably impressed with his personal character and natural amiableness of disposition. In fact, in company with a small party, he dined with Alexander at Aloupka only a few days before his death. They talked about venomous reptiles, homœopathy, and a scheme which the emperor professed of giving up the throne, and settling as a private gentleman in the Crimea. He even decided where he meant to live, and announced that he should wear the costume of the people. The next day Alexander left for Taganrog. There he was suddenly taken ill, and in two or three days was dead. He had caught the common fever of the country, and refused to take any medicine until he was persuaded to submit by the priest who confessed him. He was attended to the last by his British physician, Sir James Wylie. On Sir James's report, Dr. Lee expresses his utter disbelief in the story that Alexander was poisoned.

Dr. Lee's impressions of the whole Russian people were, as we have said, of the worst description. The whole energies of the government are given to one thing — the army and navy, especially the former. For this the country is literally ruined. A man is regarded in one of two aspects; either as an animated spade for digging the ground, or as a combination of bones and muscles for undergoing drill and carrying a musket. St. Petersburg, with the magnificence of whose public buildings he was greatly struck, Dr. Lee conceived to be the gulf in which the wealth of the empire was sunk.

With all the splendour of its government edifices, and of the houses of its great nobles, the city, as a whole, is a glaring combination of magnificence and meanness; a compound of Russian filth and degradation, with English, French, and Italian luxuries.

“It is the masquerade part only which is clean; the courts and lanes of the city are more filthy than it is possible for an Englishman to conceive. There is not a tolerable hotel in St. Petersburg: they are dirty, poor, beggarly, and excessively expensive. The only possible means of living is to get into furnished lodgings. I inquired why there were not hotels kept by Germans and French. His reply was: the Russians are so dirty, that if good furniture were placed in the apartments it would soon be completely ruined by them, so degraded are their habits.”

The morals of St. Petersburg Dr. Lee indicates by his observation of the mode of keeping Easter:

“To-night is a great ceremony in the Russian Church, the Resurrection of our Saviour. *Numbers of people dead-drunk in the streets.*”

Of the Russian nobility (with few exceptions) Dr. Lee formed a low opinion. A Scotch physician, a professor at Moscow, gave him the following as the result of his own experience of them:

“Though in excellent practice, and physician to this hospital, he told me that, were he able, he would not remain twelve hours in Russia. To an Englishman, he said, the practice in this country is the most disagreeable thing possible. In the nobility, you have generally to deal with mere spoiled children; persons full of absurd prejudices, and very destitute of information. Of the lower classes, he said, the physician should constantly be accompanied with the knout, otherwise his orders will receive no attention. They have no education, they have no good example shown them by their parents or by any other; and, in consequence, almost all, without exception, are barbarous in their manners, and only to be commanded by the knout.”

Professional occupations and tastes made Dr. Lee acquainted with certain matters which ordinary travellers would overlook. In Moscow he was puzzled to account for the absolute blackness of the middle-class women's teeth. These women paint their faces excessively, and the discoloration of their teeth is said to be the result. From the remarks Dr. Lee makes on the prevalent characters of diseases among the Russian poor, especially in the hospitals, it is clear that their physical wretchedness must be extreme. They have neither the complaints of the English labouring classes, nor of wild

hordes of vigorous barbarians; but those of a starved, frozen, feeble, and constitutionally diseased race.

All that Dr. Lee heard of the unparalleled corruption of Russian officials is in accordance with the prevailing opinion. Nicholas once organised a secret police for the detection of official peculation and the like: what it has effected we know not; but we should be greatly astonished if such a remedy had not aggravated the disease.

Altogether, Dr. Lee's book is both amusing and informing. He winds it up with the following estimate of the deeds of the present Czar:

"The consumption of human life during the reign of the Emperor Nicholas has been enormous. He has carried on war with the Circassians uninterruptedly for twenty-eight years, at an annual cost of 20,000 lives on the Russian side alone, making a grand total of nearly 600,000 Russians who have perished in attempting to subdue the independence of Circassia.

"In the two campaigns against Persia, as in the Hungarian campaign and the two Polish campaigns of 1831-32, there are not sufficient data to enable me to form a correct estimate of the Russian loss, which was, however, in the Persian and Polish wars, enormous.

"In the two campaigns against Turkey of 1828-29, 300,000 fell; of whom, however, 50,000 perished by the plague.

"The loss of the Russians, in various ways, since the entry of the Danubian Principalities, is understated at 30,000.

"In these calculations it should be borne in mind that no estimate is attempted to be made of the sacrifice of human life on the side of those who fought for their liberties against the aggressions of Russia. If this calculation were attempted, it is probable that the result would prove that neither Julius Cæsar, nor Alexander, nor even Tamerlane, has been a greater scourge to the human race than the present Emperor Nicholas."

Mr. Cole's *Russia and the Russians* is a made-up, but fluently written and readable sketch. It contains nothing new; but as a hand-book for persons who have not much previous knowledge of Russian politics and proceedings, it will be found useful and entertaining; though its author, we take it, is by no means a particularly wise individual himself. One of the most curious parts of his compilation is his account of the eccentricities of the savage madman Paul, the father of Nicholas. Not long before his death, Paul was possessed with a violent dread of every thing English:

"His mind seemed for the moment to be concentrated on devising petty schemes of annoyance against the English residents at the capital. From these, even the ambassador, Sir Charles

(afterwards Lord) Whitworth, was not exempt. The sledge of Count Razumousky, who had offended him, was, by the Emperor's order, broken into small pieces, while he stood by and directed the work. It happened to be of a blue colour, and the Count's servants wore red liveries. Upon which an ukase was immediately published, prohibiting throughout the empire of all the Russias, the use of blue in ornamenting sledges, and of red liveries. In consequence of this sage decree, the British ambassador and many others were compelled to change their equipages. One evening, at his theatre in the palace of the Hermitage, a French piece was performed, in which the story of the English gunpowder plot was introduced. The Emperor was observed to listen to it with earnest attention, and as soon as it was over he ordered all the vaults beneath the palace to be searched.

"His wild eccentricities would have been sometimes amusing, but that they were never divested of cruelty or mischief. Coming down the street called the Perspective, he perceived a nobleman who was taking his walk, and had stopped to look at some workmen who were planting trees by the monarch's order. 'What are you doing?' said the Emperor. 'Merely seeing the men work,' replied the nobleman. 'Oh, is that your employment? Take off his pelisse, and give him a spade! There, now work yourself!'

"If any family received visitors of an evening; if four people were seen walking together; if any one spoke too loud, or whistled, or sang, or looked inquisitive, or examined any public building with attention, or appeared thoughtful, or stopped to gaze round him, or stood still in the streets, or walked too fast or too slow, he was liable to be cross-questioned as to his motives, to be reprimanded and insulted by the authorities. The dress of Englishmen, in particular, was regulated by the police. They were ordered to wear a three-cornered hat, or, as a substitute, a round hat pinned up with three corners; a long queue measured to the eighth of an inch, with a curl at the end; a single-breasted coat and waistcoat; buckles at the knees and in the shoes instead of strings. Orders were given to arrest any person who should be found wearing pantaloons. An English servant was dragged from behind a sledge and caned in the streets for having too thick a neckcloth; and if it had been too thin, that pretext would have been used for a similar punishment. After every precaution, the dress when put on never satisfied the police or the Emperor—either the hat was not put on straight, or the hair was too short, or the coat was not cut square enough. A lady at court wore her hair rather lower on the neck than was consistent with the ukase, whereupon she was ordered into close confinement to be fed on bread and water. A gentleman's hair fell a little over his forehead while dancing at a ball, upon which a policeman with loud abuse told him, that if he did not instantly cut his hair, he would find a soldier who should shave his head.

"When the ukase first appeared concerning the form of the hat,

the son of an English merchant, with a view to baffle the police, appeared in the streets of St. Petersburg having on his head an English hunting-cap, at sight of which the authorities were puzzled. What could this mysterious integument be? 'It was not a cocked hat,' they said, 'neither was it a round hat.' In their embarrassment they reported the affair to the Emperor, who was as much confounded as his officials. A new ukase became indispensable. Accordingly a fresh ordinance was promulgated and levelled at the hunting-cap; but not knowing how to describe the anomaly, the decree announced that no person, on pain of death, should appear in public with *the thing on his head* worn by the merchant's son. An order against wearing boots with coloured tops was most rigorously enforced. The police-officers stopped a foreigner driving through the streets in a pair of English top-boots. This gentleman expostulated with them, saying that he had no others, and certainly would not cut off the tops of his boots. Upon which the officers, each seizing a leg as he sat in his droshky, fell to work and drew off his boots, leaving him to go barefooted home."

If the next story is true, the son can play the tyrant-fool with success almost equal to that which distinguished the efforts of the father:

"The present Emperor Nicholas, some time since, driving along in his droshky, observed an English gentleman move down another street, apparently, as he thought, to avoid him. He sent an officer to ask why he had done so, when the Emperor was coming. The answer was, 'that he did not see his Imperial Majesty.' 'Then desire him to wear spectacles in future,' was the immediate command, with which the delinquent was forced to comply during the remainder of his residence at St. Petersburg, much to his own annoyance and the amusement of his friends; for he was a remarkably well-looking man, and piqued himself on his clear sight."

CHINESE CIVILISATION AND CHRISTIAN CHARITY.

Annals of the Holy Childhood. Translated from the French.
To be continued monthly. Richardson and Son.

WE rejoice to see that a translation of the *Annals of the Holy Childhood* has been undertaken, and that it is to be published in monthly numbers. Of all the institutions with which the Church has been enriched in late years, especially through the sleepless zeal and charity of the French Church, few are more interesting than that which devotes itself to the preservation, or, when that is impossible, to the baptism, of the out-cast Chinese children. China is, in many respects, a highly

civilised country. Many of our boasted inventions, chain-bridges, for instance, and, we believe, the art of engraving, China possessed long before we did. Education has long since been carried out there in a manner more universal than in any western country, and has long since been the necessary condition of all social and political advancement. Peasants leave cards on each other, and social conventions are carried to an unrivalled extent. Yet in the midst of all this mechanical civilisation, there remains a barbarism with respect to all things imaginative, moral, or spiritual, the more hideous for the varnished exterior. Those who carve in ivory with a minute skill unknown among us, and who copy pictures with such perfection that every crack in the varnish finds its exact counterpart in the imitation, have never been able, in their original compositions, to understand and practise the simplest rules of perspective. Those who would look with horror on a man who could not read, and with little respect on a man who could not write verses, see no harm in exposing their children, or in selling them. This extreme of heartlessness is no security against the wildest freaks of superstition. In the second number of the *Annals* we find the following statement:

“ In some countries cruelty, united with superstition, has arrived at such a pitch, that parents think it very lucky if their children, when exposed, be devoured by dogs, ravens, or unclean animals; but it is unlucky should they refuse to eat them. Hence they also refuse, for another reason, as impious as superstitious, to bury the child when not devoured, and leave it to be trod under foot by mules, donkeys, oxen, &c.; yet I remember that in many towns in the province of Xen-Si, in which I have laboured for many years, these people permit Christians to bury their children, provided they have been first baptised; because (say they) they become by baptism the children of Christians.”

The following passage is a significant indication of the degree in which the heart may become hardened and the moral sense blunted, where, notwithstanding, the schoolmaster is abroad:

“ As for the mothers, the majority expose their children with little or no feeling: some there are, however, who regret it deeply. Two years since I was in the Christian district of Pe-kien. The Pagans, who seem to compose one-half of the inhabitants, appeared to me to be very favourably disposed towards Christianity, and several among them were deeply affected by my instruction. I even had the consolation to administer holy Baptism to some twenty of them. One day a family, urged by curiosity, came to see me from the neighbouring locality; they were husband, wife, and son.

I endeavoured to convince them of the truths of our holy religion, and exhorted them to embrace it; but it was useless. They were afraid of being denounced to the mandarin, deprived of their fortune, and rotting in prison, or a perpetual exile in Tartary. I observed that the woman listened very attentively, and I did not fail to point out to her the danger of dying in idolatry. Agitated by remorse of conscience, she said to me: 'Father, if I cannot now become a Christian, I promise at least, in the presence of your God that from henceforth I shall not destroy my children: it is a wicked custom, and one that I ever detested.' This woman imagined that she had said a great deal, and had taken a step towards her conversion."

The above statement is worthy the consideration of statesman and philosopher alike, among ourselves. The clearest evidence has proved that in England infanticide has increased to such an extent that the mortality among children in those towns which boast burial-clubs, in some enormous proportion exceeds that in towns in which "civilisation" has not yet been carried so far. The disparity exhibited by such statistical returns can be no question of dozens or scores, but of hundreds and thousands. It has been proposed to cure the evil by legislating against burial-clubs! We trust that we are saying nothing invidious in suggesting that the evil must have a deeper root than to allow of being thus extirpated. We have to substitute a Christian for a Chinese civilisation in those towns.

There may perhaps be some disposed to ask, "With such an amount of misery and ignorance at our door, and as their consequence, such a destruction of souls, are we called upon to extend our interest to sufferers in Pagan lands, and in remote regions of the globe?" Such questions, however, proceed neither from a deep, nor from a Catholic philosophy. The Chinese are as much children of God, and creatures to redeem whom our Lord became incarnate and died, as the English are; and they are in still greater need of help. The Church has sympathies that diffuse themselves necessarily over the whole world, and embrace the human race, if awakened at all. Those sympathies, like all others, require exercise for their health. This planet is their place of exercise, not any "sea-girt isle." Limited to a narrow walk, they must droop and languish. Strengthened by an ample career, they will then only apply themselves in their full vigour to the task that lie close at hand. In few modes can we contribute more to the conversion of this country to the faith than by procuring for it and for ourselves innumerable intercessors in the heavenly places; and such are those outcasts whom we

baptise previous to their death, if we cannot train them up to be missionaries in their native land. It is computed that about three millions of children are annually exposed in the East. The funds sent over by means of the child's contribution connected with the present institute (6*d.* per annum) are so laid out that for every 40*l.* a thousand children receive baptism. Calculations of this sort will doubtless appear of a very material and mechanical order to many persons attached to fine phrases in religion. The subscription may perhaps be jeered at as a "salvation fund." Well! it only comes to this. We believe in baptism, and also believe that God works by human means. It is no wonder therefore that this association, the noble sister of that for the "Propagation of the Faith," should have met with the approbation and cordial patronage of all the prelates of France, as well as of those in England, Ireland, and Scotland. The Pope has also enriched it with many indulgences. To buy children at 1*s.* 8*d.* per head, and baptise them;—it certainly does seem a prosaic, business-like way of going to work! The fact is, that the bishops of the Establishment are men of genius, while the Shepherd of the Alban Hill is a man of business. We recommend this consideration to our Protestant friends as likely to throw a light upon many things that perplex them. "Why not, if only out of regard to good taste, or the feelings of travellers, remove the 'tinsel and muslin' Madonnas from churches, and substitute good works of art?" Simply because the existing images excite devotion; and images are only allowed in churches at all to help on the business of saving souls. "If a hierarchy be necessary, why not wait till the nation has got used to the idea before establishing it?" Because the increased number of Catholics in England has rendered it unbusiness-like, and therefore prejudicial to salvation, to carry on ecclesiastical affairs with any other than the normal organisation of the Church. "Casuistry! how full it seems of littlenesses!" But it would be unbusiness-like to neglect it in its proper place, since those who despise little things perish by little and little. The same principle extends to a crowd of matters, from the minutest ceremony insisted on, to the largest political concession of inalienable rights rendered necessary by the exigencies of the time. In short, the Church, which is the most poetic, is also the most prosaic of all things; for which reason she has no more scruple as to buying up outcast Pagan children, than as to any other mode of saving them.

The first No. of the *Annals* contains a most interesting life of Mgr. de Forbin-Janson, Bishop of Nancy and Tours, and Primate of Lorraine, by whom the Institute was founded. He

was a man of noble race, as well as of a noble heart ; but the chivalry that most attracted him was that of the Cross. The following passage describes the origin of his great enterprise :

“ Far beyond the mountains and rivers, almost at the extremity of the known world, there stretches forth an immense and formidable empire, the greatest in the world, which in its pride styles itself ‘ Celestial ’—called by us China. Sheltered from the cannon and the world behind walls of the most massive structure, resisting the advances of the mind with the rack and the torture, it seems capable of contemning and setting at defiance all the nations of the earth. But what impediments can mountains and walls throw in the way of the true soldiers of Jesus Christ ? What terrors have the rack and the gibbet for the heirs and descendants of the martyrs ? Walls are levelled before the faith of Christ ; the Divine Word penetrates through or passes over their summit. No one felt the truth of this more than Mgr. de Janson. He traces in his mind the plan of a prodigious conquest ; and no sooner planned than it is succeeded by the firm resolution of its achievement. He has learned that, in those countries where moral degradation is the companion of idolatry, barbarous parents, deaf to the voice of nature, immolate their children, offer them as food to the vilest of animals, expose them in the public streets, or throw them into the rivers. His charitable heart is sensibly touched by the fate of these innocent creatures—he resolves to save their earthly life, to prepare them for a heavenly one, and to raise them to the high mission of becoming the saviours, the bearers of the good tidings of redemption, to their own country. The grace of God imbued him with this noble idea, and he resolves to consecrate to its execution a part of his fortune and the remainder of his days. The children he is about to snatch from the jaws of death are destined to become the apostles of their country, and to re-enter it as catechists or martyrs ; and (sublime thought ! worthy the heart of a saint) in order that innocence might be redeemed and saved by innocence, he calls on all the children of Christendom to form a vast association, to give their alms monthly and their prayers daily for the promotion of the object—being thus initiated from the cradle in the noblest deeds of charity and love. It is not a formidable army going forth to overthrow this idolatrous power—to achieve the mighty conquest of this new world ;—it is an army of little ones, who, ere they have quitted their mothers’ knees, with no other weapon than their little innocent hands uplifted to heaven—their simplicity and purity—giving but their alms and their prayers—are going to achieve more glorious victories than those of the most illustrious conquerors ; and to crown this work of innocence and love, he places it under the auspices and protection of the Infant Jesus. His thoughts and intentions soon transform themselves into action ; every thing is organised with astonishing rapidity ; fatigue is totally disregarded by the worthy prelate.”

The second number of the *Annals* includes, with many

interesting pastoral letters from the French Bishops on the subject of the Institute, much correspondence from China of a deep importance; in particular, an account of one of the most recent eastern martyrs, which cannot be read without emotion, except by those who will deny that there is a word of truth in it. The blood of Peter, and Linus, and Cletus, continues still to flow on barbarous shores. The prosaic and business-like Church we have been describing has a terrible earnestness about it. In its "aggressions" it deems it a duty, in the words of a Cardinal's oath, to witness for the one Faith, "usque ad sanguinem, *inclusivè*."

We heartily recommend these *Annals*, and the charitable work of which they are the record, to all our readers.

THE MODERN PROTESTANT HYPOTHESIS RELATIVE TO THE GRADUAL ABSORPTION OF EARLY ANGLI- CANISM BY THE POPEDOM.

A History of the Christian Church—Middle Age. By C. Hardwick, M.A., Fellow of St. Catherine's Hall, &c. Cambridge, McMillan and Co.

NIGHTINGALE'S statement relative to the literary injustice practised on Catholics, is as applicable now, as it was when originally penned. "In scarcely a single instance," he says, "has a case concerning the Catholics been fairly stated, or the channels of history not been grossly, not to say wickedly, corrupted."* Assuredly the work recently published by the Rev. C. Hardwick will not allow us to qualify this observation. The *History of the Christian Church* is one continuous attack on, or misrepresentation of, the faith of our forefathers during a period of nearly 900 years, and an open or stealthy defence of nearly every heresiarch who has dared to oppose the Church, and set up a paper Pope for one of flesh and blood, and private opinions respecting religion in lieu of the authoritative declarations enunciated by a divinely-commissioned ministry. Even blasphemies based on Docetic views of Christ and His redemption are hailed as indications of "a more healthy feeling;" and the East, notwithstanding its Arianism, Nestorianism, Eutychianism, and Sabellianism; notwithstanding, too, its portentous systems, fashioned by Manes, Mahomet, and the Massilianists,—is uniformly preferred to the West, which strenuously defended the character of our Lord,

and opposed the above-named, as well as numerous other soul-destroying heresies. Believe the Church in communion with Rome to be

“A Babel, Antichrist, and Pope, and Devil,”

and subscribe certain statements opposed to all authentic history, in connection with the doctrines, practices, and governmental system advocated here and elsewhere for hundreds of years prior to the introduction of the Reformation, and you will not fail to insure the favour of the author of the *Christian Church!*

It was hardly necessary for this author to inform the reader of the bias of his mind; for that bias is clearly indicated in every page of his writings. “With regard to the opinions,” he informs us, “(or as some of our Germanic neighbours would have said, the stand-point) of the author, I am willing to avow distinctly that I always construe history with the specific prepossessions of an Englishman; and what is more, with those which of necessity belong to members of the English Church.” We cannot question the accuracy of this acknowledgment. The author *does* construe history according to his Anglican prepossessions; and the result is, that he has not given us a history of the past, but a history of his own interpretations of the past. He does not, in order to estimate the belief and practices of former ages, either consider the public, liturgical, and monumental evidences of religion at any given time, or endeavour, by a distinct apprehension of the principles generative of doctrine and practice, to throw himself back, as it were, upon the times which he pretends to describe; but, instead of this, he puzzles himself with words, or the ebullitions of proscribed and condemned dogmatisers, or the theories of a few schoolmen, and then, judging all things by the Anglicanism of the nineteenth century, pronounces sentence on the former faith of Christendom. To write thus, is not to write history. An apology, derived from the worst sources, may indeed in this manner be drawn up for any kind of sectarianism; but the page of history will receive no addition from such a document. From the historian we require a clear and full statement of facts; we require patient research, great discrimination, and a representation of events just as they appeared to the men who were the actors in the scenes which are described; we require that what is ancient and venerable and Catholic be represented as ancient and venerable and Catholic, and that novelty be held up as something novel. Further, as far as may be, effects should be traced to their causes; and these causes should be brought forward as conspicuously and

prominently as contemporary evidence may permit. In a word, the historian must consider himself to be the chronicler of *facts*, and not confound his character with that of the romancer, the novelist, or the apologist of a party.

We look upon Mr. Hardwick's work as a complete failure in every way; nor should we have condescended to notice it but for the following reasons: 1. This *History* may, and probably will, procure a considerable *run*. It is not the author's first production. Already he has published a volume of sermons, which has met with the approbation of some reviewers; and his *History of the Articles of Religion* has been honourably mentioned by the *Guardian*, *Christian Remembrancer*, and *English Review*, as also by some other journals both domestic and foreign. Deceived by the praises lavished on former publications, numbers may feel disposed to purchase and peruse this present work, which no real scholar can praise or recommend on any ground whatsoever. 2. But another motive mainly impels us to enter on the disagreeable task of exposure of another's ignorance and misrepresentations. We are fearful lest the appearance of learning may be mistaken by the unlearned for its reality; lest the endless references to ancient authors which characterise every page of the work, from the first to the last chapter, may be looked upon as confirmations of positions unfounded on fact, and directly opposed to the known faith and practices of those very men whose writings are so frequently and confidently appealed to in favour of the system "advocated by the specific prepossessions of Englishmen." To expose this unfairness, and destroy the effect of these references, which seem to exclaim

"Noctem peccatis et fraudibus objice nubem,"

becomes almost a duty, under existing circumstances.

We shall not, however, attempt to follow our author in his extensive wanderings through the domain of religion. Scarcely any doctrine or practice has escaped his observation and censure. Images and saints and relics; feasts, hours, and canonisations; indulgences, purgatory, prayers for the dead, and the distinction of venial and mortal sins; legends, saints' lives, and the decalogue; celibacy of the clergy, general councils, Scriptures and Knights-Templars,—to omit numerous other matters to which we cannot distinctly refer even *en passant*,—are brought under review, in season and out of season, to receive the censure of the modern "historian" and the "construction which the specific prepossessions of Englishmen" have been pleased to put upon them. To one matter we would wish to direct our readers' attention in a more parti-

cular manner, namely, to Mr. Hardwick's theory relative to the faith of the British and Irish Churches, and the gradual extension of the Papal supremacy. The theory may be comprised under the following heads:

1. The system advocated by St. Augustine being entirely of extraneous growth, and framed on the Roman model, differed not a little from that of the British and Irish Churches, which had no connection or religious sympathies with Rome.
2. Both Britons and Irish, in fact, absolutely rejected the Papal supremacy.
3. This is manifested, in respect to the former, by the conduct of Dinooth and the prelates who met Augustine at the second conference, which was held on the borders of the territories of the Wiccii and West Saxons; whilst the language of Columban establishes the fact in regard of the latter.
4. In fact, the supremacy of Rome was a consequence of the ignorance of the seventh and eighth centuries; after which periods it continued to spread, till, in the eleventh and twelfth centuries, it attained its greatest elevation under the Pontiffs Gregory VII. and Innocent III. Such is the system of Mr. Hardwick,—a system which has not indeed the charm of novelty to recommend it; for Soames, and Palmer, and Neander, whom Hardwick blindly follows, have already given to the world the result of their discoveries in search of this *illusory San Borondo*. Let us see if it can bear investigation; if, on approaching to examine it carefully, it does not, like the fabled island, wholly disappear; vanishing into thin air, like every other spectral form.

Whence, then, first, did the Britons and Irish receive their faith? Was it from messengers sent by Rome, or were they indebted for the privilege to other missionaries, opposed to and independent of Rome? If to Rome they owed their Christianity and their Church, then the Church of the Anglo-Saxon was not of more extraneous growth than that of the Briton and the Scot or Irishman. Now, if we know any thing of the conversion of Britain, or of the sister island prior to the occupation of the former country by the Saxon, it is this, that both Britons and Irish received their religion from Rome. We are told by Venerable Bede—and his testimony is borne out by every ancient writer who refers to the christianising of Britain—that Pope Eleutherius sent hither missionaries at the request of King Lucius; and that subsequently a Church was established here by his authority, which faithfully professed the faith which it had originally received from Rome. This origin of the British Church is frequently referred to by the authors of the *Liber Landavensis* and the *Triads*; and it is further established by the fact of the Bishops of Britain

assisting at the Councils of Arles and Sardica and Nice with the Eastern and Western prelates, who professed the faith and obeyed the instructions of Rome, and hailed the Pontiff as their head and the spiritual ruler of Christendom.

Further, we are informed that when the insidious and *snake-like* Pelagians endeavoured to circulate the poison of their heresy through the British Church, another Pontiff—Pope Celestine—sent hither two prelates from Gaul to defend the ancient faith. They came *in place* of the Pontiff, opposed the new dogmatisers, and absolutely crushed the rising heresy. The Britons had an altar and a sacrifice, and an anointed priesthood, such as Rome has always had; monks dwelt within the peaceful cloister, who had solemnly consecrated themselves by vow to God; and the priesthood claimed, and people admitted, the ministerial power of “binding and loosing.”

And, indeed, what are the differences which Mr. Hardwick has discovered between the indigenous or *Eastern* faith of the Britons and the extraneous creed of the Saxon? Has *any* discrepancy been as yet found,—found after the careful perusal of documents, and the ransacking of evidence which has been brought to light during the last 300 years? Let us see. 1. We are told that Easter was kept on different days by the two Churches of Rome and Britain. 2. That the form of the tonsure was dissimilar. 3. That in Baptism no chrism was used; and 4. We are assured, on the authority of Giesler, that the British priests were married, and had a peculiar liturgy and code of monastic laws. Now, admitting, for argument's sake, all this to be true, what difference of faith has been discovered? None,—absolutely none. Not a point referred to even remotely touches upon belief.

1. That the Britons once kept Easter with the rest of the western world is universally admitted. This is distinctly proved from the decisions of Arles and Nice, which were received in Britain as well as elsewhere; and the Roman mode of keeping Easter is admittedly the correct one. If a difference eventually existed, it can easily be accounted for. After the time of St. Patrick, Rome adopted a more exact cycle for the computation of the paschal-tide than had been previously used; instead of the cycle of eighty-four years, previously in use, the more correct one of nineteen years was followed. But owing to the calamities of the times, Britain was unacquainted with the change; and hence originated the difference and the error alluded to.

2. As for the most appropriate form of the tonsure, this is a matter which we will leave to the serious consideration of the gentlemen of Oxford and Cambridge, who possess, if we

may credit the observations of the present leader of the House of Commons, an abundance of learned leisure; assuredly we shall seek in vain for a revelation on this and similar subjects.

3. Even if it were true that no chrism was used by the British in the administration of Baptism, it is clear that such an omission neither affected the sacrament nor faith. But it is not true, as far at least as any proof has been offered of this assertion; for the words *completre baptismum*, on which the statement rests, have no reference to Baptism in itself: they regard something wholly different and distinct from Baptism,—the sacramental rite, known then and now under the name of the *completion of Baptism*, to wit, Confirmation; which the Britons, it would seem, like the Catholics of the present day, delayed to administer for some time after the administration of Baptism.

4. A peculiar liturgy, or distinctive monastic rules, do not of themselves involve the supposition of any peculiarity in belief. Down to the period of the Reformation, Bangor and York, Sarum and Hereford, had, though Catholic in the strictest sense of the word, and closely united to Rome, their peculiar *uses* or liturgies; and of the diversity of monastic rules in the Catholic Church no one can be ignorant. These differences were a consequence of union with Rome; which, for wise ends,—ends suggested by local needs, or local habits, or local gratitude,—sanctioned and authorised the diversity.

5. We must confess that, though we have devoted some time to the examination, we have failed altogether to discover either the names, the abodes, the characters, or the deeds of the wives of British clergymen. Some discoverer of “*Peranzabulo*, or the lost Church found,” may perhaps in later days interest the world by the publication of records entitled “the lost wife found;” but as yet we must plead wholly ignorant of the fact. Nor do we think that Mr. Hardwick would have contented himself with referring to Giesler as his only authority, had the discovery been very certain. We do indeed learn from Gildas, that some of the British clergy disgraced their profession by the irregularity of their lives prior to the scourging which they received from the Saxon: they “expelled from their houses their religious mother perhaps, or their sisters, and familiarly and indecently entertained strange women, as if it were for some secret office, . . . debasing themselves unto such bad creatures;” but of a wife, we repeat it, we find no mention whatsoever in the history of the British Church from the year 179 down to the year 597. Now, had there existed such a class of clerical helpmates, surely we must have heard of them. Anglicanism has not

lasted as long as the British Church; but can the history of Anglicanism be handed down to any age without numerous and very distinct references to the wives and families of the clerical body? We think not; and further, we are decidedly of opinion that the wives of British bishops and priests would not have been passed unnoticed, had they ever existed. We read of the illicit intercourse of the clergy, and we are even told why mothers and sisters are quietly sent away: if there were wives in the manse or the palace, why are not they mentioned, as well as mothers, sisters, and abandoned characters? How did the wives treat the destroyers of their happiness and the infringers of their rights? what was done with them?

The proofs, then, of the existence of a Church in this country, not Roman, are none; the evidences all look one way—they distinctly point to Rome as the founder and the conservator of the British Church, as well as of the Church of the Saxon: the origin of both was equally *extraneous*.

Nor are we left in the dark concerning the origin of the Irish Church. Prosper, who wrote in the year 440, and who was raised to the responsible position of secretary to Pope Celestine, informs us, that “whilst Celestine strove to keep the Roman island (Britain) Catholic, he made a barbarous one (Ireland) Christian.”* By this author, too, we are assured that Palladius was the first bishop sent by the Pontiff to Ireland; † and his testimony is distinctly referred to by Venerable Bede, and confirmed by all other authorities of an ancient date whose writings have come down to our times. Columban avers that to Rome Ireland owed her Christianity. “We are Irish,” he says, “receiving nothing beyond the evangelical and apostolical doctrine. None of us has been a heretic, none a Jew, none a schismatic; but the faith, just as it was originally handed down by you, the successors, to wit, of the holy Apostles, is held unshaken. . . . I have promised for you that the Roman Church would defend no heretic against the Catholic faith, as it beseems the scholars to think of the master.”‡ Equally distinct is the testimony of Probus, who wrote the life of St. Patrick in the ninth century. “Palladius,” he observes, “archdeacon of Pope Celestine, who was the forty-fifth from St. Peter who ruled the Apostolic See, was ordained by this Pope (Celestine), and sent to convert this island.”§ Again, we read the following words in the *Annals of the four Masters*: “In this year (430) Celestine, the Pope, sent Palladius, the Bishop of Ireland, to

* Contra Collat. c. xli.

† Idem ad ann. 434.

‡ Epist. ad Bonif. apud Galland. t. xii. p. 352.

§ De Vitâ S. Patricii apud Bedam.

preach the faith to the Irish.”* To be brief, if the reader will consult the *Antiquities* of Usher, he will find it clearly proved that Rome sent missionaries to Ireland, and that Irish prelates repaired to Rome on matters connected with religion, from the earliest period, as regularly as have their successors in more modern times, notwithstanding the difficulties and dangers which travellers had formerly to experience.

And Ireland's second bishop and apostle, St. Patrick, received his mission from Rome, even as Palladius had done. Of this we are assured by Mark, who wrote the life of St. Kieran, as also by Nennius, and others. Since the testimony is nearly in every case substantially the same, and expressed in similar language, we shall content ourselves with recording the precise words of the second-named author, the well-known Nennius: “When the death of Bishop Palladius was made known, he (Patrick) was sent by Celestine, the Roman Pontiff, . . . to convert the Irish to the faith of the Holy Trinity.”† Clearly both the Britons and the Irish owed their faith to the Pope's zeal and apostolical endeavours; and the faith of the Saxon was not more *extraneous* than that which Britain and Ireland professed prior to the advent of Augustine and his companions. If Augustine offered up the Mass and prayed for the dead, and invoked the aid and trusted in the intercession of blessed Saints; if he “changed the bread and wine into the Body and Blood of the Lord;” if monks taught and sang the praises of Almighty God,—did not the Britons and the Irish too offer up the unbloody sacrifice, pray for departed friends, invoke Mary and Bridget, and adorn the land with holy houses for the reception of the cowled fraternity? Yes; and reference to ancient authorities will satisfy any dispassionate reader on this head. And further, we find Irishmen toiling with Italians, Britons, and Gauls, in the discharge of the duties of the ministry, in nearly every savage and unconverted country of Europe. All this looks like unity of faith, emanating from the same source, and tending to one great end—the spread, not of an insular, isolated, and national creed, but of a Catholic Church,—a Church which knew of no other limits to her rights and capabilities than the boundaries of the habitable globe.

But, secondly, did not both Britons and Irishmen reject, at all events, the supremacy of the Roman Pontiffs? was not this an unfounded claim, originating in the ignorance of society and of the Church at large, and the cunning and restless ambition of the successors of the fisherman? There is not so

* Apud Scrip. Reg. Hibern, t. iii. p. 96.

† Hist. Brit. p. 80-81, and Usher, p. 409.

much as a shadow of evidence in favour of the reality of this fondly-cherished day-dream. The only plea ever set up for the maintenance of this opinion—so far at least as the British Church is concerned—is the opposition made to Augustine by the bishops and monks, who met together on the confines of the territory of the Wiccii and West Saxons about the year 603. Now, what are the *facts* connected with this meeting which have been handed down to us? These: 1. Seven British prelates and many learned men—monks of the monastery of Bangor-Iscoed—met Augustine. 2. Before, however, meeting in council, they consulted a hermit famed for his piety about the propriety of abandoning, at the request of Augustine, the customs to which we have already directed the attention of our readers. 3. The answer given was the following: “If he be a man of God, follow him;” and this was to be the evidence of Augustine’s character: if he was meek and lowly of heart, if he rose at the approach of the Britons, then he was to be recognised as the servant of Christ; whereas, if he did not do so, then were they to reject him; because, by omitting to rise, he would have given an unequivocal sign of his contempt for those with whom he was about to treat. 4. Unfortunately Augustine did not rise; and the result was anger and indignation, and the rejection of the apostle of the Saxons. 5. Still, Augustine addressed the assembled fathers; he proposed that they should keep Easter, and *complete* Baptism according to the Roman custom, and join with him in preaching to the English. But this request was urged in vain; the reply was a refusal: “they would, they said, do none of those things, nor would they receive him as their archbishop; for, they observed, if he would not now rise up to us, how much more will he condemn us, as of no worth, if we shall begin to be under his subjection!”* Such is the amount of *historic* evidence which we possess relative to this important conference.†

Notwithstanding, then, first, all the wild statements relative to the Abbot Dinooth, the hero of the Protestant romance of the independence of the British Church and the rejection of the primacy of Rome, there is no reason whatsoever for asserting that he was even present at the conference. 2. The authority of the Pontiff of Rome was not so much as named, much less was it made *the* matter of discussion. The Britons did, indeed, in accordance with the hermit’s suggestion, reject Augustine and his proposals; but not on doctrinal grounds, but for reasons widely different, and of a merely personal nature: he did *not rise*, he did not honour his visitors; and

* Bede, l. ii. c. 2.

† Codex dip. Ævi Sax. vol. i. p. v.

for this want of attention they refused to obey him. Such a flimsy pretext, such a tottering reed, will not surely suffice to sustain and prop up the British Church; nor will any sensible person seriously maintain that the Britons would, had they believed in their own independence, have staked it on such an accident as the rising up or sitting down of one individual. The supposition is too absurd either to be refuted or to be entertained. Passion and crime, and the fear of being despised, are the only assignable motives for the rejection, not of the supreme Pontiff, but of Augustine. They *did not want* the new archbishop; and there was reason enough for this expression of feeling, in case they were unprepared for such a reformation as their unholy and undisciplined lives required. Assuredly Pope Gregory, who was at least as well acquainted with the prerogatives of his see as either Dinooth or the British clergy can be reasonably supposed to have been with theirs, claimed a right to govern this country, as well as Gaul and the rest of Christendom. And when Venerable Bede tells us that this Pontiff “bore the pontifical power over all the world, and was placed over the Churches already reduced to the faith of truth,”* he only stated a fact to which the world, both theoretically and practically, unequivocally assented. It would be well, too, if Mr. Hardwick, and writers of the same school, would bear in mind, that if *they claim independence*, on account of the refractoriness of some few individuals about whom they are thoroughly ignorant, for the present English Church, *they are forced to borrow their orders from the Church of that very Augustine, with whom neither British bishops nor British monks would at first hold communion!*

As for the haughtiness of deportment and the threatening language of Augustine, “destructive of the freedom of the Britons, which was the signal for a harsh and spirited resistance” prior to the refusal of the council to listen to the archbishop’s demands, this is an addition of our author’s. In vain will the reader endeavour to discover any thing of this nature in our ancient annals. But of two things we are informed, which should not have been omitted, if the reader is expected to decide on the respective merits of the contending parties. First, we are informed that, at a previous meeting, God evidenced the mission of Augustine by enabling him to heal the blind; and secondly, we are told that, at the second conference, the Roman envoy prophesied the awful results which too quickly followed the rejection of himself and his proposals. These *are* historic facts,—facts more valuable than ten thousand conjectures and theories and speeches framed for Di-

* L. ii. c. 1.

nooth and his monks by Hardwick, and Soames, and Lappenberg; and, for more reasons than one, these facts should be recorded and dwelt upon. The miraculous interposition is as well authenticated as the history of the conferences themselves! The mission from Rome was blessed by Heaven, and proved to be Divine.

After what has been said regarding the introduction of Christianity into Ireland by the Pontiff Celestine, it will not be requisite to write at length about the admission of the Papal supremacy by the Irish; for every reader will at once see that there, as elsewhere, this dogma must have been admitted with all its consequences. The line of ministers had its origin in Rome, and with Rome it continued united during every change of dynasty. It was decreed, in a synod presided over by St. Patrick, that "if any questions arise in this island (Ireland), they are to be referred to the Apostolic See."* Nor was this recognition merely a verbal one; for on the very first occasion of serious dispute which arose,—this dispute regarded the time of keeping Easter,—it was resolved that "the question should be referred to the Head of Cities;" and accordingly messengers were sent to consult the oracle of the Apostolic See. On their return in 633, the Roman mode of computing Easter was received all over Munster, and in the greater part of Leinster and Connaught. At last Adamnan urged its reception in Ulster; and about the year 704 it was received in every diocese throughout the northern districts of Ireland.† Observe, again, the striking language of Columban, about whose opinions Mr. Hardwick has spoken in the most dubious and hesitating manner. "To the Holy Lord and Roman Father in Christ, the most beautiful comeliness of the Church, the most august flower, as it were, of the whole of drooping Europe, the illustrious watchman, &c., I, the Barjona, the lowly Columban, send health in Christ." He next declares, "that it does not become him to discuss the Easter question with the *great authority* seated in the chair of Peter, the Apostle and key-bearer." Afterwards, he asks what is to be done with those who have been simoniacally promoted to the episcopacy, and with others who, from holy motives, leave the place where they had made their religious profession?" He adds, that "he would have visited the Pontiff in person, but for the weak state of his health," &c.‡ Boniface he styles "the Holy Lord and Apostolic Father." Again he alludes to his wish to visit the Apostolic See; and speaking "of the unity of faith" existing between himself and

* Wilkins Concil. t. i. p. 6.

† Bede, l. v. c. 15.

‡ Epist. i. ad Greg. Papam.

the Pontiff, he beseeches him to "strengthen with his holy sanction the tradition of the elders, if it be not against faith," "with which we may be enabled, through thy adjudication, to keep the rite of Easter as we received it from our fathers."* In fine, he calls the same Pontiff "the most beautiful Head of all the Churches of the whole of Europe, . . the very elevated Prelate, the Shepherd of shepherds;" and he adds, "we are bound to the Chair of St. Peter;" and "through this Chair Rome is great and illustrious amongst us." And his scholar and biographer, Jonas, adopts throughout the language of his master. Speaking of the contumacious and schismatical Agrestius, he says: "On account of the disagreement of the *three chapters*, the citizens of Aquileia dissent from the communion of the Holy See, concerning which the Lord speaks in the Gospel to blessed Peter, the Prince of the Apostles: 'Thou art Peter, and on this Rock I will build my Church; and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it.' Therefore coming to Aquileia, he (Agrestius) becoming at once a member of the schism, was separated from the communion of the Holy See, and divided from the communion of the entire world," &c.† After this period we find men, like Cumman, consulting Rome, as the Head and Mistress of all Churches, and Pontiffs, like Honorius and John IV.,‡ deciding authoritatively, and commanding obedience even in matters merely of a disciplinary nature regarding the Irish Church. Prelates and priests, like Dichul and Kilian, are seen hastening to the Pontiff, in order to ask his advice and receive his blessing. In fact, nothing which can establish the national belief in the singular power and prerogatives of Rome, at any after-period, was wanting in the earliest ages of Ireland's Christianity. It has been observed by an accurate scholar of the Protestant party, that "the union of European Christendom under the Pope was the arrangement which had lasted, under God's providence, ever since the barbarians had been christianised; it was the dispensation which was natural and familiar to men; the only one they could imagine,—a dispensation, moreover, under which religion had achieved its conquests. The notion of being independent of the See of Rome was one which was never found among the thoughts of a religious man even as a possibility; which never occurred even to an irreligious one, except as involving disobedience and rebellion." And this writer's subsequent remark is pertinent, and deserving of Mr. Hardwick's most serious consideration. "We would have people reflect who shrink from

* Epist. ad Bonif. IV.

† Act SS. ord. S. Benedic. t. ii. p. 110.

‡ Bede, l. ii. c. xix.

looking with favour on any person, or any policy, which strengthened the See of Rome, that there was a time when the authority of the Pope was no controverted dogma, when it was as much a matter of course, *even to those who opposed its exercise*, as much an understood and received point as the primacy of Canterbury and the king's supremacy are with us."*

What system, then, does Mr. Hardwick still maintain, in the face of all this evidence? Why this: "That it was not till the Papacy of Hadrian I. that a claim to the pastorship of all the Church was fully brought to light." Not till the Papacy of Hadrian I.! Why, has he never read what Venerable Bede, who died nearly forty years before Hadrian's Pontificate, stated relative to the extension of the Papal jurisdiction over the whole of Christendom? Has he forgotten the declaration of Columban, and of those other early writers to whose statements we have already several times referred? Is he so grossly ignorant of all former history, of the writings of Popes and Bishops, and of their actions too, as not to know that the Pontiffs appear at every time vivifying, animating, energising, ruling the whole Christian body? Did not Clement show his power in his conduct towards the Church of Corinth? Did not Victor too during the paschal controversy? Did Stephen act like one doubting of his power, when threatening Cyprian and the prelates of the East; and when Julius restored Athanasius to his see of Alexandria, and Innocent Chrysostom to that of Constantinople, did they behave like men who were mere pretenders and usurpers? Did Siricius, when he stated, "that he bore the burdens of all, as the heir of the government of St. Peter?"† or Pope Athanasius, who "visited by letters, as far as he was able, the members of his body scattered through the various regions of this earth, in order to prevent profane innovations?"‡ or Innocent, who said, "that his was the solicitude for all the Churches;" and "that no decision was decisive until approved of by Roman authority;" and "that he had to consult the common interests of all the Churches throughout the whole world,"§ use a novel and till then unheard-of language? Did Zosimus, when he declared that "the tradition of the Fathers had assigned so great an authority to the Apostolic See, that no one should dare to dispute about a judgment given by it, and that he had charge of all the Churches," innovate?|| and when Boni-

* British Critic, No. 65, p. 35 (1843).

† Epist. ad Himer. Tarrac. Episc. n. 1.

‡ Epist. i. ad Joann. Hieros. n. 5.

§ Epist. xxx. and clxxxi.

|| Epist. xi. ad Afros.

face* and Celestine† called Rufus of Thessalonica their vicerent,—one holding the place of the Pontiff,—did that bishop either disclaim or deny the position of the Pontiff? In fine—for we must end this matter somewhere—did not Pope Celestine declare that “his charge regarded all men;”‡ and St. Leo assert, “that although all pastors preside with great solicitude over their own flocks, yet with all of them that solicitude is shared by us; nor is there any one’s administration which is not a portion of our labours; so that whilst recourse is had from every part of the world to the See of the blessed Apostle Peter, . . . we feel that the burden lies upon us by so much the heavier, as we owe to all more than any other?”§

But what is the peculiarity of Hadrian’s language, that Mr. Hardwick should assign to him so conspicuous a place in the development of the Papal supremacy? To us his language sounds much the same as that of all preceding Popes. “The Apostolic See is the head of the whole world and of all the Churches of God;” “the solicitude of which, *divinely* delegated, is due to all the Churches.” Is this the novel language? Why, there is not one Pontiff whose writings have come down to us who does not use either the very words ascribed to Hadrian, or expressions tantamount to, or even stronger than the above. In fact, the citations just adduced are a distinct proof of this assertion; and the language of the Pontiffs was adopted unhesitatingly by the prelates of the early Church. In the Council of Chalcedon, Rome is called “the head of all Churches,” and Leo the “œcumenical Bishop,” and “the foundation of the orthodox faith.”|| The Pontiff was known as the Vicar of Christ; and it was decreed that the Holy Roman Catholic and Apostolic Church has been raised above the other Churches, not by any synodal decree, but by the evangelical voice of our Lord and Saviour it has received the supremacy.”¶

And to be candid, notwithstanding his rashness and willingness to believe any thing or every thing against the right of the Pontiffs, in favour of the pretensions or assertions of others, even Mr. Hardwick shows that he is not sure of his ground. His is a thermometric variableness; his notions rise and fall according to the accident of approach to, or retrogradation from, the fervent language of the orthodox who cross his path at nearly every turn. For one out of many proofs which might be pointed to, we refer the reader to what he says at page 40 of his history. Nor, if we examine the evi-

* Epist. v.

§ Serm. v. in Nat. Ord. c. 2.

† Epist. iii. ad Epis. Illyr.

|| Labbe, t. iv. col. 93, 399, and 424.

‡ L. c.

¶ Dec. Conc. Romani sub Gelasio, apud Labbe, t. iv. col. 1261.

dence on which he rests his system, shall we have any reason to admire either the honesty or the learning or the logic of the historian of the middle age! His authorities are nought, and his supports are the veriest reeds. Indeed, the only feeling which comes over us whilst perusing the authorities on which he relies, is one of deep regret, regret to find an individual, who affects the scholar, and cites the works of nearly every writer who graced the Anglo-Saxon, Danish, and Norman periods, not to speak of earlier compositions, adducing documents which are admittedly either spurious or of no authority, because at the *best* of doubtful authority; and which, even if genuine, do not in fact at all bear on the matter in proof of which they are alleged. For example, the twenty-eighth canon of Chalcedon was drawn up in the absence of the papal legates, and was at once rejected by Leo, as it was afterwards by Leo's successors. And indeed, so conscious are the Greeks of the nullity of this canon, that they entirely omit all mention of it in their conciliary collections.* Nor is the authenticity of the third canon of Constantinople established.† But allowing, for argument's sake, the authenticity of the two canons, what do they prove? That Rome is not supreme? No. This supremacy, as we have shown, was uniformly and universally admitted; it was not then questioned by any body who was recognised as a Christian. About what then do the canons in question treat? Not about the supremacy of Rome, but about the Roman patriarchate. Attempts were made to raise Constantinople to the dignity of the second patriarchate, to the degradation of Alexandria and Antioch; and the emperor was particularly anxious to effect this; but the Pontiff was inflexible. "The city of Constantinople," he observed, "has its privileges, but these are only secular—it is a royal city; but it cannot become an apostolic see. No dishonesty can tear away from the Churches their just rights as established by the canons; nor can the primacy of many metropolitans be invaded to gratify the ambition of one man. Alexandria ought not to lose the second rank for the crimes of an individual like Dioscorus, nor Antioch the third."‡ These words evince at once the real nature of the decision, and its inapplicability when used as an argument against the origin and extent of the Papal supremacy. In fact, there can be no better proof of Rome's supremacy than the unflinching conduct of Leo, and the eagerness of the eastern and western prelates, backed by the wishes of the emperor to obtain his as-

* Nat. Alex. diss. iv. in sæc. i. prop. 2, resp. ad 7.

† See Lupus in Scholiis ad hunc Can. t. i. p. 333 et seq.

‡ Epist. lxxviii. c. 3.

sent to the precedence of Constantinople. As is obvious, too, the smallest encroachment was noticed and opposed and condemned by the Roman Pontiffs. Had the Pontiff's claim to an universal supremacy been a novelty, an assumption, the world would have rung with the boldness and arrogance of the Bishops of Rome; and Antioch and Alexandria and Constantinople would, in conjunction with the rest of the world, have denounced the usurper, and have refused to yield one iota to his pretensions. We have a guarantee for this in the constitution of our nature, as well as in the history of all usurpations; and a consequent refutation of the absurd supposition so strangely advocated by Hardwick and others, of a "gradual possession of the supreme authority," and "of metropolitans and others being content to become the vassals, instruments, and vicars of the Pontiff."*

The Churches were subject on principle. They were bound to recognise the Pontiff as their head, for this was Christ's ordinance; and simply on account of this obligation did they call him head, and obey his commands. It is true, indeed, that sometimes the prelates were but stubborn children; but from this it would be unfair to deny the admitted principle of the necessity of obedience. Misconduct and disbelief are not correlative terms. Many a one practically rejects a Divine command, whilst theoretically his faith is as unshaken and as sound as ever.

To ascribe, as Mr. Hardwick does, any essential increase of power to the Pontiffs from the publication of the Decretals by Isidore the merchant, or Isidore the sinner—for as yet even the name of the man has to be discovered, so obscure was the writer of the collection, destined, if certain modern writers are to be relied upon, to effect the most stupendous change in the form of Church government which could have been devised—is neither more nor less than nonsense. This work appeared, it is said, in the first instance at Mayence, about the year 790, and then through the industry of Riculph, the Bishop of that city, several copies were sent elsewhere. The object even of the work, as well as the country, character, and position of the writer, are unknown. Whilst some writers, like Schmidt, maintain that the compilation was intended not to exalt the popedom, but to depress the metropolitans, and elevate proportionally the bishops, Blaso contends that the object of the author of the Decretals was this: to promote Mayence to the dignity of a patriarchate. This is at least clear; Isidore was but a bungler at the best. The texture of his work is unartistic, his anachronisms manifest; and of all the forgers with

* See Hardwick, pp. 239, 240.

whose writings we are acquainted, he appears to us to be the least fitted to deceive even the unwary, and induce archbishops, metropolitans, and patriarchs to abandon original claims, and believe, in opposition to the traditions and practices of their respective sees, that really, after all, though the world had been ignorant of the fact for 800 years, the Roman Pontiff was the Shepherd of shepherds, the head of all churches, the successor of St. Peter, and the prelate whom the whole of Christendom was obliged to regard as its chief pastor. To suppose that the Catholic body was deceived by such an instrument, it will be necessary to allow that the world consisted of nothing else than madmen or fools in the ninth century; though it will be difficult to reconcile this important hypothesis with fact, when we remember that Syncellus and Alcuin and Paulinus; Ludger, Theodulph, Adalard, Nicephorus, and Agobard; Ratramn of Corbie, Egenard, Methodius, Walafrid Strabo, and Florus; Rabanus Maurus, Eulogius, Prudentius, Lupus, and Paschasius Radbert; Ado, Hincmar, and Scotus; Usuard and Alfred the Great, were the writers who flourished in this age; whilst Neot was planning the University of Oxford, and Ethelwolf was engaged in rebuilding the school for the English at Rome; and wise and zealous persons like Anschar and Rembert, and Methodius and Cyril, were preaching the gospel to Danes and Swedes and Bulgarians and Moravians and Sclavonians.

We could as soon be induced to believe that the forged gospels, and the numerous apocryphal scriptures which appeared in the earliest ages of Christianity, supplanted the true faith, and were made the basis of a new code of dogmas, commandments, and sacraments, and of an entirely dissimilar body of ministerial functionaries, as be persuaded that the pseudo-decretals of Isidore introduced the Catholic system of Church headship, and destroyed an earlier system, totally opposed to the supremacy of Rome. No; neither bishops, nor priests, nor laymen yield up their rights on the production of forged instruments. Even Mr. Hardwick would not abandon his claims to his works, or titles, or emoluments on such pretences; and are we, at this gentleman's bidding, to believe that a world abandoned rights of ten thousand times greater importance, because a forger—Isidore the sinner-merchant—palmed his Decretals upon the Church? Really such a demand on our credulity is somewhat exorbitant. Our author laughs at the legends and hagiography of former times; but we tell him that no legend was ever so absurd, and no miracle was ever half so wonderful, as the legend of the Isidorian metamorphosis, and the miraculous obliviousness in which Mr. Hard-

wick places such implicit faith. It is the legend of another *Sleepy Hollow*, which some Irvine has still to write.

In fact, as we have already shown, the Bishops of Rome possessed and exercised the duties of the supremacy ages anterior to the appearance of the Decretals in question; and however false the documents cited in the body of the work may be, these documents are in very many instances a fair exposition of the belief and practices of the ages to which they are assigned: with a few illustrations of this position, as far as it affects the supremacy and Mr. Hardwick, we will bring this subject to a conclusion.

It is said, then, in the first place, that "it is absolutely false that Bishops could not hold provincial synods, and give efficacy to their decrees, without the previous approval and ratification of those decrees by Rome; and that Isidore, by hazarding a contrary statement, clearly manifested his ignorance and his object." Now, is Isidore ignorant, or have his accusers deserved this epithet? Let us see. "Are you ignorant," says Pope Julius, who wrote nearly 500 years before Isidore was heard of, "that it is the custom to write to us in the first place, that a just definition may be hence obtained?" The words which have been paraded as false and spurious, and proof positive of Isidore's wicked object, are precisely those which we find in the *Tripartite History*, the author of which, whether he be Cassiodorus, as Valesius thinks, or the scholastic Epiphanius, as Tiraboschi imagines, lived some 300 years before Isidore. And Socrates was obviously of the same mind as the author of the Decretals; for referring to a council held at Antioch in 351, he observes, that "it was irregular in this respect, that Julius was not there represented." Nay more, was not Dioscorus publicly reprehended in the Council of Chalcedon, for "having presumed to hold a synod without the authorisation of the Holy See?" and was it not there further stated, "that this was a thing which was never done, and which could not be done lawfully?" Let the accusers of Isidore *study* the writings of antiquity, ere they presume to condemn, in the off-hand way they do, the writer or compiler of the Decretals. If, owing to circumstances, it ever happened that provincial or other synods were convened without the direct sanction of Rome, recourse was had to the Holy See for approval of the synodical enactments; and till this approval and ratification had been secured, it was believed that little or nothing had been done. If the words of St. Augustine, "*Roma locuta est, causa finita est*;" and those others of St. Innocent, "if greater causes should be agitated, let them, after the episcopal decision, be referred to the Apos-

tolie See, as the synod has decreed, and a happy custom demands;"* be borne in mind, the truthfulness of the Isidorian statement will not be questioned.

Fabian was called upon, in the third century, to ratify the sentence of condemnation passed on Privatus by an African council.† To Cornelius were sent the heads of the accusations urged against the schismatic Felicissimus;‡ whilst St. Leo assures us, that "therefore were the Bishops of the greater sees informed of the affairs of the provinces, that Rome might thus become cognisant of all that passed: "*Per quos ad unam Petri sedem universalis Ecclesiæ cura conflueret.*"§

It is urged, as a second instance of the ignorance or bad faith of the author of the Decretals, that he pretends that the Popes alone had power to pronounce definitively on the conduct of Bishops.|| Now, we assert that this is no pretence, no fiction, but a great fact—a fact to which all ancient and authentic history testifies. For example: early in the fourth century St. Athanasius of Alexandria, Paul of Constantinople, Asclepas of Gaza, and many other Bishops from Thrace, Syria, Phœnicia, and Palestine, went to Rome, after having been condemned in several councils held at Tyre, Constantinople, and several other places, and referred their causes to the wisdom and equity of the supreme Pontiff: and we are informed that "when the Pope had heard their complaints . . . he, since on account of the dignity of his See the care of all belonged to him, restored to each his see, and wrote to the Bishops of the East, and reproached them for having, without previously consulting him, judged these men . . . If a suspicion of this nature had been entertained against a Bishop, it was requisite to refer it to our charity."¶ Innocent restored Chrysostom, whom others had condemned and deposed; and acting as men supreme in matters ecclesiastical, prior to the time of Nicholas I., the Popes deposed no fewer than eight Bishops of Constantinople, as Nicholas expressly declares in his letter to the Emperor Michael. And it is known to every tyro in ecclesiastical history, how earnestly St. Cyprian solicited, in the third century, Cornelius to depose the unworthy Marcian, and substitute some fitter person in the see of Arles. In fine, St. Basil declares that when Eustatius, the Bishop of Sebaste, was condemned, he hastened to Rome, received a

* Epist. ad Vitric. c. 6.

† S. Cyprian, epist. 55, and Baronius ad ann. 242, n. 3.

‡ Cyp., epist. 42.

§ Epist. xlii. || Hardwick, p. 245. cf. 145, &c.

¶ See Socrates, l. ii. c. 2; Sozomen, l. iii. c. 7, and seq.; Epist. ad Episc. qui ex Antiochiâ scripserunt apud S. Athan. apol. ii.

letter of approval from Liberius, and in consequence was restored to his episcopal dignity.*

We imagine that before this the reader will have felt pity for the ignorance of the author of the *Middle Age* on the question of the supremacy. On other subjects he has not exhibited either more ingenuousness or more accuracy: and it was our intention to have exposed him still further, by referring to his statements in connection with the sacramental system of the Church, the state of education in the seventh, eighth, and ninth centuries, and the oft-exploded fable, which may be designated "Alfred and the Decalogue." But the length of our previous observations prevents us from touching on these and cognate matters.

The more we see of modern publications, the deeper is the impression made on our minds of the utter incapacity of Protestants to write a Church History. Catholicity is a puzzle, a mystery to them. To extricate themselves from the difficulties by which they find themselves surrounded, recourse is had to every sort of baseless conjecture and supposition; and thus their writings are disgraced by mis-statements and misconceptions of the most varying character. Unfortunately, we Catholics in England have written very little in the form of Church History. This we deeply regret; for we are strongly of opinion, that a clear historical exposition of the faith and practices of former ages would deeply interest not only the scholar but the public at large, and would tend to remove a great amount of ignorance and misunderstanding, which has been allowed to accumulate against us during the last three centuries. We trust that the hour is at hand, when some scholars will enter fully into those historical questions which affect the faith of our forefathers, and will present to the public something worthy of the name of history. This is a consummation which we earnestly desiderate, and to which we specially direct the attention of our learned readers.

* Epist. 263 (alias 74).

Short Notices.

THEOLOGY, PHILOSOPHY, &c.

Trials of a Mind in its progress to Catholicism. By L. Silliman Ives, LL.D., late Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church in North Carolina (Richardson and Son). This long-promised work has at length made its appearance, and will not be found to disappoint the expectations that its protracted delay will be likely to have occasioned. It is one of a class which, in days of popular libraries, reading for the rail, &c. &c. merits high commendation, on the ground of earnest reasoning, patient pursuit of truth, and solid and well-matured argument. We wish we could anticipate for it the large circle of readers which it deserves; but the truth is, that our popular temper cannot digest solid reasoning; it expects to find every subject treated with the piquancy of periodical literature far too much, to be likely to be universally captivated with a depth of thought and an earnestness of purpose so little like itself. Dr. Ives addresses his work to his late brethren of the Protestant episcopate and clergy; and its chief interest is intended to be found in those of that communion, who so far understand Christian liberty as to believe that they have a right to read a Catholic book. Unfortunately, however, the usual Protestant notion of Christian liberty is that of the strictest prohibition to have any thing whatever to do with what is Catholic; and in all probability, therefore, members of the Church of England will refuse to look into this work at all. That is to say: here is a man who for many years held an office of the highest authority among Protestants, and by and by abandons his position and seeks admission into the Catholic Church; then he writes in a most earnest and affectionate way to his former friends and brethren, to give them some account of what it is that he has done, and why he has done it; and what more natural remains, one would think, than that his former friends, struck by the circumstance, should now say to themselves, Clearly this is a singular case; the man has taken a most unusual step, and here is his justification of himself addressed to the public; he assures us that he is satisfied with the choice he has made; let us get his book and see what he has to say. But alas! there is a great obstacle in the way. Oh, no! you must not think for a moment of knowing what he has to say; the gospel law of liberty strictly forbids it! To the Catholic reader the work will be of interest, as it shows a rather complete instance of a convert brought to the Church in what Mr. Digby might call the way of ecclesiastical and doctrinal organisation.

Why I submitted to the Church, and cannot be ashamed of it. By C. J. Laprimaudaye, A.M., late curate of Lavington and Graffham (Burns and Lambert). These letters appear to have been written at the time of the author's conversion some three years ago; so that he expresses some fear lest their publication, after so long a delay, should be deemed unseasonable. "A good thing is never out of season," and "better late than never," are the proverbs which naturally occur to one's mind, after reading the letters themselves and the apology by which they are prefaced. The one point to which they are directed is this fundamental principle—the necessity of a living guide, having divine, and therefore unerring and supreme authority, in matters of faith; and the arguments by which this is established are clear and forcible in themselves, and at the same time expressed in a tone of most perfect

Christian gentleness and charity towards those for whose benefit they are intended.

We are glad to see a new edition called for of *Catholic Hymns, arranged in order for the Year* (Burns and Lambert). The type is much larger than in the former editions; which, though serviceable enough for schools, was hardly adapted to the eyes of adults, and the dim light of many of our churches. Several more hymns have also been added to the selection, which is thus rendered far more complete and practically useful for congregations. In a paper cover, the cost of a single copy, we believe, is only twopence. We beg to recommend it strongly to those who want such a thing.

The Rev. W. H. Anderdon has published an interesting *Lecture on Jesuitism* (Burns and Lambert), delivered at Leicester early in the past month. It consists of a series of sketches—all cleverly drawn, with a touch of delicate and good-humoured satire about them, well suited to the mixed Protestant audience for whom it was intended—first, of the Jesuit fabulous, or the Exeter-Hall portrait of him; then of the Jesuit actual, or the historical portrait; and lastly of the Jesuit supposed or suspected, to wit, the Puseyite parson, who ended, like Mr. A. himself, by being received into the Catholic Church. This section of the lecture has, of course, mainly a local and a personal interest; there are many parts of the country, however, where, *mutato nomine*, the *fabula* may be very truly and profitably narrated.

MISCELLANEOUS LITERATURE.

Mr. Bell's *Annotated Edition of the English Poets* (J. W. Parker) has proceeded as far as the third and concluding volume of Dryden. The first volume of Cowper has also appeared. Mr. Bell's life of the sweet-tempered, melancholy-hearted poet is brief, but gives as good a general idea of that painful history as is to be gained from the poet's more elaborate biographers; we are almost disposed to think it gives even a better one. He mentions a particular which was new to us, but which presents a pleasing feature in the record of one whose virtues were his own, and whose errors were those of a frightful creed, forced upon him by spiritual tyranny. After Cowper became intimate with the Catholic family of the Throckmortons (by which he grievously offended the dark Calvinist Newton), he erased a savage passage in one of his published poems, and substituted another, which could give no pain to the kind friends in whose cheerful society and unaffected goodness he was finding so much relief and consolation. Mr. Bell prints the rejected passage in a note. The poems are throughout given in chronological order, with such prefatory remarks as are supplied by the poet's life and correspondence. In the writings of a poet so eminently autobiographical and genuine as Cowper, this arrangement adds a peculiar interest to Mr. Bell's edition.

The second volume of *Addison's Works*, in *Bohn's British Classics*, contains the papers from the *Tatler* and *Spectator*. Changed as the world is since the days when these inimitable papers appeared, the grace and wit of Addison's pen have given them a charm which will survive many a change yet to come. They certainly do not tend to

make one regret that the days of Queen Anne and the Georges are passed away.

Armenia;—the Frontiers of Russia, Turkey, and Persia, by the Hon. R. Curzon (London, Murray). Mr. Curzon was sent to Erzeroom, in 1842, as one of the commissioners to settle the disputed boundaries between Turkey and Persia. He has made good use of his opportunities, and has written a valuable and lively book on this portion of the Asiatic dominions of the Porte. Though a Puseyite, at least æsthetically, he does not seem to have an idea that there are any other sins than theft, lying, and drunkenness; and by this standard he pronounces the Turks to be a more moral race, not only than the Christians whom they oppress, but also than the civilised people of Christendom. "The superiority of the Mahometan over the Christian cannot fail to strike the mind of an intelligent person who has lived among these races, as the fact is evident throughout the Turkish empire. This arises partly from the oppression which the Turkish rulers in the provinces have exercised for centuries over their Christian subjects: this is probably the chief reason. But the Turk obeys the dictates of his religion, the Christian does not; the Turk does not drink, the Christian gets drunk; the Turk is honest,—the Turkish peasant is a pattern of quiet good-humoured honesty,—the Christian is a liar and a cheat; his religion is so overgrown with the rank weeds of superstition, that it no longer serves to guide his mind in the right way," &c. Perhaps the Turkish cruelty and contempt for human suffering and death, of which this volume abounds with instances, is rather a barbarian virtue than a vice. The case seems to be pretty much the same as it was in Ireland; the oppressors commit the outrageous, but in some senses magnificent, crimes of gentlemen; the oppressed have the paltry and disgusting, but comparatively venial, vices of serfs.

Westminster Abbey, or the Days of the Reformation, by the author of "Whitefriars," &c., 3 vols. (London, Mortimer). If this were not a "religious" novel, it would probably be too disgusting for our sensitive English public. As it is, perhaps its obscenities and absurdities will be pardoned, in consideration of its being such a terrible show-up of monks and nuns,—almost equally so with the famous production of Maria Monk herself. The author has evidently studied the science of telling lies well; he has invested his tale with a kind of antiquarian savour, that will probably be attributed to his deep knowledge of history by those who wish to believe his insinuations. The chief characters in his book are, Sanegraal, Prior of Westminster, a model of a Popish saint, famed throughout England for his austerities, who murders a man for the purpose of introducing his widow into the abbey as precentor, and Roodspere, an illegitimate son of Cardinal Wolsey, a priest of strong moral principles, who seduces and marries a nun. We did not read the book through; but we assure our readers that we did not open a single page of it that was not either absurd from its pedantry and affectation, or disgusting from its obscenity and profanity.

Remains of E. Copleston, Bishop of Llandaff, with Reminiscences of his Life, by R. Whately, Archbishop of Dublin (London, J. W. Parker). The eccentric occupant of the temporalities of the see of Dublin has taken occasion, in publishing a few philological and logical remarks of little value from the note-book of Dr. Copleston, and a few sermons from the same hand, to present to the public his own opinions on several subjects which are of more or less present interest, especially to the clerical world; such as the Oxford University Bill, and the

proposed limitation of the duration of fellowships ; the law against marriage with a deceased wife's sister—on which subject, he confesses that he is not certain what was the Bishop's view ; the English notion of the transference of the obligation of the Sabbath to the Sunday, which he pronounces to be an "Anglican figment," as "unwarrantable" as "the denial of the cup to the laity ;" and the matter of Dr. Hampden, who is pronounced to be quite orthodox, and whose condemnation was the making of the "Tractite" party. The leaders of this party he considers to be conspirators, who saw clearly from the beginning where they must end ; he talks of their "insidious arts," and of their plots to "endanger the Church, not only as an *endowed society*, but as a *Christian body*." He pronounces that the clergyman who leaves the Church and becomes a Dissenter, even on grounds which he (Dr. Whately) considers frivolous, acts less schismatically than one who openly impugns the doctrine of another. Also, he thinks it more moral to be an Atheist, than to sign the Articles in a non-natural sense ; and in his own name, and in that of the subject of his reminiscences, he utterly repudiates the sacramental character of ordination, or "the transmission of a mysterious virtue from one individual to another." The remarks on academical matters are judicious, and worth consideration ; on other subjects, especially with regard to the poor "Tractites," he displays neither fairness nor good temper.

Treasures of Art in Great Britain ; being an account of the chief Collections of Paintings, Drawings, Sculptures, illuminated Mss., by Dr. Waagen, Director of the Royal Academy of Pictures, Berlin. 3 vols. (London, Murray). The bulk of this voluminous production consists of mere catalogue ; but it is enriched also with an historical account of the rise and progress of art in England, of the beginnings and development of English collections, and with short estimates of the chief English artists. A new edition of the book should be better arranged, and purged of all such irrelevant details as the description of his sea-sickness, and of the dinners he ate in England. In his architectural descriptions he makes frequent mistakes ; as when he says that the choir of Winchester Cathedral is in the "late Norman style," and the nave in "the richly-developed Gothic style here called 'decorated English.' " Altogether it is the best book extant on the subject to which it relates ; it is an enlarged and recast edition of a former work.

The Life of Girolamo Cardano of Milan, Physician. By H. Morley. 2 vols. (Chapman and Hall). Cardano was a famous physician and astrologer in the sixteenth century ; a man of great talents, which would carry him on in any line on which he once embarked, far beyond most of his contemporaries ; and he lived in no despicable age. But withal, he was a man of such weak judgment in the choice of his lines and starting points, that all his speculations and labours have been fruitless. He has got just such a biographer as he deserved ; one who has laboriously gathered all the notices of his subject, which are scattered in voluminous works, and who has compiled an autobiography, in which all the fancies and beliefs of the strange figure are humoured, and where he is allowed to tell his own joys, and to bewail his sorrows in his own words. Mr. Morley is a humorist, and avails himself of the privilege of the cap and bells to throw dirt on the convictions of all religionists, Catholics and Protestants alike. The book is a very amusing one, and the style strikes us as something fresh and new. Mr. Morley seems to have opened a fresh vein of literature ; from which, however, we do not expect any great results.

Days and Hours, by Frederick Tennyson (London, J. W. Parker). A book of poems by a brother of the laureate. We have failed to discover a definite purpose or unity of idea in any one of them. The author may carve his separate stones well, but he has no architectonic faculty of putting them together.

Wanderings of an Antiquary, chiefly upon the traces of the Romans in Britain, by Thomas Wright, M.A., F.S.A. (London, Nichols). These papers (most of which have appeared in the *Gentleman's Magazine*), are both picturesque and instructive; but we cannot recommend a writer who makes such a perfectly gratuitous statement as the following:

"In the earlier ages of Western Christianity two things were requisite for the foundation of a Church,—materials to build it with, and relics to give it sanctity. Both were furnished by an ancient site, the old buildings yielding the materials for construction, while there was generally a burial place near at hand, where the monks could find bones enough to create a saint. Such was the case at Verulanicum. Modern discoveries seem to show that the top of the hill where the Abbey Church now stands was one of the Roman cemeteries When the Saxon kings of Mercia were converted to Christianity, a church was built on the adjoining hill, and some of the buildings of the Roman city were demolished to furnish materials. The monks who built it wanted a saint; they found in a then popular Christian Latin poet, Fortunatus, mention of a man named Alban, who was said to have suffered martyrdom in Britain—

Albanum egregium fœcunda Britannia profert.

The Saxon monks accordingly dug up some Roman bones, declared that they belonged to the martyred body of St. Alban, and built their church upon the spot. Some denizen of the place next proceeded to make a life of the saint, and this has been preserved by the historian Bede," &c.

We cannot help noticing a complete parallel to this criticism of Mr. Wright in Mr. F. Newman's *Phases of Faith*, p. 135. Talking of the miracle of Josue, the standing still of the sun, he says: "In reading the passage, I for the first time observed that the narrative rests on the authority of a poetical book which bears the name of Jasher. He who composed 'Sun, stand thou still upon Gibeon; and thou moon in the valley of Ajalon!' like other poets, called on the sun and moon to stand and look on Josue's deeds; but he could not anticipate that his words would be hardened into fact by a prosaic interpreter, and appealed to in proof of a stupendous miracle. The commentator could not tell what the moon had to do with it; yet he has quoted honestly." . . . Our readers will observe that both these arguments depend on the same assumption; if in an ancient history a poem is quoted to prove an extraordinary event, that poem is the only foundation for the belief in it, and is itself merely the production of the imagination of the poet. Henceforth, the easiest way to prove an event to be fabulous, will be to quote authority for it from a chronicle in rhyme.

My Schools and Schoolmasters, or the Story of my Education. By Hugh Miller (Edinburgh, Johnstone and Hunter). We do not hesitate to pronounce this volume to be one of the most curious and interesting accessions to contemporary literature that has come under our notice. Its author was born a Scottish peasant, was educated at a Scottish parish-school, and spent the best part of his youth and early manhood in the calling of a stonemason. Yet, by the force of his genius

alone he has established his reputation in the highest scientific circles as a first-class geologist, and has attained a raciness and masterly vigour of style surpassed by very few living writers of the English language. He delineates the original beauties of external nature with rare truthfulness and imaginative feeling; his portraits of Scottish character are not inferior to anything that Galt or Wilson ever wrote. As a geologist, he is an accurate and philosophical observer and an original discoverer, particularly in the series of palæozoic strata known as the *Devonian*, or *old red sandstone*. We had an opportunity, not long ago, of hearing him lecture on his favourite science, and were charmed as much by the variety and extent of his information, as by the modest diffidence of his manner. We are bound, however, to distinguish between Mr. Miller's excellence as a man of science and a powerful writer, and his character as a polemical theologian; for such he also is, like many of his countrymen. He will not expect our favourable opinion to follow him into this domain: indeed, as the editor of the leading Free-church newspaper, he is committed to a keen and uncompromising hostility to Erastianism in the Establishment, and Popery every where. There are one or two passages in this otherwise beautiful volume which no Catholic can read without pain. Yet, even on the subject of religion, his vigorous and independent mind emancipates itself from more than one of the commonly-accepted fallacies which pass current in his country as "gospel truth." It is a token of his possessing no small share of moral courage, that he should even conditionally advocate Sunday walking. With well-directed power, he explodes the intolerant notion that visitations of Providence, falling on one class of the community, must necessarily be intended as "a judgment" on the supposed misdeeds of another class who suffer nothing at all; a notion advocated in his hearing by a "minister" of some note, a quarter of a century ago. Truth, it seems, is to be spoken at last about the parish-schools of Scotland, which we have been made to believe models for the humble imitation of Christendom. Mr. Miller knows how false that idea is, and he is not afraid to say so. "I never knew any one who owed other than the merest smattering of theological knowledge to these institutions; and not a single individual who had ever derived from them any tincture, save the slightest, of religious feeling. So far as I can remember, I carried in my memory from school only a single remark at all theological in its character; and it was of a kind suited rather to do harm than good."

FOREIGN LITERATURE.

Bibliothèque des Ecrivains de la Compagnie de Jésus, Première série (Liege, Grandmont-Donders, 1853), containing literary notices, 1. of all the works published by members of the society, from its formation to the present day; and 2. of the apologies, religious controversies, literary and scientific criticisms, of which they have been the subjects, by Augustin and Alois de Backer, S.J. This first series gives an alphabetical list of the members of the society who have written books, with the titles of their works, and a short appreciation of the more remarkable and valuable among them; the second series ought to be most important and interesting.

Relation abrégée de quelques Missions des Pères de la Compagnie de Jésus dans la nouvelle France, par le P. F. J. Bressani, S.J. (Montreal,

John Lovell). Father Bressani was born in 1612, entered the society in 1627, and after teaching for some time in the Roman College, went as missionary to Canada, where he spent nine years among the Huron tribe. After this he fell into the hands of the Iroquois, who tortured him in a horrible manner, and sold him to the Dutch, by whom he was kindly treated, and taken back to Europe. In 1645 he returned to his old mission among the Hurons; but his health failing, he returned to Italy, where he published the interesting account of his labours (of which this is a translation) in 1653. It abounds with valuable information on the customs and opinions of the Indians of Canada.

Des Etudes et de l'Enseignement des Jésuites à l'époque de leur suppression (1750-1773), par M. Abbé Maynard (Paris, Poussielgue-Rusand). This is an answer to that part of F. Theiner's work, *L'Histoire du Pontificat de Clément XIV.*, which treats on the style of Jesuit teaching at the period of the dissolution of the order. This is not the place to enter into this controversy; but those who have followed it ought to read this short and temperate defence of the order.

Le Protestantisme et la Règle de Foi, par le Rév. P. J. Perrone, S.J.; translated by M. l'Abbé A. C. Peltier (Paris, Louis Vivès). A French edition of the great work of Father Perrone, on which his future fame will be chiefly founded, translated with the concurrence of the author. It is to be hoped that we may soon have an English edition of this important book.

Correspondence.

THE MORTLAKE CHORAL SCHOOL.

To the Editor of the Rambler.

DEAR SIR,—As you have already more than once referred in the *Rambler* to the subject of choral schools, will you kindly permit me to say a word or two by way of defence and explanation of the one which I have undertaken.

I say *defence*; for in a letter contained in your April number, the Very Rev. Canon Oakeley speaks of the plan of a choral school as surrounded with practical difficulties; yet in the first case he supposes, which is exactly the case of my school, viz. one in which the moral, general, and musical departments are undertaken by different persons, the only thing in the shape of a difficulty that he himself brings forward is, that “he thinks it far better to graft the musical education on poor or middle schools.” Experience will show whether this is an easier or a better plan. Yet, at least, until the better system shall be adopted, this does not seem to me to be a reason for throwing cold water on the first systematic attempt to provide the “*ipsos instructores*” which he speaks of our wanting so much.

However, it is an easy thing to meet an objection founded on a reason. What I have at present found to be the greatest “practical difficulty” in the establishing my school—though it is only one that seems to attend every public undertaking—is the incredulity of people. If those who care for the subject would point out any particular defects or difficulties in the system of the school, and make suggestions how they were to be remedied, I could not but feel grateful to them; but when

the predictions of failure come from those who have not so much as made themselves acquainted with what one is undertaking, and the "friends" of the school shake their heads, and say that "they hear the thing is not succeeding," weeks, and even months, before it is begun, there seems, so far, at least, no reason for being discouraged.

What I wish to answer in defence is, that the school was opened at Easter, and is going on satisfactorily; and though it cannot be expected that, in the space of one month, any great results should have been obtained either in point of numbers or proficiency, yet any one who takes an interest in it may see it at work, and hear, if they please, the instructions given, whether in music or in general subjects.

In the second place, I wish to explain the precise idea of my school. From its being called "choral," many seem to view it simply as a school for teaching music. Unreasonably, I think; for none of the choral schools founded by our ancestors in this country, and from one of which the plan of my school was taken, are of this character. They are all grammar-schools; but in which music, systematically taught, is a part of the education. Perhaps it might have been better if I could have found a designation less liable to be misunderstood. But, however it may be as to the name, the idea of the school is, to furnish at a small expense an education suitable for boys whose ambition it is to be employed in some way about the Church. There is a large class of very promising lads in the middle and lower classes, who might be trained to serve as choristers. Now, while at the same time they receive a good general education, such as may fit them to be admitted into one of our seminaries, if they are found to have a vocation; and if not, to make an efficient set of schoolmasters, singing men, sacristans, &c.,—my idea is, to facilitate their education, by offering it at so low a rate that their parents or friends may be able to afford the expense. With this idea, I have refused several who were looking rather for a general education; as I wish to keep the particular object of the school steadily in view.

I have taken up too much of your valuable space; but as I know that you, as well as many of your readers, take an interest in any effort made to supply the acknowledged deficiencies of our present state in England, I hope this will be considered to excuse,

Dear Sir, yours faithfully,

*St. Mary Magdalene, Mortlake,
May 8th, 1854.*

J. G. WENHAM.

[We trust that the present correspondence (which must now end) will at least have the effect of bringing the subject of choral education more distinctly before such of our readers as may be able to lend a helping hand to so good a work as that which has been undertaken by Mr. Wenham. The particulars of his school were given at length in the *Rambler* for February last, at page 133. We wish him every success in his excellent undertaking, and at the same time take the liberty of suggesting to all persons who have the charge of the education of promising boys with good voices, a candid consideration of the peculiar advantages offered by Mr. Wenham's school.—ED. RAMBLER.]

END OF VOL. I.

